THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

5cts. THE COPY

SEPTEMBER 15, 1917

NOTICE TO READER. When you finish reading this copy of The Saturday Evening Post place a one cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any postal employee, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front. No wrapping, no address.
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

THE SUBMARINE CONSCIENCE

Announcing THE

THE NASH SIX

PERFECTED VALVE-IN-HEAD MOTOR

NASH MOTORS

VALUE CARS AT VOLUME PRICES

NASH SIX

TODAY the public is given its first sight of the Nash Six. Probably the introduction of no other car has been awaited with so much interest.

Since Mr. C. W. Nash's resignation, a year ago, from the presidency of that group of great automobile companies where he won so notable a success, it has been expected that he would sooner or later produce a car expressing his personal ideals.

Every known fact made this conclusion logical.

It was understood that he had gathered around him a select group of men who likewise held high places in the automobile industry.

Then came the news that he had formed the Nash Motors Company and purchased the great Jeffery plant which employed 3000 highly skilled mechanics.

The rumor of a Nash car gained strength rapidly.

Twelve months passed. They were twelve months of unremitting toil—designing, building, testing, perfecting.

And here is the finished result—the Nash Six.

Naturally your eye is caught first by the new beauty of its graceful, double-cowled, air-line body, finished in Nash Blue, and hung low upon a powerful chassis with 121-inch wheelbase.

But as you examine the car more closely the one feature that commands your attention above all others is the Nash perfected valve-in-head motor.

Gone is the usual maze of mechanism. It has the trim, clean-cut appearance of a block of steel.

You will appreciate that a technical explanation of the superiority of this great motor is precluded by lack of space.

It is sufficient to say here that it embodies certain definite developments that mark a far step forward in motor construction.

You are urged to visit at once the nearest Nash distributor where the Nash Six can now be seen.

Nash Six 5-Passenger Touring	- -	*Price $1,295*
Nash Six Chummy Roadster	- -	*Price $1,295*
Nash Six Sedan (Springfield Type)	-	*Price $1,985*
Nash Seven Passenger Touring Car	-	*Price $1,465*

Prices f. o. b. Kenosha

From this date all passenger cars and trucks made by The Nash Motors Company will carry the Nash name-plate, including the Quad, the 1-ton truck and 7-passenger touring car, Model 6-71.

THE NASH MOTORS COMPANY, Kenosha, Wis.
Passenger Cars and Trucks, including the famous
NASH QUAD

Complete Descriptions of Nash Six Specifications

MOTOR—Perfected valve-in-head type; six cylinder en bloc, high speed, unit power plant.

CYLINDERS—Bore 3¼ inches, stroke 5 inches.

CRANK SHAFT—2¼ inches in diameter. Selected forging steel, .35 carbon; double heat-treated; extra size and inherently balanced, resulting in absence of vibration.

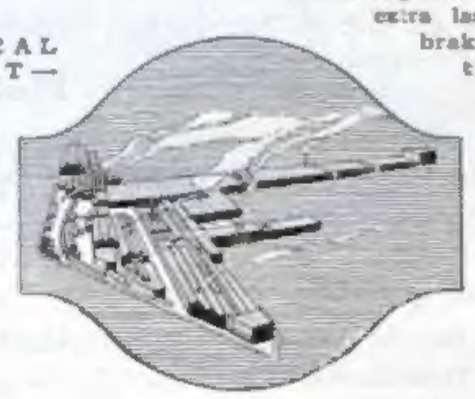
LUBRICATION—Gear pump; driven by spiral gears from cam shaft. Circulating splash system. Oil capacity 1½ gal.

CARBURETOR—Float feed type; hot air drawn in from around exhaust pipe and can be shut off at will, using cold air.

VACUUM FEED—Stewart Warner.

ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT—Delco, special design; 3 units, single wire system.

CLUTCH—Single plate dry disc.



TRANSMISSION—In unit with motor; selective type; three speeds forward and one reverse.

BRAKES—Service brakes external contracting on rear wheels; surface extra large. Emergency brake external contracting; drum mounted on transmission drive shaft.

SPRINGS—Front and rear, semi-elliptic.

TIRES—34 by 4 inches; front plain, rear all-weather tread.

WHEELBASE—121 inches.

BODY—Five passenger. Rear seat 47 inches wide.

UPHOLSTERY—Genuine long grain Black Leather; deep, double-deck springs.

FINISH—Body, Nash Blue. Wheels, Cream.

EQUIPMENT—Complete, including rain vision slanting windshield; foot rest; extra rim and carrier; tools; electric horn; speedometer; dimmer lights and headlights; one-man top; curtains; curtain rods; robe strap; clock.

NASH MOTORS

VALUE CARS AT VOLUME PRICES

© H. H. Co.

Reason and Duty Both Urge Holeproof Now

EFFICIENCY in living is the spirit of the times—just such efficiency as you can practice—and should—by wearing Holeproof Hosiery.

Time and money will be saved if you will make it a rule—from today—to buy these famous hose for yourself and your family. Then darning will seldom be necessary, and you will purchase hose less often.

All this, remember, without the sacrifice of style or comfort.

Though super-strong, these hose are fine in texture. Because they are shapely and elastic, they fit without wrinkling.

Holeproofs are made in your favorite material and shades—pure thread Japanese silk, artificial silk, fine lisle, or cotton.

Men's, 30c per pair and up; Women's, 40c and up; Children's, 35c and up

The demand for Holeproof has invited substitution—so please be careful. Look for our trademark on each pair.

Most good stores can supply you. If your dealer fails to, we'll ship direct, charges paid.

Send your address for illustrated Holeproof booklet. Write today.

This trademark identifies the genuine

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Limited, London, Canada

Holeproof Hosiery Company, 10 Church Alley, Liverpool, England

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Secretary and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 0, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1917, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Associate Editors

Walter H. Dower, Art Editor

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottawa, Canada

Volume 190 *PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 15, 1917* *Number 11*

MEXICO—ENEMY OR ALLY?

By Carl W. Ackerman

TROUBLE and revolutions are two things that can be started without money. It doesn't require money to start a street fight, nor does it require gold to upset a nation. This may not be true any place else, but it is in Mexico. The seven years of strife that the people south of the Rio Grande have had are not due to a fat treasury. But Mexico has reached the place now where it knows that money is necessary to end a revolution.

More than a century ago, when France was experiencing the internal disorders that infest Mexico, a revolutionist remarked that "Revolutions are not made with rose water." To-day the Mexicans will tell you that the evils of a revolution are not washed away with perfume, either. It requires money.

Early in the summer the Mexican Government invited Mr. Henry Bruère, former city chamberlain of New York, and two expert accountants who spent nine years helping to reorganize the Philippine Government, to establish business methods in the governmental departments. One day in July the American commission went to Guadalajara, the center of the ranch section, with an official escort of Mexicans. After dinner one evening an American asked a representative of the Carranza government what the revolution had accomplished for the Mexican people. The officer explained what he thought the results of the revolution would be, but the American pressed him for an answer to his original question. Reluctantly he admitted that, so far, nothing had been accomplished.

Mexico has reached the crossroad in the path of the revolution. Since 1910 she has had nothing but trouble, and though it was not begun with money it has cost the government and the people millions of dollars in gold and property, thousands of lives and the loss of her international prestige—which cannot be measured in pesos.

To-day most of the fighting is at an end. There are still bandits in some sections of the republic, but their raids are becoming fewer each month. Mexico City itself is as busy and active as New York, but there is a financial crisis that, though not evident upon the surface of things, is destined to mark the climax of the revolution.

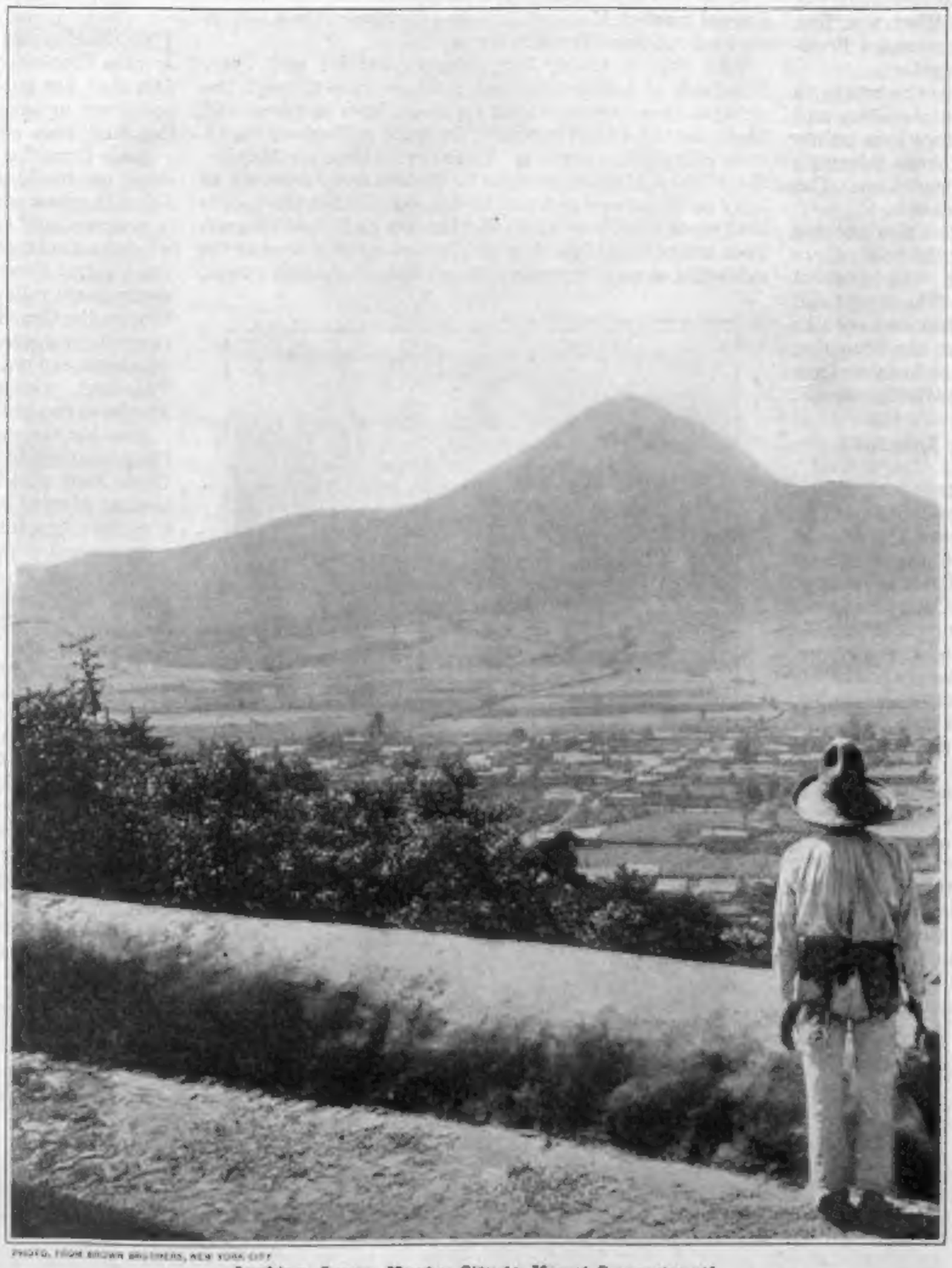


PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Looking Across Mexico City to Mount Popocatepetl

I came to Mexico in July to look at the political, economic, social and revolutionary puzzle from the inside. I have seen many phases of it in Monterey, San Luis Potosí and Mexico City, and the puzzle is still puzzling Mexico. I am told that not even President Carranza knows how it will be solved, though at least two solutions are possible.

When I crossed the international bridge at Laredo, Texas, and sauntered through the streets of Nuevo Laredo, a midget donkey, carrying a long-legged peon, trekked round the corner of the telegraph office. The Mexican had to hold up his feet to keep from dragging them in the dust. The beast was so small, the man so tall, that the former might have walked between his master's legs, head down. Jostling behind the pair was a small express wagon such as American boys play with. It was loaded with grass, sufficient for about one meal for a hungry donkey. By means of a string tied to the wagon tongue, which the peon held, the beast was hauling its lord and food to the hovel called home.

I described this incongruous sight to an American en route to Mexico with me, and he remarked:

"How typical of Mexico to-day—the old biblical ass, the American toy and the lazy peon. Since the revolution all the progress Mexico made under Diaz has disappeared. Mexico to-day is stagnant."

A few minutes later I went through the Nuevo Laredo freight depot with Mr. Randolph Robertson, United States Vice Consul at Monterey. Automobiles, food, machinery, household goods and thousands of different manufactured articles from the United States were packed within its four walls, awaiting transportation to various parts of Mexico. More than two hundred Mexicans were busy loading the freight cars on the siding. In Laredo, Texas, according to American officials, there are two hundred and fifty freight cars packed with goods for Mexico, awaiting shipping facilities. In Monterey, during April, May and June, the American consulate records show that the imports and exports of that district were greater than during any other three months in the history of Mexico. According to the evidence in Nuevo Laredo and Monterey, Mexico is not only not standing still but is making vigorous business strides.

There are three ways of looking at Mexico: One is the past, with all its rape, murder, robbery and banditry—its destruction and misery; the second is the present, with its grave problems, its ignorance and hatred; the third is the future, with its unlimited possibilities for ruin or success. I was not in Mexico during its reign of terror but I have seen some of the results—the razed cities, the destroyed railroads and foreign property, the poverty and evidences of atrocities. I am in Mexico now to report the present and to narrate in a broad way what may be expected in the future. It is the to-day of Mexico which will determine the to-morrow, and it is the to-morrow which will decide whether Mexico is to be ruled by Mexicans or whether the United States must intervene to establish order and protect the interests of her citizens and of her allies.

I came to Mexico on the Honeymoon Special that brought Ambassador Henry Prather Fletcher and his bride to the ancient capital of the Aztecs. From the sandy banks of the muddy Rio Grande to the rainy plateau of Central Mexico Mr. Fletcher traveled like a conquering hero. The receptions that were accorded him were not so resplendent as similar functions in the United States, but there was evident a good will and there was present more enthusiasm than has been shown any Americans since the days of Diaz.

Mr. Fletcher's return was triumphant despite the fact that the military salutes were crude and the music even cruder. When the ambassador crossed the international bridge a Mexican cannon, hidden in the bushes of Nuevo Laredo, saluted, but there was a long time between shots. As the official representative of the United States he should have received nineteen salutations instead of five, but the ambassador was so busy exchanging greetings he did not notice it until I asked him whether the embargo had been raised on ammunition for saluting purposes.

It seems that because of the famous Tampico incident the Mexicans are not to be permitted to have fireworks.

Though the first band that greeted the envoy played The Star-Spangled Banner the others confined their music to Mexican pieces until the train reached Querétaro. Then during an effervescence of enthusiasm, when the ambassador was being hugged by an unusually large number of Mexican officials, the band played the Hesitation Waltz.

One travels through Mexico to-day with an "exploradora." Bandits are still operating along the railroad lines, and it is not safe to be without "protection." The exploradora that preceded the Honeymoon Special was made up of two armored cars filled with soldiers. In two day coaches on the special itself were two groups of soldiers. One car contained the soldiers traveling with their families; in the other were men in uniform. On the back platform of the private car, which President Carranza used when he was First Chief of the Constitutionalists, stood three soldiers armed with heavy Mexican rifles.

One day when the train was nearing Mexico City an American asked a member of President Carranza's staff about the Mexican rifles. The captain replied they were very good except they were easily overheated. Then, adding that each gun was loaded with a minimum of ten rounds, he lifted one of the weapons to exhibit the ammunition. But the rifle was empty. He examined the second. It was just as harmless; and when the third was opened the situation became embarrassing. The guard on the rear platform was without ammunition. The guard could not be condemned, because the Carranza Government has needed the sinews of war, and Mr. Fletcher was just returning from Washington after having persuaded President Wilson that the embargo should be raised.

The bandits that the ambassador saw on the return to his post were perfectly harmless and the exploradora and "armed" soldiers were not needed. At various points along the line one sees bandits hanging from telegraph poles and trees, swaying in the wind like pendulums. The men who tied these fellows up did a good job of it.

From the Texas Border to Monterey one sees nothing but sand, cactus plants and dust. Along the route there are "specks" where once stood villages, which passed away during some stage of the revolution. The depots and homes are destroyed. The people who remained are like animals. They live in the ruins or under the blue sky, day and night. They dress in garments that five years ago might have been discarded by someone else after hard wear.

Traveling on the Honeymoon Special

MANY children run with nothing but rags round their waists. The women and men alike are barefooted, or if their feet were once tender they still have the soles of shoes, which are tied to the feet with strings. Almost everyone lives by selling food to the travelers who must go this way to Monterey and Mexico City. Eggs, cheese, pancakes, water, milk, coffee, beans—the national dish—and what not, are peddled at so many centavos apiece. Here is poverty without misery. These people are happy and contented. They have never seen any other living. They have no schools. There are no churches. Civilization to them is a railroad train. Business is a railroad train. Life is but the hours between trains.

As I stood on the siding at Querétaro one day gazing at this awfulness of life, a young Mexican, who had been educated in the United States, remarked:

"You know, if these people could go to the States for a few years they would come back different people. They don't know any better. They have had no opportunity."

While the engine was taking water at the same depot I sauntered about the train, meeting an old American railroader who had been working on Mexican railways twenty years. Four thousand dollars, his life savings, which he had invested in a hotel in a town near there, disappeared one night in a fire when the bandits came to burn and plunder.

"These bandits," said he, "will never stop until there is food enough for all the people. There would be no bandits if there were work for the men and food for the families. You know what the Mexicans say round here? Oh, I know them, and they don't know I'm an American or my life would not be worth that"—and he snapped his fingers. "But I make good money and I travel up and down these lines. You know these people say that all the food in Mexico has to be sent to the United States to feed the soldiers, and that if the United States had not gone to war there would be plenty of food in Mexico."

While we were standing in the sun's rays an old crippled woman with her blind daughter came up to beg.

"Don't give that old hag anything," shouted my companion. "You know, she gouged the eyes out of that kid so she could get more money begging. Yes, sir! That's what she did! Blinded that little girl of hers."

Then cursing in Spanish he kicked the sand with his foot and forced her to wabble away. I marveled at the rhythm of his words. It must require twenty years' residence to be able to curse in Spanish and do it properly. I have had a book called Spanish in a Week for more than a month, and about all I can do is buy a cigar and order eggs and bacon.

After fifty-six hours of travel and delay the Honeymoon Special reached Mexico City. In peacetime it is a thirty-six-hour run from Texas to the capital.

The city is to-day surprisingly peaceful and busy. Hundreds of automobiles and carriages race through the streets—there appear to be no speed laws in force, and Mexicans drive their cars with the same enthusiasm that a child plays with a new toy. The avenues Cinco de Mayo—the Fifth of May—Francisco I. Madero and Juarez are as busy as Broadway or State Street, except that the people look more like those along the Bowery or Halsted Street. Poor and peon, middle class and foreigner, rub elbows on the sidewalks as newsboys run through the streets with extras.

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

But what incongruous sights one sees! I rode out the Paseo de la Reforma, the Riverside Drive of Mexico City, to see the palatial homes of the Cientificos, those great houses where the old followers of Diaz lived like monarchs. In the parkways along the sides of the street nurse girls were wheeling the babies of the wealthy. On this thoroughfare there were no signs of poverty, though the street pavement itself was a motley mass of holes and pavement, and the carriage bumped and jostled from curb to curb.

A little later I walked up Avenida Juarez, where beggars seem to crawl out of every doorway. Not far from the Spanish Embassy, a big, palatial structure, I paused at the barracks of the second infantry regiment to listen to the band and to watch the soldiers saunter here and there with nothing to do but kill time, smoke cigarettes and talk to their wives and children, who are as numerous as the soldiers themselves. On the curb in front sat a big fat Mexican woman smoking a brown cigarette. A baby, just able to walk, stood in the street sucking at its mother's breast and punching it with its bony fists in an effort to extract the morning breakfast. A soldier handed the woman a cake. She tied it in a soiled handkerchief, where she carried her money and other valuables, and continued to smoke.

In front of the national palace two companies of soldiers in impossible field uniforms, some barefooted and all dirty, paraded behind a military band.

Propaganda in Picture Language

PEOPLE crowd into the shops. There is so much business shopkeepers are as independent as an American firm that has no competition. On the side streets some policemen or boy scouts are drilling and receiving instruction daily from officers.

Aside from the newspapers and the posters in the windows, one would not suspect that there is a war in Europe. From the show windows one learns that there is a great war in progress, and one learns it from the Germans. In many windows are large maps of Europe showing Germany and the Central Powers in red and the Allies in black. The neutrals are yellow. The map is labeled: "The Defensive War on the Central Powers." It is a clever bit of deceptive German propaganda. Though only about two out of ten Mexicans can read and write, all can understand pictures. This map, even without a heading, tells a story that the Mexicans can understand.

Another German cartoon pictures a bull fight with all the Allies defeated and the German bull defiantly gazing at Uncle Sam, who is at the edge of the ring. A man representing Mexico is standing beside Uncle Sam and urging him not to get into the ring.

In several jewelry shops I saw placards, or what were supposed to be photographs, of "wild men from Australia," and the labels underneath said: "These wild men of Australia are fighting for England for the civilization of Europe."

There are more Japanese shops in Mexico City than I had expected to find. Though there are three or four in the business district the big majority are in the suburbs. In offices throughout the city one sees hundreds of Japanese posters, advertising Nipponese goods. The only foundry in Mexico City that is making war munitions is a big modern Japanese factory, imported from Japan not many months ago. When the present government found it impossible to obtain war supplies from the United States a Japanese commission was invited to Mexico, and this plant was erected by the Far Easterners. The large wireless tower near Chapultepec Park is being repaired. A Mexican

(Concluded on Page 42)

PHOTO, COPYRIGHTED BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

Houses in the American Quarter From Which the Residents Have Fled Because of the Cannonading

Shot-Riddled Buildings in Columbia Street, Mexico City

PHOTO, BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION, NEW YORK CITY

Castle of Chapultepec on the Outskirts of the City

THE WAGE-EARNERS

By Melville Davisson Post

THE two men were in striking contrast. One of them had a thin weasel face, sallow, as from the use of a drug. It was a face full of the experience of life: the life of the cosmopolitan underworld. He had a nervous habit of fingering his face, as though there were cobwebs on it or something invisible that annoyed him.

The other man was much younger; he was big and heavy. He had close-cropped hair, small eyes, round and deep set. The man looked primitive and simple—not simple in the sense of a mental defective, but in the sense that things were elemental and direct to him. He was of a lower type—that is to say, a less-developed type—than his companion.

It was morning in a Southern country of exceptional beauty.

A great unfinished house stood on a hill overlooking a long valley that extended toward a distant mountain. In the valley was a village, and beyond it farms and manor houses. Most of these houses were abandoned and the lands grown up with briers; one of them, however, was occupied. The white pillars of the portico showed through an avenue of trees, and about it, in the dilapidated buildings, were the evidences of an ancient civilization tottering in its exit.

The structure on the hill was a big modern country house, English in architecture, like those to be found in a fashionable New England colony. About it were the first crude outlines of extensive landscaping; roads and parks were indicated. There was a long stone terrace extending the length of the house. And on the second floor above this terrace, in a huge bedchamber, the two men were at work.

They were painters. There were no other workmen on the place. It was early in the year. Work on the place had been suspended for the winter. The two painters were in advance of the army of laborers presently to assemble. The little thin man had been at work alone until to-day. His companion, sent out by the contractor from a Northern city, had just arrived. It was evident that the two men were strangers. A mistake had been made, and the workmen were removing the paint on a certain portion of the room with a torch, treating the wood and repainting it in a soft olive gray.

"So your name's Shore?" The little nervous, weasel-faced man was speaking. "That's a bad name. There used to be an old thievesman at Scotland Yard named Shore—John Shore. Your name's not John? Eh, what?"

"No," said the other, "it's not; it's Henry."

The little man went on. He was burning the paint with his torch.

"Well, Mr. Shore," he said, as with exaggerated courtesy, "what made you skip the burg?"

"How do you know it?" the other replied.

"Young gentlemen like you don't come to the country when they can sit under the red lights." He went on without waiting for a reply, as though he were casting an estimate: "The police hounded you. Eh, what? Poor, innocent boy! . . . What did you do?"

"I knocked the policeman out; that's what I did," said Shore. "I knocked him through a window. I was in a café with my girl. He had no business to butt in."

The other man moved his torch into his left hand and with his right he fingered his face for the cobwebs.

"I have spent money on everything," he said, "and the only times that I have ever got the worth of it was when I spent it on a girl. My word for it, Mr. Shore, the rest of the things are not worth the quids that we shy after them. I have tried it in Rio and Hong-Kong, and in the Malay Peninsula and the Solomons, and other places that I am not going back to."

The big young man was rubbing the wood behind the torch with a square of sandpaper. He now rose up on his knees, as though suddenly influenced by some primitive impulse.

"Look here," he said; "what's your name? You have asked a good many questions, but you haven't answered any."

The little man seemed to reflect.

"What month is it, Mr. Shore?" he said.

"It's February."

"All right, Mr. Shore; February is as good a name as any. You can call me February. You can call me Early February if you want to; it's not late in the month yet."

The big young man remained on his knees and continued to regard his companion in a sort of childlike defiance.

"All right, Mr. February," he said. "All right, Mr. Early February. Where did you get this money you spent, and how did you get it?"

The little man went on with his work. The conversation was a facetious diversion to him.

"I got it from gentlemen who had it in their possession," he said, "and I got it in a variety of ways. Eh, what? Sometimes I got it by charming a door open, and sometimes I got it by hypnotizing a gentleman." He applied the torch a little closer to the wood. "One hypnotizes a gentleman by holding close before his face a small black hole with a little bright rim round it. You know how to hypnotize people? Ever try to hypnotize a man that way, Mr. Shore?"

"She Hasn't Got the Haughty Beauty of a Duchess, But She Has Got Youth"

The other painter went back to his work.

"No; I didn't," he said. "I ain't a gunman; whenever I go after a man I slug him."

The day advanced; the two men continued to work in the big room above the wide unfinished stone terrace. Through the long casement windows, open to the floor, the country lay below like a vivid picture in a frame.

About noon a girl approached from the direction of the village.

She seemed a bit of red and blue on the long green slope of the hill. She was singing, and in the distance her voice was full, far-reaching and majestic. But as she approached one caught the gross errors in the notes, the uncultivated tones, and the trivial music of the song; only the vigor remained, and this vigor required space and distance; near at hand it was merely a vast volume of sound.

She had a dinner pail in her hand. She came on the terrace, up the stairway and into the room.

February got up from the floor.

"Hello, Miss Magdala!" he said. "You got up with the noon bite?"

"My name is not Magdala," said the girl, looking past him at the young man.

"Oh, yes, it is," said February; "it's Mary Magdala. You don't know it, my girl; but it's your name. Eh, what? Ever go to church? Nice little village church among the honeysuckles, holding on to gran'pappy's fingers, and hear the good old rector preach on the wages of sin? . . . Sure, you are one of the Magdala girls! They all have that kind of wonderful hair."

Then he turned about.

"Meet my young friend, Mr. Shore."

The big young man got up. He stood awkwardly looking at the girl.

She put down the dinner pail on the floor and began to finger her blue skirt.

"My name's not Mary," she said. "It's Bella. . . . I brought your dinner."

The young man seemed embarrassed, like the girl. He stood looking at her, his lips parted; his eyelids, thick and heavy, narrowed across his small hazel eyes.

"Well, Mr. Shore," said February, "how do you like our Mary? Does she match up to your cabaret girl? She hasn't got the haughty beauty of a duchess, but she's got a lot of things that a duchess would take a turn on the rack for. She has got youth, to begin with. You can't buy it." He laughed in a sort of cackle. "But you can sell it. Eh, what? Look at her hair, Mr. Shore. Also, at the same time, take a look at the comb that I bought her. I sent to the city for it."

The girl was very much embarrassed. A great crimson flush crept up from her red blouse and extended itself over her face into her hair. She was young, with a full, round figure and wonderful hair. The comb February indicated held the hair in a great coil round the top of her head.

The comb was a cheap, pretentious article. It was a huge curved sheet of celluloid in imitation of tortoise shell, decorated with filigree work in German silver. It was a massive ornament of no value; but it served to hold the great wealth of hair in place, and the beauty of the hair gave it a certain classic distinction.

"Now Mary never saw a cabaret," February went on. "Mary's a little home body. No man ever made love to Mary till the fairies sent me. Mary just dreamed about it, waiting for the tinsel prince; . . . then I came riding out of the wildwood. Eh, what? Mary was never kissed by a man till I came."

The girl continued to blush.

"My name's not Mary," she said.

February fingered his face for the cobwebs. He regarded the big young man with a cynical triumphant smile, like one who has picked up a purse on the road in advance of another.

"Quite so; quite so," he said. "I keep forgettin'. Anyhow, no man ever kissed you but me—now did they?"

The girl seemed to have something of the same directness and simplicity that distinguished Shore.

"Yes; they did," she said.

"Well, well!" February sang it in exaggerated surprise. "Our Mary a little cut-up! Who was it?"

The girl suddenly began to talk. She went over to the window and pointed down to the old house the white pillars of which could be seen through the avenue of trees.

"It was a boy who came to visit old Mister Pickens. He was his sister's boy; he only stayed a week; the old man ran him off; the old man's a miser."

"Dearie oh! Dearie oh!" February acted it as in a melodrama of distress. "Tell us all about it, Mary. . . . Did you like it?"

The girl seemed to reflect.

"I don't know," she said.

"You don't know?" February repeated. "Did you hear that, Mr. Shore? . . . Mr. John Shore? Somebody kissed our Mary and she doesn't know whether she liked it or not!"

"My name's not John," replied his companion.

"Of course; of course!" said February. "I keep forgettin'. It's perfectly natural to forget. John Shore was an old thievesman at Scotland Yard. You are not an old thievesman; you are just a painter and a crook. I'm a painter and a crook too."

The girl began to speak.

"There's your dinner," she said. "You can bring the bucket; I am going home."

February stepped before her into the doorway toward the stair landing.

"Wait a minute, Mary," he said. "How about that kiss? Did it hurt?"

"No; it didn't hurt," said the girl.

"How many times did he kiss you?"

"He only kissed me one time."

The man folded his arms and looked at the girl.

"Now, Mary," he said. "I'm afraid you've been badly brought up. Do you know where a little girl goes if she tells a lie? How could any man kiss you only once? Was he a blind man?"

"No; he wasn't a blind man," she said.

"Then why did he stop with one kiss? Did he die after that?"

"No; he didn't die," she said. "They sent him away." She moved slightly; then she added: "Old Mister Pickens saw us; he was afraid the boy would marry me; he's rich; he's got a lot of money."

Shore remained standing, looking at the girl, going over her slowly like one who appreciates the excellence of something he can value. It was clear that the girl occupied his attention exclusively.

But February changed. Something in the last words of the girl seemed to put his mind into another channel.

"You are mistaken," he said. "Old Pickens isn't rich; there's nobody rich in this worn-out country. These shabby tofters have some worthless tracts of red-clay land, but they have no money; there isn't one of them has any money."

"Old Mister Pickens has money," the girl said; "he has got a lot of money; I've seen it."

February came up a little closer to the girl.

(Concluded on Page 31)

THE THIRD WOMAN

By Arthur Crabb

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

WELL, I'll be hanged!" exclaimed Frederick Hamilton. Frederick read a few more paragraphs and said "Of all things in the world!"—though he was quite alone and no one could possibly hear. He was breakfasting very early at his club, having been rudely ejected from a sleeping car.

Mr. Hamilton was a strong, healthy and happy man of thirty-four, and his breakfast was a masterpiece; but the masterpiece was receiving scant attention. At first the morning paper had taken second place; but 'twas no longer so, for a miracle had happened. Frederick had not seen a brand-new morning paper for ten days; or this paper, the one of his childhood, for seven long years—which may have accounted for the miracle. He had skimmed through it, getting the lay of the land, and was preparing, between mouthfuls, to start again on the first page and make a job of it, when—the miracle. Out from the printed page, in the middle of a column, flashed a name. Why or how his inattentive eye had caught it, he knew not; but as a lighthouse shines forth on a dark shore, so it shone forth.

Frederick read the column and a half.

"In the jug!" he said. "Of all places, of all girls, to be in the jug!"

In the jug she certainly was, and her name was Edith Christie. Edith Christie was in durance vile on a beautiful summer morning in the year 1917. It had not been so in 1910.

Frederick remembered a winter's day, with a nip to the air and ice as it should be. He stood with Arthur Wood, watching a girl.

"She skates well—who is she?"

"Her name's Christie; she's a kid."

"Never mind; come on, introduce me."

Freddy spent the afternoon with her.

"Can you dance as well as you skate?" he said.

"I don't know; I suppose so. Can you?"

"No; but I want a lot of dances to-night. You're going, of course?"

"Yes."

"May I have ——"

"Two!"

"Twenty! Do you like me?"

"Tremendously, of course."

"Thanks; do you object to being rushed?"

"That depends."

"By me?"

"You may try, if you like."

Freddy Hamilton had skated with all sorts and conditions of skaters, but never had he skated with one such as she. If she could dance as well, there was a real evening in store for him.

"I am inclined to think," he said, "that the ordinary hither and thither, jerky, spasmodic cavorting that is the usual thing is to vanish to-night."

"You think I dance that way usually?"

"Probably; everyone does, mostly. You see, you and I might be the best dancers in the world, yet we could not dance together. I've done my share of dancing—fifteen years of it, perhaps—and I have danced with only two women who were the perfect complement to my way of dancing."

"Only two women in all the world who can dance as well as you?"

"That's not nice; you know exactly what I mean. Just as two people make a perfect husband and wife, so may two people make perfect dancing partners. Don't think that I am cracked on dancing; but those two women stand out in my life as that oak stands out on that hillside."

"Goodness gracious, you're a poet! Who were the women?"

"You would hardly know them. One was of my schooldays; she was perhaps thirty-five. She skated terribly, I remember!"

"I hope the other was more romantic."

"That was while I was in college; and she skated as well as she danced—as well as she danced with me."

"Why didn't you marry her and spoil the song about dancing with everyone but your wife?"

"Perhaps I should have if she hadn't been married, and even then been the mother of three charming daughters—little ones."

"So you can't tell from the way a girl skates how well she dances?"

"No; not from my two old friends. But somehow I know you are going to be the third wonderful dancer for me."

"How thrilling!"

"Think how thrilling it is to me, remembering the others."

"Because?"

They Danced at Least Part of Each Dance Together Until Supper

"They were old; years older than I. You are young and very pleasant to look upon. I know how you are going to dance. I loved the other women hopelessly, years ago. Naturally it would be thrilling if it were not hopeless."

Freddy Hamilton is, was and always will be a gentleman. He told her quite as much truth as nonsense that afternoon, and went home with Arthur Wood, wondering whether the third woman was actually about to appear. Probably not; mathematically the chances were against it.

Gentleman though he was, Freddy unquestionably misbehaved that night. The Woods had arranged a dinner party, with three young ladies and a brother of one of them. Freddy got through the dinner well enough, though the three young ladies did not look promising. He went to the ball and danced one dance with each of the three; and his worst fears were realized. As dancers they were impossible. His duty done temporarily, he went in search of Edith Christie, found her, and danced with her.

He did not see the three again that night—has never seen them since; but he found the third woman. He found her surrounded by men, clamoring. She saw him, as the music started, and went with him. The floor was crowded, with little chance to move as one should; but even so, they knew. At the end of their first dance she said he might have half of the next. They danced at least part of each dance together until supper. Then they escaped behind old scenery on the stage, with food, alone.

"I knew," he said; "is it not so?"

"Yes," she answered; "but you are the first man, not the third. I did not know that such a thing could be."

"Then you do not mind my being thrilled? You are the third; but you are far more wonderful than my old friends."

"It isn't I; it is just us. I have never been a wonderful dancer."

"Nor I; but what matter? May I have all the rest?"

"All you can get. I'll help all I can."

After supper none remained but those who loved to dance, and there was room for them. They danced and danced; other men, finding cold receptions, saw that something was up and sought other fields, leaving them together.

Far be it from me to exalt dancing, to raise the dance of the ballroom from its mundane place; but, even in my old age, I remember how from out a crowd ofttimes came a sympathetic spirit who danced away with me, changing an ordinary evening into a dream of fairy face and fairy feet; of love that for the night was perfect joy, even if on the morrow 'twas but a pleasant memory. How must these two, then, finding themselves, have felt their hearts beat! How their brains must have reeled! For youth was theirs; mated indeed they were. He, tall and strong, with great skill and pleasant manner; she, melting in his arms, a perfect complement. Alluring she was, a most bewitching maiden; tall, slender and strong, yet soft and yielding to his slightest touch.

Then at the end, the inevitable end, she looked up into his eyes, saying that never had there been such a man; and he, knowing it was for that night alone, understood.

"I have never had such dances before," she whispered.

"I knew—half knew," he answered, "for you are the third woman; but you are young and very beautiful."

She laughed. "I am not very beautiful," she said; "I know I wish I were."

"I can only tell you what I see."

"It's very nice of you. Drive home with me; we live near the Woods'."

"You have ruined my reputation. Think what you have done! The Wood crowd has been gone hours, and gone without a word."

"Of course, blame me! 'A woman tempted me, and I did eat.' Come; we must go."

As they drove away he said:

"This is not the end?"

"That is, I think, for you to say."

"Do you know Mrs. Wesley?"

"Yes; a little."

"Will you go to her dance in town on Wednesday?"

"I am not invited, I think."

"You will be—I know her well."

"Yes," she whispered, "I will go."

"I'll come for you."

"And take me home?"

"Yes."

"Will you come to dinner?"

"Yes."

A door of the small ballroom was pushed quietly open and Hamilton went in. Across the floor he walked, sure of his way; and an instant later a dozen small lights shone out, giving a dim illumination. This done, he went out through the doorway, drawing the curtains behind him. He walked along the corridor and, turning into the brilliantly lighted great ballroom, found Edith Christie.

"Come!" he said.

She looked at him inquiringly; but he led her to the empty room.

"I arranged for this," he said.

The music came through the open door, through the windows, through the walls, every note distinct. They glided off across the room. Supper was brought to them—he had seen to that. The hours passed and they danced on and on. Cleanly and properly they danced, as young people should; but love was in their hearts, as it should be, if only for the one great night. Neither looked beyond; neither thought of what the future might hold for them—thought only of the moment, of the ecstasy of perfect motion.

Morning came, and still they danced—danced till they knew it must soon be over; for the encores were becoming shorter and shorter, and they knew that the musicians were being implored for one, only one more. Finally they knew that the end had surely come, for the music died slowly, so slowly that they could hardly tell when it had stopped. Even when they were sure, he did not let her go, but stood holding her as he had held her in the dance.

They were intoxicated, each with the other. He drew her hand close to him, she resistless. Her face was close to his and she made no effort against him. Their lips met in one long kiss, and neither knew how it had come about. They walked to the door, and as they reached it she hesitated; and, putting out her hand, she drew his head downward and kissed him on the forehead. "It was very wonderful," she said, "to be the third woman." And they went out and joined the others, leaving.

He drove her home, far out into the country, along white roads; and as they drove there was against his shoulder ever so small a pressure from hers. But she was a good woman; and they said good night as you and I might say it, smiling, and knew that their night was past and gone.

Frederick Hamilton was then twenty-seven years old. Edith Christie was twenty-one. That they would have been engaged very soon there can be no doubt if the world had gone on its smooth way with them. That she had sworn a solemn oath she would fall in love with no man till she was twenty-five—and therefore old enough to know love—that he had sworn he would never marry at all, would have made no difference. To be sure, when he left

her the next day they quite understood, in the cold morning light, that there had been a moment the night before which had sunk deep into their minds, perhaps their hearts.

"It was perfectly wonderful," she said, "and you were very nice; but you must forget."

"I cannot forget; you know that."

"Yes, I know that."

At two o'clock Freddy arrived at the office and found that his world would not continue on its smooth way.

"Fordyce is looking for you; something important."

Fordyce was the old man, the boss, president—the whole works; and Freddy hastened. Fordyce wasted no words:

"Can you make a boat from New York at twelve to-morrow? You're going to St. Petersburg. You've got to make it."

Freddy made it, with his grip full of papers and his head full of ideas, and all of him full of excitement and ambition. His was a big mission—the making of him if he succeeded.

He succeeded; succeeded so well that from there he went to London for a year, and to Paris for another, and back to St. Petersburg, using up seven years in the doing of it all. Finally he returned home, arriving on a summer morn, and sat at his breakfast before the club was awake.

He had written her one note, on the steamer, telling her of his going and of his return, which might be in six months or after many years. It was a short, matter-of-fact note, and she had answered it in the same fashion; and that had been the end.

Great things had happened since then. He had become a man. Kings had fallen from their high estates; the great war was raging. Frederick had risen high; had gone into high places. At first he had wandered from pillar to post; then, somehow from somewhere, the knack had come and the thing was done. Money opens many doors, and Frederick had money—money for railroads, for guns, for peace and for war; and for seven years the heart of him had died and the head alone had lived. Seven long years had he worked upon his mission, a mission changing as the times changed, till, when his country joined the struggle, it was done, and they had told him to come home. Come he had; but before him he had sent word:

"For a month at least I am going to do absolutely nothing but loaf twenty-four hours a day."

Fordyce had chuckled. "Most men would want six," he thought.

Perhaps love makes the world go round; but it had not in those seven years made Frederick's world even tremble. There had been too many more important things. He had not thought of love at all.

But the important things were past and he didn't have to think of them any more—not for a month, anyway. Then his mind was open to new impressions; and there, before him, was a brand-new one:

Edith Christie was in jail; and suddenly the question rose in his mind: "What things are important, anyway?" And as he mused he knew that for him but one thing was really important.

Notwithstanding the miracle and its destruction of his peace of mind, Frederick finished his breakfast. Then the world suddenly went blank. He had made plans up to and including that breakfast and suddenly discovered that after that he had nothing to do. To be sure, he had thought of his family, with the big house on the Maine coast and the little houses about it, containing his father and mother and his brothers' and sisters' families. Naturally he should go there; but he had not intended to go for a few days.

Perhaps he should go to the office, though he had told them they would see nothing of him till he came back to stay; besides, Fordyce was away for the month.

He lighted a cigar and strolled into the hall. The doorman told him no one was about.

"Very quiet, indeed, sir; only Mr. Sharp and the Colonel are here at the moment."

Those two would drive him away at any time; alone with them it would be impossible to stay. Frederick wandered into the open, with no goal to guide his steps; but some imp did guide them straight to Arthur Wood. Years before, Arthur had forgiven him for his crimes against the three young women, and they had written now and then during the seven years.

Arthur was in, early as it was, and let a pile of mail wait while they talked together. As quickly as he dared, so as not to cause his friend to become suspicious, Freddy spoke of Edith Christie.

"Isn't it horrible!" Wood exclaimed. "We were talking about it last night. Of course the girl has gone nutty over the thing; but even so, it's terrible to think of her being in jail with a lot of common criminal women."

"Isn't her family doing anything?"

"What can they do? She won't listen to them; and anyway, they are not here. Her father and mother are in California; her two sisters are in the Adirondacks, and their husbands, both doctors, in the hospitals in France. So far as I know, there is no one else. Anyway, it's a shame! She's the last girl in the world you'd suppose it would happen to."

Frederick went his way aimlessly. As he walked back uptown a tune began to buzz through his head, a tune from The Mikado; he could not remember the words, except that someone was "taken to the county jail." Frederick had no ear for music, but the song, with words made up out of a hazy memory, kept running in his mind. Then he began to say to himself, thinking of her family: "Nobody home! Nobody home!"

While he was in this unpleasant and uncertain frame of mind he discovered he was in a crowd and, after vainly trying to force his way through it, saw that he was before a newspaper bulletin board. A miscellaneous collection of human beings were jabbering about the war. He looked up and saw Russian names, rumors from here and there, a description of the grandeur of the coming Sunday issue, and—real news!

"So," said Frederick, "that's the answer, is it? She's coming out to-morrow!" He walked on, saying "Out to-morrow!" under his breath; and then: "Nobody round to meet her when she comes out—nobody! Nobody!" And then, very slowly: "Nobody but—me!"

Suddenly, from a man of idleness and indecision he became a man of action. He found a taxicab and went to his club, kept the cab waiting while he looked up trains, and then held it for further use. He packed a grip and made the clerk break all rules as to the size of the check he might cash.

At the station he telegraphed for a room and, having a sudden inspiration, to one Ward Tyson, a classmate and friend who would not fail him in an emergency:

"Meet me Union Station six o'clock tonight with a car runabout preferred that I can keep for a while"

He read it over and added:

"If not plenty of room for baggage make it a touring car and make it a good one"

"That," he thought, "will make old Ty do some guessing."

There was still a minute or two to spare, and he wrote another telegram, this time to Mrs. John Harbison Knox:

"Save tomorrow for me and charity Dont fail I shall honor myself by calling tonight"

"Suppose," thought Frederick, "she isn't there? Anyway, it's worth the chance."

Frederick was taking all sorts of chances; but it couldn't do any harm, and might do lots, oh, lots of good.

He arrived at the city of incarceration at six o'clock. Ward Tyson was waiting for him with a car. They greeted each other as though their separation had been seven hours instead of seven years.

"How, Freddy?"

"Fine! And you?"

"Never better. What's the game?"

"A wild adventure in the cause of morality, sanity, humanity and happiness. Maybe I'll tell you all about it to-morrow, and maybe I won't. But you have a sacred duty: Stay put to-morrow where I can get you if I want you, as I hope I shall. Let's eat."

They ate, and Tyson, finding that curiosity was to remain unsatisfied, bided his time; and they talked of the seven years. After dinner he went his way, and Frederick went in search of Mrs. Knox. He found she was in town. Things were breaking well—so far, anyway.

"I gave up a perfectly good party for you, young man, and I hope you appreciate it. How is your mother?"

"Mother is, I am told, very well. She admits it."

"You have not seen her?"

"Not yet. I just got back to-day, and something happened. So I am here instead of in Maine."

"And what has happened?"

"There's the rub! It isn't what has happened, it's what is going to happen. Can you keep a secret?"

"I'll make no promise till I hear the secret."

"Then, if I must take a chance, here goes: I want you to call up the Alden Hotel and reserve two rooms and a bath—don't forget the bath—for all day to-morrow. To-morrow I want you to go there with your book and knitting and wait till it happens."

"I'll do nothing of the sort, sir, till you have told me what is going to happen."

"But I don't know myself what is going to happen."

"Then here I stay."

"Suppose I tell you what may happen?"

"Proceed, sir."

"I may turn up with a young lady who will need a respectable married woman to take care of her till we are married—to-morrow afternoon."

"Are you engaged?"

"I am not."

"Then what ——"

"I may be to-morrow."

"So that is it, is it?"

"It is."

"Who's the girl?"

"Edith Christie."

"What!"

"Certainly."

"That pretty suffragette?"

"The same."

"But she's in jail!"

"She is; but she comes out to-morrow."

The old lady chuckled.

"Look here, young man: If I can do anything to make those fools look more foolish I'll do it. If you can capture one of the tribe I want to help. You're sure it's that Christie girl?"

"Very sure."

"That makes it all right; she has no business there. She's different."

"Do you know her?"

"I do."

"And you approve?"

(Continued on Page 57)

"Let Me Make It Clear: I am Going to Marry You To-Day, Somehow, and Carry You Off With Me"

THE SUBMARINE CONSCIENCE

COPYRIGHT BY THE INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, INC., NEW YORK CITY

After the Sinking of a French Boat in the Mediterranean

IT WAS while in military training that I first showed my aptitude for mechanics; and my superior officers, noticing this, placed me in a position to increase this knowledge, so that when I left military service I had an excellent understanding of gas and liquid-fuel engines—the branch of mechanics I showed most proficiency in. That is how I came to work in a small factory at Münster that made gas engines for farm use. Their output was small and supplied the adjacent territory.

Our family name is Thorwald, and for generations we have been farmers located in Westphalia not far from Münster. Our land was not very productive and it needed extreme care in cultivation to support us. The eldest son usually inherited the farm, and the others would seek other lands for their existence; and since they usually went to some foreign country our relatives became scattered, and frequently all trace of them was lost in time.

My father, who has been dead for ten years, inherited the land, and his brother Frederick left for the United States, where he has been very prosperous and has even been elected mayor of the city in which he settled.

Wilhelm is the name given in our family to the eldest son, so I, being the eldest, bear that name. My mother was left with five children—two sons and three daughters. Karl was eighteen years old and Emma, my youngest sister, was twelve. All attended school; but they were very industrious and helped mother on the farm whenever they could. Mother worked very hard to keep the family together; but I believe she would have failed had not Uncle Frederick been so generous; for never a Christmas passed after father's death without a substantial present from him.

After I became able to contribute to the family, conditions improved and mother enjoyed the luxury of hired help at times. We were very happy and my greatest enjoyment was to go to our home, which was about twelve miles from where I was employed, on Saturday night and spend Sunday with my mother. I must admit there was another attraction, the daughter of a neighbor; and I should have been married then—for I was sure of Theresa's love—but my family still needed my help and Theresa was willing to wait. I always respected her judgment, for she had had the advantage of a superior education.

Called to Serve the Fatherland

WHILE in military training I had hoped to see actual service for my country. Everyone felt at that time that war was not far off, for Germany was advancing too rapidly to suit our competitors in progress; and that sooner or later our Fatherland would have to defend herself against those envious countries that would hope to destroy us and our prosperity by declaring war upon us on some pretext or other. Our prophecy came true—our enemies wished to crush us, to stop our efficiency, to change us so that we would no longer be able to compete in the world's progress; yet I felt sure that in the end our Fatherland would emerge bigger, greater and mightier than ever.

I told myself: "The Teuton and his *Kultur* shall rule the world. Let our enemies beware—our strength is known only to us and we cannot fail, for our government is invincible, and God is with us in this unjust war, as our beloved Kaiser has truly said."

Imagine my disappointment when, on reporting for duty, I was informed my services were not desired at the Front. My captain told me my card showed that I was for another service. What that service was he did not know. I detested seeing my company go to war while I must return to the shop and make gas engines, but I felt that my country knew best. Nevertheless, I was moved to tears while clasping the hands of my comrades as they were about to depart for service. They consoled me in the belief of the invincibility of our Fatherland, which knew of the capabilities of her children better than they did themselves. Though partly consoled, still there was a disappointment, for I had always hoped to serve my country in the field, and die, if necessary, for the perpetuation of Germania and Germanic institutions.

It was not long before the wisdom of our government was shown me, for the superintendent of our shop showed me a letter from the Interior Department ordering him to send me to the Diesel Engine Works without delay. I was the only one in the shop to go, but I believe I was the most expert there, for I was always consulted when any difficulty arose, and besides I had made a study of the Diesel engine. I felt they were reluctant to let me go, but they never uttered a complaint.

Before going to the works I called upon mother. She was very much pleased at my promotion, especially so when I told her of the purpose of these engines—submarine work. We believed this was the only method to punish England. She was our most hated enemy, and was instrumental in causing all the trouble. She was jealous of our progress, for in the future her greatness would decline as we gained supremacy through our greater ability and superiority of government. England's aim was to destroy our progress by war, using other countries as tools, while she in the end would reap the benefits. This time she had made a mistake, for what she intended to do we should actually do, for we were invincible; and in the end our Fatherland would be where England had expected to be—and England would be no more.

I reported at the shop, and I was amazed at the wonderful system used there. Each man had his part to do, which made each very fast and accurate. Each man's capability was understood, and each advanced in proportion to his ability to learn more. My advance was very rapid, especially after my suggestion of an improvement in lubrication of the crank-shaft bearings was adopted. By this improvement the speed of the engine could be increased ten per cent without danger of overheating. This meant an increase in speed to our U-boats, which we were perfecting to a wonderful degree. These were our secrets and we felt it would not be long before the supremacy of the seas would be ours, and England and her hateful allies conquered.

COPYRIGHT BY THE INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, INC., NEW YORK CITY

Submarine Coming to the Surface After Firing Torpedo

Training as a Submarine Engineer

I SOON became assistant supervisor in the assembling of the engine, and it was from this position that the government selected men to act as engineers upon our latest submarines. I saw the wisdom of our government then, and that I should be of greatest service to her in my perfected knowledge of the Diesel engine.

My brother Karl had been at the Front for two months. I always believed he was mother's favorite child, for he was very good and more affectionate than I. Mother must have felt very lonely without him; and soon I was to leave, and thereafter my visits home would be few and far apart.

It was late one afternoon when my superior informed me of my promotion. Our shift had been looking toward the event, for it meant a general advance, and all were eager for the opportunity to serve their country on board the U-boats.

When the good news was announced a great shout went up; and later we sang. It was fortunate the announcement was made late, for there was little work done afterward. That night a number of my friends in the shop and I celebrated my advancement. All were very happy and all looked forward to the day when they could serve their country. How could we fail when such patriotism prevailed?

The next day I visited my mother. I found her sitting at the kitchen table, looking toward the door

through which I entered. She evidently did not see me, for she paid no attention to me until I called to her. Then I clasped her in my arms and told her the good news.

We remained so for a moment; then suddenly mother took both my hands in hers and looking at me squarely, with an expression I never saw before, said: "Thank God! Now you can avenge your brother!"

I was shocked, for in my enthusiasm I had failed to notice Karl's trinkets lying there on the table. Our government had returned them to mother, along with the announcement of his death. I read over this announcement. It stated that my brother had died with honor upon the field of battle. The exact place of his burial was shown in a diagram marked with a cross. This showed the efficiency of our Fatherland—there could be no failure with such exactness, and I was more eager than ever to add my knowledge for the benefit of our race, for now I had an added duty to perform. I swore a solemn oath to avenge my brother's death. Mother and I did not cry, for our grief was too great for expression. We concluded it was best not to tell my sisters, so mother hid my brother's trinkets.

Mother prepared our evening meal; meat was very scarce with us, but we had potatoes with a flour gravy, salad, milk, brown bread and butter. The bread was very poor, because of the flour. Milk and butter we had, because we kept a cow. I could see that the children were losing weight, but mother showed no change—she has always been thin.

Emma noticed my mother's sadness and asked, "What is the trouble?" Mother was silent for awhile and later answered, "Wilhelm has been called." My sisters were pleased, and they rushed over to me and hugged and kissed me. They did not know the truth, and I almost cried; but when I saw mother's immobile face I did not allow the expression of my emotion.

Our Trial Trip on a U-Boat

THE next day I called on Theresa. As we walked down the road together I told her of my promotion. She said nothing, and when I looked into her face I noticed tears. I took my handkerchief to wipe them away and she threw her arms about my neck and held me close, as if someone would tear us apart. Theresa had never shown such affection before; though I always knew she cared for me, I never thought she loved me to the extent that she did.

I left early the next morning. Mother did not weep—her face had the same expression, and her last words to me were: "Remember your brother!"

I arrived at Kiel and met Captain Kolberg. He had formerly been a captain on a transatlantic liner, but had become a commander of U-boats after German commerce was banished from the seas. He had been very successful and was a worthy hero. He was very stern, had little to say, and I was told he must be obeyed to the letter. There was a story abroad that he had shot a noncommissioned officer who had questioned a command. This was supposed to have occurred shortly after he took command of one of the U-boats. From appearances he was not to be trifled with. He was very uncommunicative with me, and he introduced me to Engineer Stargard, who was to show me my duties.

I was amazed at the size of a submarine; even though I had read about our later U-boats I had failed to realize their size from their description. This was one of two sister U-boats, and they were going into commission together. Stargard had been in the submarine service for some time, and though he did not know the Diesel engine so well as I, he had a better knowledge of the actual performance of the engine while in service. He had a much better knowledge of storage batteries and generators and motors than I.

It did not take him long to find out my knowledge of the famous engines, so he devoted little time to them but spent most of it in instructing me in the knowledge of the electrical mechanism on board. I had charge of all working parts of the boat and had to see to their perfect working order. My main station, however, was often with my beloved engines, of which we had two of the latest monster type. These I had supervised in assembling and they were like brothers to me and bore my private mark.

The following day we were to start our first trial. Stargard was to go along and was expected to stay with me until my knowledge was perfect. About half of the crew were inexperienced men, but within two weeks it was expected that we would be perfect. That seemed almost impossible, but it must be understood that these men had been previously trained as I had they were all selected men. Besides, simplicity of construction of the later U-boats had increased. The number of parts had been decreased—for example, we had only about half as many valves as formerly. These had all needed attention, and in their places we had placed automatic controls. Also, all the safety appliances had been made purely automatic. The air purifier was almost human in its operation, for when the carbonic oxide increased to a certain percentage, purified air was forced into the compartment below and the impure air exhausted above. This impure air was passed through potash solution and the carbonic-oxide gas removed; in this manner we could breathe the same air over and over. Also, fresh oxygen was added as required all working automatically, upon the principle of the density of the various gases.

Stargard had been working on a semiautomatic diving apparatus This, he explained, would be under control of the pilot, and it would do away with the use of a separate man to operate the diving rudders. Besides, it would automatically stop the engines and start the motor when submerging, and would thus eliminate the signals sent to the man stationed in the engine compartment by the use of various colored electric globes when the engine was to be stopped and the electric motor started. Even as it was, our diving apparatus was wonderful, for when fixing the position of the diving rudders we automatically exhausted air from our compression tanks and substituted water, so that we could submerge. With Stargard's improvement submerging would be a one-man operation, and could be done almost instantly.

A French Liner Goes Down Without Warning One Hundred Miles From Shore

Plans for Keeping Submarine Secrets

NEARLY all of our recent improvements in submarine construction are secrets known only to us; and they will remain so, for in case of capture each man has a specific duty to do, and our improvements are destroyed so as not to be of benefit to the enemy. I was told what I was to destroy, but I hoped the emergency would never come When I thought of the wonderful advance in submarine building the brains of Germany had accomplished I could see the reason of our invincibility—no nation or any group of nations could stop our advance.

Everything was wonderfully compact on board—no room had been wasted and everything had a place. Our sleeping quarters were bunks, one above another, while the crew slept in hammocks, close together and upon different levels, so that they looked like chickens at roost. We carried an enormous quantity of oil, water and ammunition. Twenty-four torpedoes were carried, four in the tubes and twenty upon racks in the torpedo compartment. We could remain from port thirty days easily, and forty if necessary.

Max Stargard, a nephew of my instructor, was my assistant. He would have had my place, Stargard explained,

Men Can be Seen Sliding Down Ropes and Swimming in the Water as These Torpedoed Ships are Sinking

but he lacked initiative. He was a competent engineer, but was unable to cope with an emergency. An emergency had occurred six months before, and poor Max had failed; so he was doomed to remain an assistant. He knew his failing and accepted his failure philosophically.

We, the inexperienced, were all keyed up for our trial trip and we hoped to make good. The order came to go ahead, and I started my engines in five seconds—a record. Stargard congratulated me. We were going ahead—but what a noise! The vibration was terrible. In the shop we did not experience this, but in that closed engine compartment it was terrific—a constant medley of noises vibrating against our eardrums. We could hardly understand the spoken voice, so constant were those vibrations, and other sound waves were lost.

We had been out but a short time when my electric light signaled me to shut off our engines and start the electric motor. This took a matter of a few seconds—in all, the operation of submerging takes less than a minute.

The contrast was wonderful, for now there was no noise; our motors were practically silent. I had noticed a phonograph in the officers' quarters, and with the noise I wondered what use that would be, but now I could see the use. We were to have music when submerged, and with the martial music of our national hymns we would punish our enemies—with the strains of Die Wacht am Rhein a torpedo would be sent on its way to add to the glory of our beloved Fatherland.

The order was for full speed ahead. The speed dial showed ten knots and our speed was increasing. A maximum of twelve knots was registered—a remarkable record. We could not maintain that speed long, for the batteries would become exhausted and then we should have to emerge upon the surface and start our engines so as to replenish our batteries. Everything depended upon the officer in charge, for he alone knew our position—he had the only eye, the periscope. We below knew our speed, our direction and our depth, but we saw nothing.

There were three periscopes—two for an emergency. They were collapsible, one being the size of a brass rod, to be used in case both of the others were destroyed. After the enemy was sighted and the distance accurately gauged the periscope would be lowered and the torpedo sent on its errand, so that we should be invisible to the enemy and remain so until we could get well away from the scene of destruction. During these attacks we depended upon the gyroscopic compass for our position. For a long time this was a mystery to the enemy, and they thought their ships had struck floating mines. So they had, for we were surely floating mines.

While submerged I experienced a peculiar faintness, my head buzzed and I became drowsy. I explained this to Stargard and he smiled and said: "In a few minutes the air purifier will work and that feeling will pass over. You see, I am more accustomed to this and only experience it later; it is the carbonic oxide."

Shortly these sensations passed off and I felt natural again. Simply wonderful was the accuracy of the air-purifying machine. It had been set according to the susceptibility to carbonic oxide of those unaccustomed to its poisonous properties. Stargard explained that this was based on numerous experiments, and the danger limits were accurately gauged.

On this trip I also experienced my first seasickness. Though I had been on the sea before I never had had the experience of being inside of a cork before—for that is what a submarine is. I believe we were placed on all the possible angles, and in quick succession too. All the inexperienced men were sick, and some of those who were experienced as well. For this reason we had to carry extra men, especially at first. Even with a normal crew we were cramped, so we were badly cramped on the trial trip. Captain Kolberg, it was stated, never was seasick.

I found our sanitary provisions poor, but they were the best that could be on a submarine. There was constant moisture below—the very seams perspired; and then there was always condensation present.

We had been out twelve days when we returned. On our return to post Captain Kolberg said nothing to us. Stargard said: "This means you are congratulated and he is very well pleased, for had Captain Kolberg said anything it would have been uncomplimentary."

To perfect a crew in twelve days seems marvelous, but we were all trained men before the trip, and the trip only sharpened the edges of our training.

We lay over in port two days for rest and recreation, and then we started on our maiden trip of destruction. I bade good-by to Stargard and thanked him for his instruction. He expressed his confidence in me and wished me success, for, as he stated, "Your success is the success of the Fatherland; the destruction of the enemy largely depends upon you, for each one of us must do his share, and we shall collectively destroy those monsters that hope to destroy us." We became very enthusiastic, and both called upon God to aid us.

As we left Kiel a crowd was present, and many of the notables of our government were there. Each of us was presented with flowers. A few short speeches were made and we were off. I felt the responsibility of my position, and knew full well what depended upon me for our success. There would be little sleep or rest for me on the trip.

I was informed we reached our station—the avenue of commerce—in a little over three days. I had lost all sense of time. This was the shortest time in which that distance

(Continued on Page 63)

STANNERTON & SONS

By Freeman Tilden

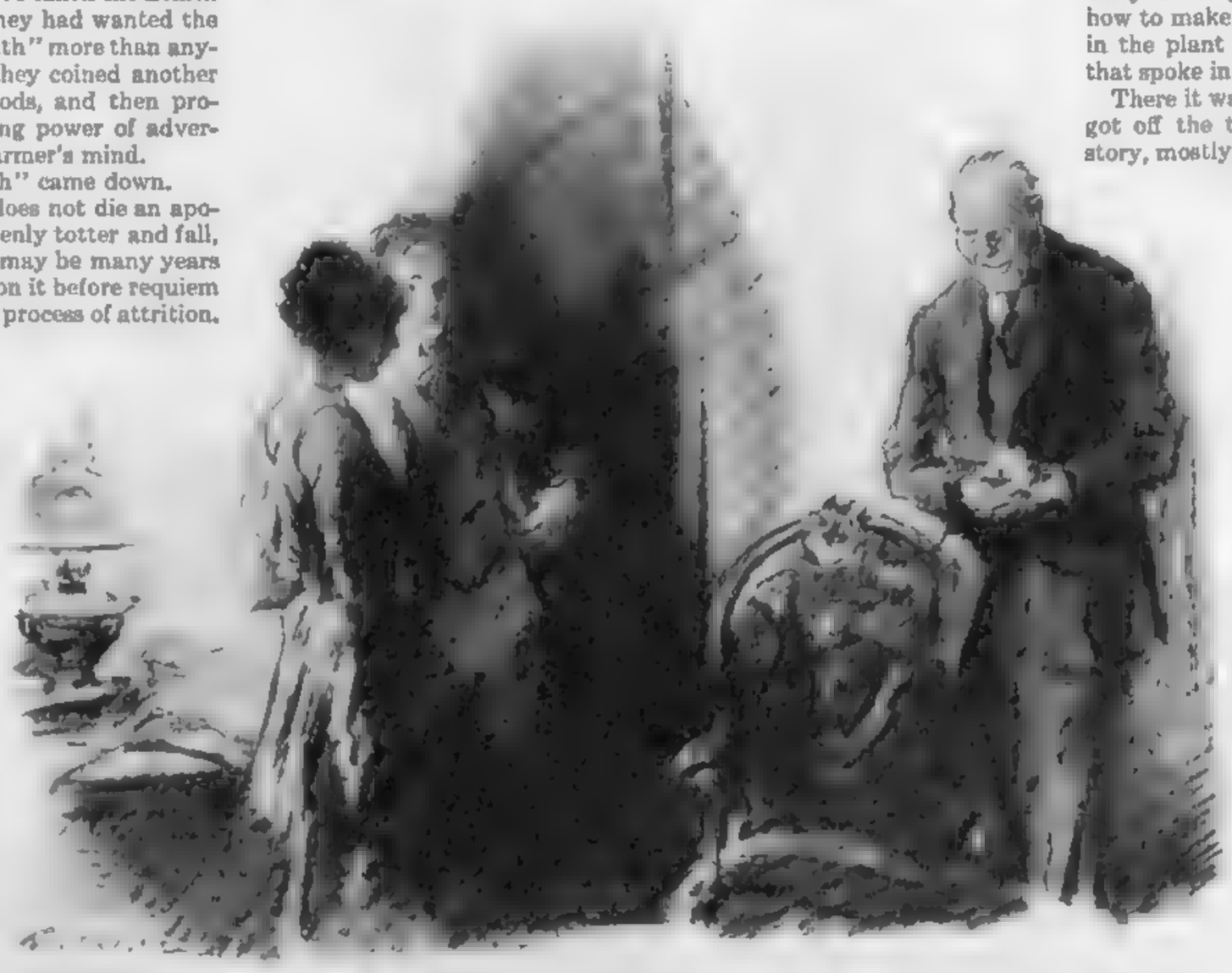
ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

WHEN the Universal Farm Tool Corporation came into being, about 1891, Samuel Stannerton could have sold his plant in Hawley for two hundred thousand dollars. Twenty years later the trust would hardly have taken the Zenith Churn Company as a gift. They had wanted the time-honored trade-mark "Zenith" more than anything else. Failing to get it, they coined another name for the same line of goods, and then proceeded, with the trip-hammering power of advertising, to drive it deep in the farmer's mind.

"Unitools" went up; "Zenith" came down.

An old-established business does not die an apoplectic death. It does not suddenly totter and fall, and require an ambulance. It may be many years after the first pallor appears upon it before requiem services are held. Its death is a process of attrition. The first wheezes are usually mistaken for growing pains. There is an old-home week of germs taking place, but nobody suspects it.

The lungs of the organization, the sales department, show the first reaction. A specialist ear, placed at the back between the shoulders, can detect these signs; but there was no specialist ear in the Zenith plant. Then the nerve centers, which are located in the executive offices, get criss-crossed and rattled. The word "retrench" is heard—just when a good fee to Doctor Publicity might effect a cure. Last stage of all—the heart, which is in the counting room, ceases to beat. Thereafter small boys peg stones through the sorrowful eyes of the factory, and the help moves on.



"I'll Assume That Contract; But Parley With Those Ingrates—Never. Open the Plant Again—Never!"

A change of climate might have done the Zenith Churn Company a world of good. The country was moving West—which meant that the Zenith plant was traveling the wrong way. When you are riding on a train you can say that you pass the telegraph poles or that the telegraph poles pass you. There is no vital change in the fact. It meant that the dairy country was no longer within shouting range of Hawley, but fifteen hundred miles away. It meant that selling expenses were jumping higher every year, while the cut-price retail houses were bearing prices down.

Samuel Stannerton had a little printed card over his desk. It remarked—attributing the sentiment to Emerson—that if you make a better mousetrap than anybody else the world will make a path to your door. Looking at it one way, the idea is noble. But Emerson, you can take your affidavit, did not go ambulating many miles to get his mousetraps direct from the Mousetrap King. He went across the street to the grocer.

The world of business had just quietly picked up its baggage and moved away from Hawley. The flood tide went out and never came back to that highest point again, and left the Zenith whale stranded. But Stannerton kept on. His skillful workmen continued to make churns, butter molds, garden tools, scythes, and a hundred other necessaries of farming and dairying. They made good tools because they didn't know how to make any other kind. From top to bottom in the plant there was a decent, plodding honesty that spoke in terms of wood and steel.

There it was, the Zenith plant, facing you as you got off the train at the sleepy station. Its two-story, mostly wooden buildings, trailing each other like afterthoughts, stretched out along the Hawley River. They Ajaxed the fire risk—and added a heap of insurance to the overhead. Piles of rough lumber, jumbled in a way calculated to drive a stock-taker mad, loomed in front of you. The canal, which furnished cheap power seven months in the year, made a little island of the plant, and was bridged by a structure that had for forty years threatened to fall, and still stood as bad as ever.

On the other side of the tracks lay the village. A hotel, six or seven stores, a town hall, two churches and a common fringed with big maples; and back of the center the neat dwellings of the workers, rising terrace on terrace as the roads slowly climbed the hills behind—this was Hawley. If you sat on a bench in the lovely common, in summer, you could hear cocks crowing in every blessed domestic back yard; you could hear an indolent hum of placid voices outside the post office; and the wind would come caressingly down from the hills, bringing the good odor of balsam to your nostrils. Except for an intermittent whiff of gasoline, you would dream of Elysium. This was Hawley. The principal grocer threw his rotten vegetables out back of the store, where they loudly proclaimed their presence. Unfortunately this was Hawley too. When the whistles blew at noon you would see a swarm of healthy workers issuing across the bridge from the plant going home to dinner. Distances were so short there was no need of the dinner pail. They were all Zenith people. They spoke about "the plant." There was no other plant. Another manufacturing business in Hawley was incredible. It was a one-business town. It was, indeed, a one-man town.

About the time the queue of workers—both factory and office help—had passed the post office, you would see a buggy come along, driven by an elderly man, white-chin-whiskered, gray of eye, and hatted in a sort of flat-topped derby. He nodded grimly, coolly, to his employees as he passed; and you saw him flick the horse as though he wanted to have the ceremony quickly over. He knew them all by their first names—and called them all by their last. This was Samuel Stannerton. This was the man who had created the Zenith business, and was now, with shoulders a little more bent day by day and hair a little whiter and face a little more drawn, seeing his business crumbling in his hands.

In October, 1916, Samuel Stannerton called in a doctor. Not that he had any faith in doctors, business or otherwise. His stubborn temperament fought the idea to the last. Yet in the end he called a doctor, who proved to have all the reprehensible qualities which Old Man Stannerton had feared. He was young, enthusiastic and hopeful. It would be impossible to find three merits more utterly annoying to an old, timid and foreboding man.

"Frederick J. Layton, Efficiency Engineer," was the announcement on the doctor's card. "Formerly with Ellis & Hulsman." Layton was indeed quite "formerly" with the aforesaid experts. He had just completed his apprenticeship in that well-known office, and was setting up for himself. It was his first job on his own, and as he nervously threw a few necessaries into a suitcase and embarked for Hawley there was a big, joyous lump in the young fellow's throat because of two things: First, it was the first job on his own; and, second, his former employers had been generous enough and confident enough to steer this job his way.

"You'll have to go carefully, Layton," Ellis had told him. "All I know about the plant up there in Hawley is that it must be in a bad way; but I warn you that you are going to deal with a cantankerous, willful old man. I could see it in his eye. I'm afraid he's one of the kind that hate anybody who tries to help them."

"You Must Forgive Me for Saying These Things to a Stranger, But We Need Your Help"

These were the words of prudence and experience. They are usually wasted on young men clear of eye, eager of spirit, and blessed with the optimism of twenty-six years and a newly engraved business card. What Layton was seeing, as he sat in the smoking box of the Pullman, trying to believe that he was interested in passing scenery, was not a cantankerous old man, but a sick manufacturing plant which he was going to cure. The thought that he might not be able to effect this cure never once entered his head.

Layton had to change cars in Springhaven. There was no Pullman on the branch line that ran up to Hawley, so he found himself in a crowded car, occupying one-quarter of a seat for two, the rest of the seat being filled by a burbling fat person who immediately introduced himself as a purveyor of crockery to the country trade.

"It's awful to be so big," remarked Layton's companion. "Hope I'm not crowding you too much. I'm trying to get thin, but what's the use! A man's got to eat! They ought to put on another car. This is one bum road! What are you selling?"

"Simply my services," replied Layton. "Here's my card. Do you happen to know anything about the Zenith Churn Company of Hawley?"

The big man looked at the card.

"Ah!" he said. "I thought they'd be needing one of you fellows up there pretty soon. I can remember when that plant was humming. Hawley used to be one of my best towns. An old codger named Stannerton is the whole push. He's a tartar. Square enough, I guess, like a lot of those old duffers, but they say he bites. He rides a big roan horse sometimes, and hates automobiles like poison. They say he tried to have the town vote to keep 'em off the roads. I bet he's worth a million though. These hicks salt it away in old socks. When the tax collectors come round they put on a scarecrow outfit and make a break for the bread line. Well, don't let him put over anything on you, son!"

It was nearly dark when Layton reached Hawley. He could see the weathered frames of the Zenith plant as he walked slowly up the short street that led to the center and the hotel, and he felt a gnawing impatience for the morning to come. The description of the man who owned the plant served merely to heighten his interest. If he was a business man he could be dealt with on a business basis; the personal side would take care of itself. If Stannerton was a crank, perhaps so much the better; it would be a bigger all-round experience. Finally, a man couldn't be absolutely hopeless who was willing to pay an efficiency man twenty-five dollars a day and expenses!

At nine o'clock next morning Layton, fortified by a hearty breakfast, went over the bridge to the plant. He walked leisurely round the little island before he entered the wing that was obviously the office. He saw the impractical jumble of rough lumber, of scrap, of turnings, of rain-stained boxes and barrels, and smiled. "We'll fix all that!" he told himself. Finally he went into the building. He figured that, dealing with an old and probably infirm man, he must expect to wait round an hour or so before the owner showed up.

The aged and infirm man had been in his office since half past eight. He had already, albeit with misplaced energy, done a day's work, including quarreling with the office manager, who was really only a head clerk and a figurehead.

An acidulous voice greeted Layton as he opened the "Private" door, in response to a clear, commanding invitation.

"What can I do for you, young man?"

"My name is Layton. Mr. Ellis ——"

"Yes, I know. Sit down."

For a brief space nothing was said. They were looking frankly at each other, these two men, with that almost pathetic striving to encompass, to understand, to know. Ants, they say, do it easily with their antennæ. Men must blunder and scramble for the most part at a mutual understanding.

Not a shadow of revelation passed over the wrinkled face of Samuel Stannerton to indicate to Layton what the ideas were that lay back of the gray eyes. That stern, immobile face, heavy under the eyes, with a vague suggestion of defeated aspirations and of suppressed longing hovering round it, looked steadily and said nothing. The old man sat obliquely away from his desk. The hang of his unpressed trousers of heavy stuff told Layton that his man was very tall and very thin.

On the other side of the long table that adjoined the desk Layton tried to conceal his agitation. His clean-shaven face; his slightly wavy light hair clipped closely except on top; his bluish-green eyes speaking clean energy; and his neat attire—all these loudly proclaimed aggressive youth. If Stannerton was seeking a vicarious renewal of the strong young days he had it here.

"How old are you?" the old man asked brusquely.

"Twenty-six," replied Layton, feeling distinctly at the same time that it was none of anybody's business.

Samuel Stannerton shook his head slightly.

"The oversleeping age," he remarked. Then he added with a queer touch of vanity: "I sleep only six hours."

There was no possible courteous rebuttal to this, so Layton remained silent.

"At your age, if I had asked anybody twenty-five dollars a day and expenses they'd have said I was crazy!" said Mr. Stannerton.

With a reasonable dignity, considering that he was being addressed almost as a boy, Layton responded:

"The understanding may be, Mr. Stannerton, that if you don't see my value to you in a week's time you have only to say so and I retire gracefully."

The only reply was:

"Huh! Money was never cheerfully refunded in the history of the world, young man. Refunded, yes; but not cheerfully."

It was a bleak prospect so far. Layton felt that his enthusiasm had been tapped and was leaking. The worst of it was, he had no opportunity to advance in his own defense. The business in hand had not been mentioned. But to Layton's infinite relief the old man finally sighed wearily, took a letter from a pigeonhole, and looked it over. Then he said:

"Well, Mr.—er—What's-His-Name recommended you very highly. I suppose youth is worth more to-day than ever before. Come, I'll show you the plant."

Layton followed eagerly. Slowly, because Samuel Stannerton lingered in every department and trailed off into useless colloquies with his help, criticizing here and advising there, but never commending anywhere, the two men went through the Zenith buildings. It was not a cheering view, even to an outsider, and it must have torn at Stannerton's heart. Benches that had once been busy were now cobwebbed. Machinery that had sung was gummy and subdued. One whole long room, which had formerly been a place of industrious woodworking, was vacant; and some shy, ancient shavings still reposed in the corners.

With a few pointed inquiries, most of which brought a glitter of equally shrewd appraisal from the old gray eyes, Layton learned enough to conjure up the whole. He saw, in his imagination, the office departments even before he reached them. He saw the antiquated filing system, the letter press emeritus, the confused goings back and forth from room to room, the old cashier paying out each voucher with cynical asperity. Layton had seen all this before. He smelled decay, dissolution. He did not dare yet to ask how many hands had once been employed, but he knew it must have been treble the present number. It was all diffuse now. It was like a picture puzzle that had to be put together first of all. And, without being blind to the bigness of the job, Layton's eyes glistened. He had prayed that his first real job would be the hardest ever. It looked as though this was the answer.

"Well, what can be done? What do you think?" whipped out the old man when they returned to Stannerton's office.

"Why, of course you mean how is my confidence?" replied Layton. "For naturally, Mr. Stannerton, I'm not on the edge of things even. By the end of the week I ought to be able to talk understandingly about your plant. If you can let me have a corner somewhere—just a desk and a few supplies—my coat comes off at once. As to my confidence, I know that's in fine shape."

It was all that in honesty the young man could say. To have said more at that moment would have been the rankest humbug. Probably Samuel Stannerton knew this; but there was crying within him the desire for certainty, for quick succor, that no living creature could give; and his own knowledge of the futility of it made him savage.

"I'll see that you are provided with what you need," the old man said. "But one thing must be understood—no experiments! Not at my cost!"

Layton flushed. There was an ungenerous suggestion back of the words. But the young fellow put the brakes on, smiled and replied suavely.

Frederick Layton buckled to the task with a tremendous purpose, which was the stronger for not being wholly commercial. Indeed, in this instance he thought of his fees not at all. It was his virgin field; it was his first and, therefore, biggest job. Aside from the question of how the business world would be impressed, this was an opportunity to test himself. And beyond this he felt a responsibility to the real men of his profession. He knew perfectly well that there was a crowd of self-styled experts, little better than confidence men, going about taking advantage of the demand for business engineering. He felt that Stannerton's obvious suspicion might justly come from the old man's knowledge of that fact.

"We'll be Idle Till We Get What's Coming to Us! Don't You Forget That!"

Here was a chance to demonstrate what common honesty plus ability could do.

This purpose thrilled Layton; but, from the evening of the first day at the Zenith plant, a chill presentiment entered his mind that he could never achieve anything for Samuel Stannerton. He fought the suggestion. He told himself that if it were necessary even to remake Stannerton, he felt strong enough to do that. But it was useless. And during a nearly sleepless night Layton saw why it was useless. It was because Stannerton really wanted nothing done!

This was made plain enough during those first nightmare days. Stannerton had brought an efficiency man into his plant, and had then proceeded to thwart him at every turn. He curtly refused information that was vital to an understanding of the workings of the business. He made appointments with Layton and then broke them, or kept the young fellow madly dancing attendance upon his whims. The cashier, Bradshaw, a good old loft-dried article with bald head and reddish-white mutton-chops, treated the newcomer with disdain. It required a heated argument, to which Samuel Stannerton himself contributed irate remarks, before Layton could convince the owner and his employee that nothing could proceed unless he had free access to the books.

It was absurd. It was childish. Layton, gifted with no superhuman patience, threw up his hands and almost screamed. He felt the old man's eyes following him with suspicion every time he walked away. Several times during the first three days, in exasperation, Layton was on the point of giving up and rushing for the train.

Why? In the name of the sun and moon and stars, why? asked Layton. What was Stannerton afraid of? Why should he pay twenty-five dollars a day and expenses to a man for the pleasure of treating him with indignity? Why should he introduce an expert into the plant, of his own free will, and then make it impossible for him to investigate? If it had been a subordinate who had clumsily tried to block him Layton could have understood that there was the possibility of skeletons to be uncovered. But the owner! What had Stannerton to fear?

They had a heated argument on the fifth day, and Layton carried his point. He got access to the books. He kept ancient Bradshaw, growling like a wild animal, in the cage until half past nine that night. Then he went to the hotel, a bit relieved, quite unsuspecting that his conference with Stannerton on the morrow was going to bring on the storm.

It all arose out of what seemed to Layton an ordinary, necessary question. He had found that, in 1908, all the travelers for the Zenith Company had been discharged, except three who had come back to the home office to work, and that thereafter the entire product of the plant had been sold through the Eastern Trading Company, of Chicago. That seemed plain enough. The Eastern Trading Company had become Stannerton's factors. Many bigger manufacturing interests had adopted this plan. But the natural questions were: Who were the Eastern Trading Company, on what basis were the goods sold, and why was it that the payment for all goods had been made in quarterly drafts, with apparently no checking-up system?

As soon as he was admitted to Stannerton's office in the morning Layton asked these questions

"That is nothing you need bother with, Mr. Layton!" was the rebuff.

"But Mr. Stannerton ——" began Layton, turning red.

"I say it is nothing you need bother with," was the curt repetition. "You'll find plenty of other things to occupy your mind for the present."

"Mr. Stannerton," said the young fellow slowly and deliberately, "my method is to go to the roots as soon as possible. I think you'll agree with me that it's useless to prune the branches when the trouble may lie at the very base of the tree. I ——"

For no reason that Layton could fathom Stannerton rose, trembling.

"Do you think I am going to tell a stranger all my business?" he snapped. "Do you think I am going to lay everything wide open and trust to the honesty of the first man who comes along? Some folks may be green enough to do that, but not me!"

Layton's face went white. He was standing before the long table, and his fingers automatically clutched the edge in his effort to keep his self-restraint. The end had come. He couldn't go on. It was not the reasonless aspersion upon his honesty that he was feeling, but the appalling realization that, through no fault of his own, he had encountered failure upon his very first job. His lips twitched a little as he replied:

"Mr. Stannerton, I am sorry. I can do nothing for you. I thought you understood, before I came here, that you would have to place a reasonable confidence in me. My record is clean—as clean as that of my former employers—and their record has never been impeached. I have been trusted with business secrets far more important, if you will pardon me, than any of yours. But I am not thinking of any personal affront when I say that I am sorry about all this. It is true that you have thrown every obstacle in my way since last Monday. You have not treated me with respect. You have not been even polite from the beginning. I realize that you are probably under a great strain. I understand perfectly that it sometimes comes hard to put so much confidence in a stranger. But you should have considered that before. The reason I am sorry is that I wanted to be of service to you. I wanted to give you every ounce of my energy, both for your sake and for my own. I didn't come with big promises; but I knew that I could perform. Now I cannot and will not go on; and you wouldn't respect me if, under the circumstances, I did. You are under no obligation to me for this week's work, which has really amounted to nothing. Good morning!"

The old man had risen. They were eye to eye as Layton was chopping out the words. The parched face of the owner quivered nervously as he listened; but that was all. In his eyes was an effort at discernment, but no warmth.

Layton turned away. He had his hand on the knob of the door when the old man said sharply:

"Wait!"

The young fellow paused. Stannerton came slowly from behind the table, approached him, laid both hands upon his shoulders and looked for a moment into his eyes. Then he said, as though it cost him a huge effort of the will:

"I—apologize. I spoke hastily. I know you are honest. Don't go; I want to talk to you."

"Thank you, Mr. Stannerton," was the reply as the blood came streaming back into Layton's cheeks; "but I can be of no real value to you. I will have Mr. Ellis recommend someone else if you wish."

As though he had not heard this statement the old man went on: "Come to supper at my house to-night, Mr. Layton. We can—come to an understanding. Will you? Go out into the office now, and do as you please. You shall have a free hand. I need your help. Come to supper to-night. Promise!"

Layton considered. Perhaps it was mere curiosity that triumphed. Certainly it was not optimism.

"Very well, Mr. Stannerton, I'll come. Thank you."

II

THAT evening Frederick Layton went up the broad, quiet street at the end of which loomed the plain, square, mansard-roofed house where Samuel Stannerton lived. There was no mistaking the place. He would have known it for the dwelling place of the principal man of the town. It was just at the verge of the village, the place where Maple Street ceased to have a corporate name and became a single-track, rutted rural road.

The young man was dazed. A few hours before he had been badgered and flouted by Stannerton; now he was going to supper with him. He foresaw how it would be. He would be greeted with cold formality, treated with refrigerating courtesy for the first fifteen minutes, and then, before the evening was over, the tart old man would assail him from a new quarter. Layton knew nothing and cared less about the old man's home circle. He supposed that he should be admitted by a terrorized servant in black and white, and then introduced to a down-trodden old lady, who would echo Samuel Stannerton's wisdom like a well-trained claque.

He went through the spacious, shaded grounds to the front porch, climbed the wide steps, and handled the brass knocker gingerly. Then he got a surprise. It was no timid servant who admitted him. A dainty young woman with a smiling face, hair bound on top of her head in an adorable young-old-fashioned way, and a bewitching roguish nose, responded to his knock. She held out a hand with astounding frankness and naturalness, saying:

"Mr. Layton? Supper is on the table. We have dinner at noon, probably you know. My grandfather is waiting."

Her grandfather! Layton smiled at the queer, petulant idea that passed through his mind. What right did irascible old gentlemen have to granddaughters like this one? he asked himself.

The old man greeted him, not warmly, it was true, but with a certain tired graciousness which Layton assumed to mean relaxed tension. He looked round. The place was so plainly furnished that at first glance it looked bare. There were hand-woven rugs on the floor of the dining room which would not have brought a dollar apiece at forced sale. On the table were a frugal dish of cold meat, bread, cheese, cake with white frosting, and an alcohol lamp with a steaming pot of tea over it. Scarcely as good a meal as the average workman's at the Zenith plant, Layton thought.

There was no servant, it proved. In the big fireplace at one side of the room a grateful fire was burning. Before they sat down the old man disappeared, and came back with a precarious load of fuel in his lean arms. The owner of the Zenith plant carried his own wood! There was only one conclusion: Stannerton was a miser as well as a curmudgeon!

The old man and his granddaughter ate sparingly, without zest. Blessed with a splendid appetite, Layton left the table hungry. During the meal he had been taking furtive glances across the table at the young woman; and he had perceived that behind her mask of delightful buoyancy there appeared, now and again, a serious, thoughtful, even worried face. Layton was curious to learn the story behind this strange household. Obviously there was a complete understanding between the old man and the girl. The glances of affection that passed between them showed this clearly.

Scarcely had they risen when there was a knock at the door. Three men were admitted by the girl. Layton fancied he had seen them all in the factory. There was some talk in low tones, and then Stannerton, approaching Layton, said:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Layton; a little unexpected business. Will you excuse me for a while?"

Layton bowed his head. The old man took his visitors into another room.

Meanwhile, Dora Stannerton had removed the few dishes. She took off a dainty laced apron, folded it, and then she and Layton sat down before the blaze. She spoke first, with that easy, refined poise which had at first meeting charmed Layton.

"Mr. Layton," she began, "I'm so glad to have this chance to talk with you. Grandfather tells me everything. He even told me that he was rude to you, and that you acted splendidly. It has made him very miserable, really. Do you mind if I talk about these things?"

Layton noticed that her eyes had no laughter in them now.

"Please go on," he answered.

"I don't want you to misjudge him," the girl proceeded. "You have seen the worst of my grandfather. He is not what he seems. His nerves are at the breaking point. He has suffered terribly. You mustn't tell him I have spoken

to you about it; but I love him so dearly I can't endure having anyone misunderstand. If you can bear with him a while I'm sure that he will not be this way long. He needs someone to help him—and—if you could ——"

"If he would let me——" began Layton.

"He will. He has confidence in you now. It is a long time since he had confidence in anyone except me, and of course I couldn't help him." A little choke in her voice made her pause. She rose and walked over to the fire, and stood looking at the picture of a young man, mounted in a silver frame, on the lefthand side of the mantel. Layton rose and almost mechanically followed her. After a moment she went on:

"You must forgive me, Mr. Layton, for saying these things to you, a stranger, but I want you to know everything. We need your help. This was his only son, my father. I never knew him. He was only twenty-two when he died. The business was to be Stannerton & Son. Grandfather adored him. He lived for him—and grandma. My mother died a month after father. Then grandma. Everyone he loved—all at one time. It was then he changed. He became very bitter outside, not in his heart. He kept on doing gentle, fine things, but he would fly into a passion when he was found out. He wanted to be hard and cruel; but he couldn't. Believe me, Mr. Layton, if you will stay you will see him as he really is."

She was looking down into the fire. A moment afterward she held out her hand.

"I have been very forward," she said, trying to smile. "But somehow I felt that you would understand. Good night, and thank you."

Layton felt as though he were waking up from a sleep. She was gone. He wondered stupidly if he had bidden her a responsive good night. He couldn't remember. It was all so unexpected. His poise, of which he had been a trifle vain, had deserted him. She had left behind a disturbing sense of her presence.

Then Samuel Stannerton came out with the three men, and showed them to the door with something of manorial, quaint courtesy. Layton caught Stannerton's last words: "I would do more if I could—it is impossible!"

One of the men snickered guardedly. The door closed.

"Now, Mr. Layton!" said the old man, and sat down before the fire.

It was some time before Stannerton spoke. He dovetailed his long fingers, and began with tired deliberateness, as though renewing a dropped recital:

"The Eastern Trading Company, Mr. Layton, is myself. I have fooled everybody, including myself. I have sold myself my own product at an actual loss. The Eastern Trading Company has jobbed the goods to the catalogue houses."

Layton stared in amazement. The old man caught the expression and raised his hand.

"Don't interrupt me. I am in the mood to tell the whole thing. It is the most idiotic venture you ever heard of. I could have sold my plant twenty-five years ago, Mr. Layton, at a good figure, and retired. I could even have cleaned up fifteen years ago to some advantage. Then the chance passed. Twenty years ago my son died. It was a very great blow. I was in the mood for selling then. I knew that the plant in Hawley was doomed. I saw it just as clearly as you will see it now.

"You ask me why I didn't do it. Because I was a fool, I suppose. Call it vanity. Call it pride. Say that I had built up my little business and my trade-mark and reputation, and I couldn't bear to see it pass into other hands. No doubt that was the first consideration. A man's pride will lead him far astray. Let it go at that."

"There were other reasons, no doubt," suggested Layton with an impulse of intuition.

The old man stared at him almost rebelliously.

"Yes," he assented. "But except for what has just happened to-night, and what is likely to happen in the near future, I wouldn't tell them. But here they are, and some day in years to come you can tell the yarn to your keen business acquaintances and have a good laugh at the expense of a foolish old man.

"Mark you, I could have sold. Our long winter cold, even then, had got in my bones, and I wanted to go off to Southern California. I knew it was the time to close out. Look round you here in Hawley, Mr. Layton, and what do you see? Nearly all the men worked in my plant. If they didn't they got their living out of those who did. They had built or bought their little homes, planted trees and grapevines and shrubs, sent their children to school; it was quite a happy family. God help me, Mr. Layton, as I looked out over this village I had pride in my heart. Pride goeth before a fall—yes, true words.

"Two men came from the Universal to dicker for the plant. I almost said yes. Then I went to the window and looked across at the little houses over here on the hillside. I could see smoke coming out of the chimneys. I could almost hear the sizzle of frying doughnuts. I went back to these men and said, though I knew well enough what their answer would be: 'Gentlemen, if I sell, will the plant stay in Hawley?' They laughed, and one of them said: 'You bet your boots it won't!' All I could think of was that the little family was going to break up if I sold. I had trained these men. I had got them here. They had bought their little homes. Now they'd have to move. I could even see them moving. I could see the women packing away the household things, and as they did so wiping their eyes with the corners of their aprons—a sentimental fool I was, Mr. Layton, as I warned you! But I couldn't bear to think of it. They all trusted me. Some of them would get jobs, maybe better jobs; but what about the old fellows that started with me? All rank nonsense! But that's what I was thinking.

"When I finally refused the offer my two visitors said: 'Think again, Mr. Stannerton. Our competition will put you out of business in the end.' I knew they were telling the truth.

"Well, it happened as they predicted. They never came after me again. They put out good articles on the market and advertised like Sam Hill, and they cut into me all right. I took a loss right from the next year but one. It got bigger. I saw a chance to recoup a little on sap evaporators; but I wasn't equipped for the metal work, so I lost a lot on that deal. My travelers weren't paying their way. The time came when I had to let them go. Then I began to sell to the catalogue houses.

(Continued on Page 45)

As She Spoke Her Lips Trembled and the Tears Came to Her Eyes; Yet She Went Bravely On

The Son of Heaven Comes Back—and Goes Back—By William T. Ellis

HUNTING down a revolution while riding in a ricksha—that is war corresponding *de luxe*. My story of the twelve exciting days within the walls of ancient Peking during the period of the Manchu Restoration, and of the battle that ended it, would be quite different were it not for the ubiquitous and all-penetrating rubber-tired, man-sized baby carriage, with its human steed. Let the slightest whisper arise of developments anywhere in the city, and off one went in a ricksha to investigate it. The investing troops outside the city could be visited, the generals consulted, the legations interviewed, or the city wall itself patrolled for observation purposes, all in the comfort of a ricksha, with its two-legged horse—who, however, was prone to prove decidedly gun-shy. Still, one can scarcely expect to buy transportation, plus courage, at fifteen cents an hour. Nor can I forget that during the eleven hours on the wall, on July twelfth, under continuous fire, there were three ricksha coolies who had carried up the appliances of the American motion-picture camera, and who remained throughout the battle to serve their employers.

PHOTO. BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS

Monarchist Troops in Retreat From Machine-Gun Cross Fire on Legation Street

There were three stages to this Peking Revolution, not counting the political juggling that preceded and followed it. This prologue and epilogue to the comic opera, if one may so speak, contain more of real peril to China than the tons of bullets and shells that were showered upon Peking during the pictorial battle which unseated the Son of Heaven for a second time from the Dragon Throne—a throne which, for a longer period than any other known reign in history, had held sway over the largest nation on earth. Historians, moralists and dramatists may mull over the significance of this vast upheaval; I merely write what I saw, treating the three phases separately, the first episode having been written the day after the Restoration, during an interval between hectic ricksha rides.

A Field Day for Cynics in China

SOMEWHERE back amid the palaces of the Forbidden City, whose yellow-tiled roofs glisten in the early morning sun as I see them out of my window, there is a youngster, thirteen years old, who is missing all the fun of a show in which he is supposed to play the principal part. Even the beggar boys of his own age whom I saw yesterday on the streets of the Chinese City were getting more out of the thing than he; and they were so excited that they forgot to whine their usual doleful cry. They moved at will among the animated throngs, like youngsters seeing a circus parade, and darted from spot to spot as an unusually big or beautiful or significant dragon flag was unfurled; or as the pig-tailed soldiers of Chang Hsun appeared in squads and columns. Such a *fête* day Peking has not seen for a long time, and poor Hsuan Tung missed it, every bit, even though it was his own restoration to the throne of his Manchu ancestors that caused the hubbub.

Outwardly the two interesting phases of this attempt to turn back the clock of history were the appearance of the troops and the display of yellow dragon flags. The stroke was delivered at three o'clock in the morning. The news of the *coup d'état* was quickly known among the Chinese officials; and it also disturbed the Sunday morning naps of the Legation Quarter of Peking, where were hurried conferences and much sending of "chits" and many telephone messages.

Not until hours later did the city, as a whole, learn the startling news. Overnight the number of Chang Hsun's unkempt blue-clad soldiers on the streets had greatly increased, and all carried bayonets in their guns. So, also, did the trig brown-clad gendarmery. Instead of one or two soldiers to a block, there were now a dozen or more; and at strategic places squads stood with fixed bayonets. This was the public's first intimation that something unusual was afoot, though the political situation had been tense to the point of breaking for several weeks. As an "Extra!" the Peking Daily News, which is usually published in English, and is the favorite organ of the reactionaries, issued an edition in Chinese, about two inches wide and six inches long. Significantly, this was distributed by the police to every Manchu family, high and low. One of the best-known Americans here first heard the news through his Manchu ricksha coolie.

By afternoon Peking had learned that the Little Emperor had come back. Straightway the city—especially the Chinese business streets—began to blossom with yellow dragon flowers—snapdragons, they might be called. Restaurants and guilds that had been flying the five-barred flag of the Republic suddenly bloomed with radiant yellow. Riding about the streets, I saw this metamorphosis of China's capital. "See the dragon flags on the Imperial Temple!" cried my companion, an American official. "But the flag of the Republic still flies on the police station and the railroad station." Then, a moment later: "There goes the dragon flag up on the police station! And look! The Republic flag is down from the railroad staff!"

Watching the flags go up was the principal diversion of that afternoon. Crowds, in greater number than old residents had ever before seen in Peking, filled the streets and stood at gaze as additional dragons took the air. Whence came all these flags? Some were old, showing that they had been frayed by the breezes of the former monarchical days. Mister Chinese Merchant, who thinks first of his own shop, had cannily stored the old emblems away to be ready for emergencies. The significance of this fact must have been the gall of bitterness to the real reformers, as they realized how little of the loyal and sacrificial and courageous spirit which alone makes a democracy possible is to be found in Peking. Yesterday was a field day for cynics in the capital of China. Nevertheless, it was a city *en fête*. Most of the faces on the streets were manifestly pleased. Never did the cry "The king is dead! Long live the king!" have a more perfect demonstration.

In Philadelphia it was two o'clock on Saturday afternoon, June thirtieth, when the coup was effected; here it was three o'clock on Sunday morning, July first. If the boy, who is more of a boy than an emperor, really knew what good times are possible to a youngster of thirteen, he might well have wished himself at the swimming hole with the fellows; for it was hotter here, even in the depth of the night, than it was beneath the blazing sun of Philadelphia. And it will be hotter yet for Hsuan Tung, I fear, before yesterday's clash with the calendar has ended.

PHOTO. BY E. A. SALISBURY

Some of Chang Hsun's Pig-Tailed Soldiers Who Restored the Son of Heaven to His Throne

General Chang Restores the Boy Emperor

LIKE newspaper men, and other unfortunates, Chinese officials of the old order are night workers; so that their statecraft is often, as in this case, a deed of darkness. Actually the plot was deep-laid beyond belief. For weeks the nation has been without either a Cabinet or a Parliament, and the power behind the government was that old bandit chief, General Chang Hsun, who had brought up an army of his pig-tailed soldiers—no other Chinese soldiers wear the queue—and entered the city of Peking. Parliament members had fled, and with them all leading progressives. When he started north it was freely predicted that General Chang would attempt to restore the monarchy, for his loyalty to the Manchus is well known. He accompanied the old Empress Dowager in her flight from Peking after the allied armies had raised the Boxer siege. Yes; incredible as it may seem, the man who now controls China is a Boxer reactionary, an illiterate fellow who is reputed to be scarcely able to write his own name. He is an expert, though, in ordering "Off with his head!" Local gossip records that when a mat shed on his grounds was blown down a few days ago, he had several of the workmen summarily executed on the spot.

Conference with other reactionaries was supposed to have convinced Chang that it would be impossible to restore the Manchu Emperor, and he so announced, after he had called at the palace in ancient state and made his kotow to the boy. Not a single American or Chinese with whom I have talked had the slightest suspicion that any such foolhardy and impracticable coup as the return of the Manchus was in contemplation. This illiterate old elemental fooled all the diplomats in Peking.

Nor was Chang Hsun himself ready for the step, which he and a few others were preparing in deepest secrecy. On Saturday afternoon he made an appointment with me for an interview at seven o'clock on Sunday morning. Then he went to a reception of the Kiang-si guilds, and remained until midnight, imbibing freely. Upon his return

home, full of Dutch courage, he was informed that the plot was known to President Li. Immediate action had become necessary. Let no man say that the East cannot act with dispatch; for within three hours the deed was done. A deputation had waited on the President, demanding that he resign in favor of the Boy Emperor. He squarely refused, declaring that if conditions should make it necessary for him to resign he would do so only in favor of the Vice President, in accordance with the Provisional Constitution.

From eminent Manchu sources I have the inside story of the scene of the Restoration within the Imperial Palace. Whatever may have been the general understanding concerning an ultimate replacing of the Boy Emperor on the throne, there was no knowledge on the part of any member of the Imperial household that the deed was to be done on Sunday morning, July first. When General Chang Hsun and a party of about fifteen of his satellites made their early morning call upon the boy they were totally unexpected. None of the Manchu princes or counselors had been consulted. All the persons most interested were asleep. History will cherish the picture of that strange and disorderly gathering, at three o'clock in the morning, in the small audience room of the palace. All the entourage were startled out of sleepiness. The Emperor himself was in a small alcove behind a screen, and personally pleased and excited over the adventure. It was the liveliest time of his monotonous young life. Four old consorts of previous emperors were present, and they advised caution and delay. The Imperial tutor, a person of much importance, was so overcome by the dramatic suddenness of the event that he could give no coherent counsel, but merely muttered and bowed in astonishment and confusion. The father of the boy, ex-regent, arrived barely in time for the conference; and he was moderately pleased.

American Soldiers in Peking

An Impromptu Breakfast Party in the Palace

CHANG HSUN'S party were in all sorts of dress and undress. Some wore full official Manchu robes of state. Others were in semiofficial court dress. Still others were in military uniform; while a few were in the hybrid Eastern and Western attire that is so common out here. A motlier company never faced a Chinese emperor. They were offered breakfast in the palace; but there was really not food enough to go round among so large a company, and the servants had to resort to much ingenious dividing up of the portions, and to surreptitiously passing food from the solitary table of the boy to the tables of his guests. The scenes of that night should exonerate the Imperial family from any immediate responsibility for the coup.

The necessary proclamations, in the name of the Emperor and of the President, which had been in readiness for several days, were sent to the printer, and by noon were on the bulletin boards, having been beaten, by several hours, by the flyer of the Peking Daily News, thanks to rank favoritism on the part of the plotters.

Those proclamations are rather choice, being in the grand style of the China of thousands of years ago. Take these morsels from the Imperial Decree of the boy, dated, in return to the lunar calendar, "Thirteenth Day of the Fifth Month of the Ninth Year of Hsuan Tung"—thus ignoring the republican interregnum: "Whereas, we unfortunately succeeded to the Imperial Throne when we were still in childhood, we constantly felt grieved, owing to lack of our ability to cope with the many difficulties of the times. . . . We, confined in the Imperial Palaces as we have been, have daily prayed to heaven to show us a way out of this misfortune. . . . While not willing to trust the heavy responsibility of maintaining the existence of a great empire to our youthful person and delicate constitution, we are unwilling to disregard the sufferings of the people, . . . so that, after carefully weighing the situation, we cannot but obey the will of heaven and consider the wishes of the people. We have decided to reascend the throne . . . and will begin life with our people anew. Henceforth the sense of duty and the religion of loyalty shall be the basis of our unwritten Constitution, and we shall endeavor to regenerate the people by inculcating in them good manners, honor, integrity and self-respect."

After considerable sermonizing, quite worthy of a thirteen-year-old boy who begins his day at five o'clock and his studies at six—"from ten o'clock on he reads over all important documents and grants audiences to his loyal servants"—the Imperial Decree closes with nine practical points, the first of which is the significant declaration that the form of government is to be a limited monarchy. The next declares that the Imperial family will continue to worry along on the household budget of four million dollars a year. Other paragraphs abolish distinctions between the Manchus and the Chinese; ratify foreign loans and treaties; abolish the penal code of the Republic; prohibit the organization of political parties; and grant everybody the right to wear his hair as he shall choose, with or without a queue.

In a naïve postscript decree this prodigy of a boy announces that he has received a petition from President Li, imploring that he be allowed to hand back the government, and urging the Emperor to reassume the throne. To quote our young author: "In the memorial the said official states that he was coerced into assuming great powers by his troops during the mutiny, and that, as chief executive of the country, he has failed to ameliorate the condition of the people. . . . He begs us to resume control of the Imperial Government in order to save the souls of the people, and says that, as a servant of the Emperor, he awaits punishment." Whereupon the magnanimous monarch proceeds to create President Li a duke of the first class.

Dull Days for the Pig-Tailed Braves

IN NEWSPAPER offices that is called faking—sheer, outright, deliberate faking—for, as a matter of fact, President Li refused to abdicate, unless it should be in favor of the Vice President. He withstood deputation after deputation, and his flag is still flying in front of his palace—the only Republican emblem now visible in all Peking, except one flag unfortunately painted on his signboard by a tailor on the Hatamen. Nothing in Li's public life has been so dignified and brave as the position he has taken since the Restoration. A little of that same courage shown earlier would have saved the Republic.

Now his life is guaranteed by the representatives of the foreign Powers. Evidently it is the intention of the legations not to permit a festival of head chopping by General Chang, which will be a great disappointment to his pig-tailed braves, who already wear a look of ennui as they loaf and lounge at their posts in frowsy blue uniforms, dinky sailor hats and canvas shoes. Loot and blood and terrorizing power have been the meat upon which these uniformed bandits have fed, and they have come to Peking

(Concluded on Page 85)

Dragon Flags Had Their Day

The Frightened Fleeing From Peking

The Eagle and the Marine on Guard

FORCED LABOR

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

DRAWING on toward the second year of the administration of young Trelawney among the wild and untamed Sukas, he began to get a little discouraged. To be sure, he had, guided imperceptibly by the imperturbable Culbertson, alias Kingozi, and his able assistant, Cazi Moto, accomplished a number of things. For example, the two white men, with only a dozen native attendants, had entered and peacefully settled down with the tribesmen. When one considers that these wild savages had been badly handled and generally shot up by a previous party, hunting elephants—that they had long carried on remorseless war with every stranger from anywhere—this was indeed something.

Also the white men had so far gained confidence that their daily courts for the administration of justice were thronged. Peace with neighboring tribes had been established and maintained. The Governor and District Commissioner, who had dared the experiment of sending Trelawney—and Kingozi—were well pleased. But all this triumph was as ashes in the young man's mouth. Why? He had set his heart on planting here the seeds of civilization; and in civilization the first step was voluntary paid labor.

He was by now as wise a young man as before he had been superficial. Long months in the jungle had developed his philosophical and analytical side. He knew what he wanted. And, therefore, he scouted Kingozi's easy suggestion that a mere hint to M'Booley would be sufficient; that well-disposed despot would be glad to furnish from ten to a thousand men; and, furthermore, would see to it that they worked.

"Forced labor," objected Trelawney with the same manner that, two years ago, he would have used in saying "paper collars."

And any other sort of labor seemed impossible to get. Nobody wanted to work. Why should he? The women built very comfortable huts of wattle and grass; they raised amply sufficient crops of *m'wembe*, *mahindi*, eating bananas and cooking bananas. The boys took care of the herds. And wealth, to barter for such desirable luxuries as wire, snuff, *ghee*, well-flavored eating soap, and the like, was an easy surplus of the women's other industries. Well fed, well housed, well clothed, well ornamented, why on earth should any sane man want to work? They grinned amiably and promised lavishly—and sat in the sun.

In the temporary backwater of suspended energies Trelawney had leisure to become a little homesick. Heretofore he had been too busy and too much interested in the novelty of the place, the people, and the power he held in his hands. He was still interested; but he wanted a change. He did not know what was the matter with him; but things seemed to have gone flat and stale. The shooting ceased to amuse; he was, as he confessed it, fed up with natives. It bored him.

Kingozi knew well the symptoms. The vertical rays of a tropical sun get a man's nerves after a time; and the tropic heats and chills make for a jaded spirit. So well is this recognized that the government ordinarily gives its servants six full months off every few years.

Trelawney began to talk of England—especially after the daily hot bath before dinner—when the men sat outside smoking in the cool of first evening. He had been raised on a hilltop in Surrey. He liked to recall to Kingozi little things—a glimpse of villages far below in trees; a hawthorn hedge; a fir grove with rooks; wet pavements of London at night; the smell of things after a rain. Of course he never even brushed the idea of sentiment; but sentiment was there. And a dozen times he professed a profane willingness to chuck the whole thing for ten minutes on Piccadilly.

Kingozi knew. Ten years before—but now, nothing. He knew no man in England well enough to tempt him across the street; he had no kin. And his memories—who knew Kingozi's memories?

"Look here," he said abruptly, "I'm going on another ivory trek. One of M'Booley's men reports elephant on the north fringe of the mountain. Why don't you go along this time? It would do you good."

But Trelawney shook his head.

"Who'll take over here in that case?" he asked.

Kingozi was tempted to reply that for a fortnight it was probable the Suka nation could manage to wabble along. It had been wabbling along for some time—since the late Pleistocene, Kingozi thought. But he refrained. Few crimes are worse than weakening a man's faith in his job.

So Kingozi said nothing more, but at once set about the preparations for his hunt. Every few months such reports had been brought in. Kingozi never failed to follow them up, and as he looked upon the slowly growing pile of tusks in the store hut he felicitated himself that his stay here was not entirely altruistic.

This evening he called on his familiar, Cazi Moto, for further information. "Who are these people who have seen the elephant?" he asked.

"They are *shenzis*—forest people, *bwana*."

"They are here?"

"At your command, *bwana*."

Kingozi recognized the wiry little savages who shortly appeared as belonging to that wildest, shyest, most primitive people, the Wanderobo of the great forests. Living widely scattered, in hollow trees or logs, or in simple leaf huts; eating wild honey, uncultivated roots and fruits, and what small game they can destroy; without clothes, ornaments, comforts or implements—they nevertheless possess, in common with the animals, who are their peers and companions, an instinct for direction, a skill in tracking, and a knowledge of beasts that is marvelous. Rarely do they permit themselves to become visible; but in some slow, patient, strange manner Kingozi had gained their confidence.

They stood before him, carrying their bows and arrows, almost naked, with few and poor ornaments; their primitive faces, with the strong prognathous jaws, redeemed from utter savagery by their soft and liquid eyes.

Through Cazi Moto, who spoke some of their queer fragmentary language, they conveyed what they had to say—the elephants had come; they were over yonder, five hours away; they were many. Saying which they relapsed into silence and waited.

II

SIMBA, son of M'Kuni, and a member of the highly ornamental bodyguard of chiefs' sons, which was part of Trelawney's policy of pacification, dwelt in one of the government huts with his mates. The life he led was easy and highly satisfactory. He had all the food he cared to eat, a warm place to sleep, and his natural instincts toward display were encouraged. It was desirable that the bodyguard should be impressed by its own importance so that it should remain thoroughly satisfied with itself. That is why soldiers' peace uniforms at least have always been gaudy. The more undesirable the service, *per se*, the gaudier the uniform. And it was, furthermore, desirable that those chiefs' sons should entertain a certain rivalry or emulation among themselves.

The son of M'Kuni came from rather a small and outlying village. He did not possess the wealth of some of his rivals. But his belongings were in apple-pie order. His buffalo-hide shield he kept well oiled and the heraldic pattern bright; his long-bladed spear twinkled in the sun; his bead belt, with the sword, was cleaned daily; his ostrich face frame and headdress, by the addition of fresh feathers, were maintained at a high state of pulchritude; his anklets, armlets and necklaces he kept polished with the leaves of *kiwi*. Besides, he owned certain specialties—a pair of spats made of beads called *mithanga;* a horn snuff bottle, craftily ornamented with copper rings; and especially a flat circular ornament made of pelecoid shells, which he wore on his forehead and called *ibuo*. These things were a source of great satisfaction to him.

His duties were light and pleasant. He turned out in full regalia at flag-raising time. He attended the Bwana M'Kubwa on all his official erranda. Occasionally, after winding his spear blade with red cloth, he went somewhere as a messenger. These journeys took him to the villages round about, to neighboring nations; and once in a great while over a ten days' journey to the white man's town, where he saw many wonders.

Everywhere he had a soul-satisfying opportunity to show off before less-favored mortals. He was a fierce and imposing figure, and he knew it; and he greatly enjoyed the envious glances of the men and the coy, bright-eyed scrutiny of the girls. And even in Nairobi itself he was conscious of being remarked by the white people.

Before coming to the *boma* Simba would have considered all this the height of any reasonable man's ambition. But now he was dissatisfied. There were greater heights to be scaled. As between Simba, in all his savage and haughty glory, and little black wizened Cazi Moto, dressed in a ragged khaki shirt, a pair of ragged khaki "shorts," and a pair of shoes, also ragged, but indubitably a white man's,

Suddenly One of the Beasts Screamed and Pandemonium Broke Loose. The Tops of Small Trees Shivered, Crashes Resounded on All Sides

no human being with an eye for the picturesque would have hesitated for a moment. Nevertheless, Simba envied Cazi Moto—envied him with all his heart.

And when word came to him in the camp gossip that the *shenzis* were in with news of elephants, he did a bold thing: He sought out Kingozi, busy with preparation, and asked for a personal interview.

The white man looked up from the little pile of duffel he was contemplating. His eye, cold and expressionless, swept the gorgeous figure from head to foot. His jaw thrust forward aggressively the line of his beard.

"Well?" he demanded.

"*Bwana*," said Simba, "it has come to me that you go to fight the elephant. I have come to ask you to take me."

"What for?" asked Kingozi bluntly.

"As gunbearer," said Simba.

Cazi Moto cackled, and the four veteran bearers, who had squatted, listening to the colloquy, burst out laughing. Kingozi himself grinned.

"Gunbearer, eh?" he repeated, grimly amused. "What do you know of guns? Can you load one?"

"Yes, *bwana*."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Kingozi in some surprise. "Where did you learn that?"

"I have watched, *bwana*."

"How do you clean a gun?"

"First," said Simba, greatly heartened, "I get water, very hot, *katchemka sana*, and I pour it down the hole, slowly, slowly. Then I take a piece of cloth and I push it through with the stick; and another and another, until the last cloth is dry. And then I put the fat that is in the small bottle on another piece of cloth, and I push that through the hole. And then I rub this cloth on the outside."

"And you learned this by watching?"

"Yes, *bwana*."

Kingozi rose from the ground and dropped into his canvas chair.

"This is interesting," he said to himself in English, as was his frequent custom. "Never knew a native to observe so closely. Now," he continued in Swahili, "have you also watched how one takes the skin from a head?"

"Yes, *bwana*."

"Tell me."

Simba did so in minute detail. He had even noticed a certain first incision in the back of the neck, which was peculiar to Kingozi.

"Astonishing!" muttered the latter.

He continued to stare at the picturesque, brilliantly decorated savage before him, his jaw thrust forward, his steely eyes hard and uncompromising, as was his habit.

"Listen," he said abruptly; "I know you well. You are that Simba whom I rubbed with the fat of the lion when you were a small boy. Therefore you are brave. You have also knowledge of some things. But bravery and knowledge are not all of a gunbearer. A gunbearer must know many things you do not know. Also, he must serve his white man better than he would serve himself; and he must know and carry out all the *distauri*[*] of a gunbearer. To do this he must serve the white man for a long time."

"I wish to serve, *bwana*."

Kingozi barked out a short contemptuous laugh.

"But a gunbearer! You are no more a gunbearer than a cub is a killer of the lion pack. Because you flap your arms are you therefore an eagle?"

[*] The customs, as comprising also the traditions, loyalties and ideals of any service.

The attentive bystanders laughed. If Simba had been a white youth instead of a red-bronze youth, he would probably have blushed deeply. As it was he stared straight before him and his ostrich plumes quivered.

"What does a man do to become a gunbearer, *bwana?*"

"He serves the white man and learns," replied Kingozi. "And if he learns well, and serves well, it may be that sometime he gets a chance."

"Then I will serve, *bwana*."

"Will you, indeed!" commented Kingozi. Then in Swahili: "Very well! To do so you must lay aside for always all these things." He indicated with a brief, almost contemptuous gesture the shield, spear and barbaric ornaments of the splendid savage. "You will wear the blanket and clothes of a porter. You will carry a load on your head. You will receive *posho* as a porter, and meat when meat is shot. You will chop wood, carry water, make camp, do all the hard work that a porter must do. Whatever I tell you, that you must do. You will go where I go or where I tell you to go. You will be paid five rupees each month."

Simba listened attentively, his eyes unwavering. At the close of the speech he stepped forward, laid his spear and shield at Kingozi's feet, stripped the ostrich-plume headdress from his head, added his war club, his bead belt, the bells he wore along his thighs, and was about to remove even the armlets and necklets, but Kingozi stopped him.

"*Basi!*" said he. "It is then agreed. Cazi Moto, give this man a blanket, a jersey, a water bottle."

Each Regular Porter Carried a Tusk on the Triumphal Return to the Boma

III

NEXT morning the hunting party entered the forest. It consisted of Kingozi, Cazi Moto and the four porters, one of whom was Simba. The loads they carried were very light, not over thirty pounds a man, and contained only the barest necessities for the roughest camping.

The method of hunting the elephant in these forests was simplicity itself. The little party would follow on the track of an elephant throughout all the daylight hours. At night they would make a fireless camp, eat cold food, and lie down to sleep as well as they might until the following morning. Then they would resume the pursuit. Kingozi always allowed himself five days. If at the end of the fourth day he had not struck his quarry, he returned on the fifth to his base camp for rest and new supplies. Five days of that kind of labor was about all the human frame should be called upon to endure.

At the edge of the forest they were met by the Wanderobos. These little naked hunters materialized suddenly and silently. There were now a dozen of them. Without formal greeting they gathered in a compact circle, making room for Kingozi and Cazi Moto, who squatted down with them. The four porters stood in the background.

Someone kindled a tiny fire. N'jahgi, the leader, so far as such primitive savages could be said to have a leader, produced from a skin bag, hung round his neck, a chunk of dried elephant fat. This he deposited on the fire. When it blazed up each member of the circle laid upon the flame a sacrifice. One cut several links from the iron chain he wore round his neck; another poured out a palmful of pungent stuff; a third donated a collection of apparently valueless pebbles and seeds, which were undoubtedly cherished magic—and so on.

Kingozi recognized that these apparently trivial things were in reality of great value to so simple and impoverished a people, and that by the extent of the sacrifice could be gauged their opinion of the seriousness of the occasion. When his turn came he laid upon the flames a very brilliant cotton handkerchief.

Then N'jahgi rose to his feet and, with arms upstretched, addressed, in turn, each of the four points of the compass. He spoke in a language unknown to Kingozi, or indeed to Simba and his companions; but his deep earnestness lent to his utterances solemnity. Then, plucking a branch from a near-by bush, he dipped it in the ashes of the dying fire and with it struck gently thrice across Kingozi's face. The ceremony being thus finished, all rose and swiftly took up the trail into the forest.

Simba had never before carried a load; so it was as well that this was light. By way of counterbalance, however, the track of the elephant led over a very rough country and through a very thick jungle. Only where the great beast had cleared a way would it have been possible for human beings to proceed at all. Up steep hills and down again; through streams; across jungles, where the swinging vines, merely brushed aside by the animal's passage, caught at the loads like hands; then climbing an almost perpendicular slope, and so into the bamboo forests, where the cool-looking green stalks grew close and almost as tall as the sky, and one saw only in the narrow tracks of elephants or down short vistas where grew deep spongy green moss.

And at night, after a supper of cold *posho*, which is unappetizing, everyone—Kingozi included—wrapped up and lay down on the ground. It was very cold and there was no fire. The Wanderobos curled up together, like so many dogs. The porters and Simba shivered miserably and were most unhappy. At dawn, stiff and weary, they were up and off again. Simba's neck ached, his lungs labored, his legs hurt; but if he or any of the porters so much as scraped a log in passing, Cazi Moto hissed back a fierce warning.

(Continued on Page 114)

The Passing of German Industry

By A. Curtis Roth, Former United States Vice Consul, Plauen, Saxony

THE story of the decay of German industry has never been told. To me this has seemed one of the most important phases of the war, in respect to its bearing both upon the war itself and upon the future reorganization of trade when the world is again at peace. It is the story of a mighty failure, the epic of the downfall of the giants. It is the story of clever makeshifts, of strange expedients, of dogged perseverance, of the energy of despair, and of a thousand and one ingenious inventions. But it is unmistakably the story of the passing of German industry, one of the most marvelous industries in the history of man's economic effort.

When the democratic observer confines his study to the military and naval situation solely, the present seems black enough and full of evil promise. The terror of militaristic Germany still looms large. But when this observer fixes his attention upon the political, social and industrial conditions prevailing in the Central Empire his fears are dispelled and he realizes that peace cannot be much longer denied the world by the Pan-German clique. The power of the German Army and Navy is stronger than ever to-day; but it is footing upon the mocking quicksands of German industrial decay, German political unrest, and the beginnings of a German social upheaval.

The purposes of militaristic Germany have already been roundly defeated, though the Germany of "shining armor" still appears as dazzling as ever. And I believe the moral of this defeat is being borne home crushingly to the war adventurers of the *Vaterland* to-day by the multiplying signs of their land's industrial failure as much as by the signs of sullen revolt among the German masses.

A Commercial Giant Bleeding to Death

PEACE is not so far round the corner as the military expert is led to believe by a conscientious interpretation of his data. There is still much bluster and show of war left in the German leaders; but they are beginning to realize that the vitality of their industries is fast ebbing away and that each added year of war lessens the chances for Germany's recovery of her old well-being. These leaders are beginning to realize that if German industry is allowed to bleed to death over the business of war German participation in the influence and comforts of the world after the war will be slight and miserable indeed. It is not too much to say that the passing of Germany's industrial power is crowding the Proud Empire into an unimportant place in the future life of the world. The glorious strength of Germany was that drawn from her mighty factories and forges; and, once lost, for many reasons it will be most difficult to call forth again.

War has narcotized German industry, in some cases drugging it into a fatal sleep. If the barriers of the Entente blockade were removed to-morrow there would be a steady flow of cheap imports into Central Europe and but the merest trickle of exports in return. Stories of a war-bound industry, working day and night against the time when peace shall be declared in the world again, are pure inventions or vain imaginings. Despite courageous makeshifts, the German industries are losing their grip. The people, it seemed to me, felt this more strongly than their leaders; and herein they found an added terror and an added disillusionment.

It has repeatedly been stated that all Germany has been reorganized on a war basis. This is true to a startling degree. It is borne home to the most superficial observer. And this reorganization is one of the most important contributory causes making for Germany's abdication of her former preëminent place in world trade. By almost superhuman effort the German foundries, in competition with the foundries of the whole civilized world, have met the enemy, shell for shell and gun for gun. The metal industries, however, are cracking under the terrific strain and are drawing ever more heavily upon all reserves of German industrial strength to endure the unequal contest. The pace that the munitions industry has been forced to hold has weakened the entire industrial organism of the empire.

Then, month by month, the curtailment in the supplies of raw materials grows, and such materials as are on hand are diverted in increasing quantities for war purposes. The failure of German man power does not spell the end of the war. There are men aplenty. The failure of German finances does not spell the end of the war. War finances are largely matters of bookkeeping. It is the impending failures of the people's support and of the industries that are bright with promises of peace.

The effects of this industrial failure will be felt long after the war. Germany's ability to compete in the world market has been shaken to its foundation. The cold dawn of such a fear animates the German cry for peace. Only a shell exists of the powerful aggressive commercial giant of yesterday. It is folly to imagine an inundation of cheap German goods following the war. Great changes have been wrought in the superbly efficient industrial empire during the past two years—changes so great that I, an observer on the spot, could follow their progress month by month. Impoverished, disorganized, disheartened, the Germany of the coming time of peace will be in no condition to overwhelm foreign markets with its wares. It will need to call upon all its pluck, all its efficiency, all its skill in organization barely to hold its own.

Many vague stories have come out of Berlin concerning the empire's preparations for unloosing a great commercial drive with the coming of peace. These stories were inspired with the purpose of discounting the British blockade in the eyes of the neutrals. The Germans were said to be storing vast quantities of manufactured goods which, at the conclusion of a victorious peace, were to be used in a price-cutting campaign for the regaining of Germany's lost markets. It was an alluring notice to Germany's former customers, and a helpless blustering threat to the new war growth of Germany's competitors. The sale of these goods was to restore Germany, at a jump, to all the prestige of her old position as a trader. These stories were a figment in the German psychological campaign.

It will take Germany many years of peaceful effort to win back her old position; and, with the war lasting on, it is highly doubtful whether she will ever regain that which she has lost. Business has dwindled and dwindled. The famous industry that formerly supplied a large part of the world's demand is now almost solely employed in catering for war, and its peacetime organization has been disrupted past recognition. In short, the peacetime industries have wasted away.

When the British fleet, in a day, swept German goods from all the seas, the first deep note in the mighty symphony of the anguished passing of a people's dreams was sounded. This blow temporarily staggered the whole German industrial system, and from this blow some of the German industries have never recovered. Then came the failure of important raw materials. Other factories closed their doors and the plans and sacrifices of a generation went for naught. There was next manifested a shortage of labor, with which a terrible wastage of skilled labor on the battle fronts went hand in hand.

This loss of skilled labor is an item in the German industrial account that future generations of Germans must pay, and pay again. Finally there was undertaken a thorough reorganization of Germany's industry for the business of war; and when this reorganization was completed the competitor of peace-time had staked his full investment upon the conquest of enemy territory and the destruction of enemy trade.

The Reasons for Submarine Warfare

THE industrials, the merchants and the shippers began to get an inkling of their plight by the winter of 1915–16. With the disconcerting vision of the passing of Germany's industry before them, they joined forces with the hungry people in demanding unrestricted, unlimited submarine warfare. Their motives were, however, different from the motives of the people. The German masses, tortured by poverty, by hunger and by heartache, demanded, if the submarine was such a potent weapon, that it be turned loose to bring in an early peace. German merchants, manufacturers and shippers, on the other hand, supported the demands of the people in the hope that this warfare would handicap their enemies' trade, even as they were handicapped—or, better, in the hope that the frightful handicaps faced by German industry and shipping would be to some extent equalized by the destruction of enemy shipping and by a blocking of the enemy trade routes.

Much of the early hot resentment against our country was because we did not keep the way open for the outflow of German products through neutral lands to the markets of both Americas. When Great Britain made common cause with France and Russia, the Germans thought to divert their exports and imports from Hamburg and Bremen to Rotterdam and Copenhagen.

They expected to continue in possession of a large part of their world trade through neutral agents. The shattering of these expectations was a stunning blow to them.

"The readjustment of our production to the conditions of blockade is the

(Concluded on Page 77)

BOLDERO

By HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT

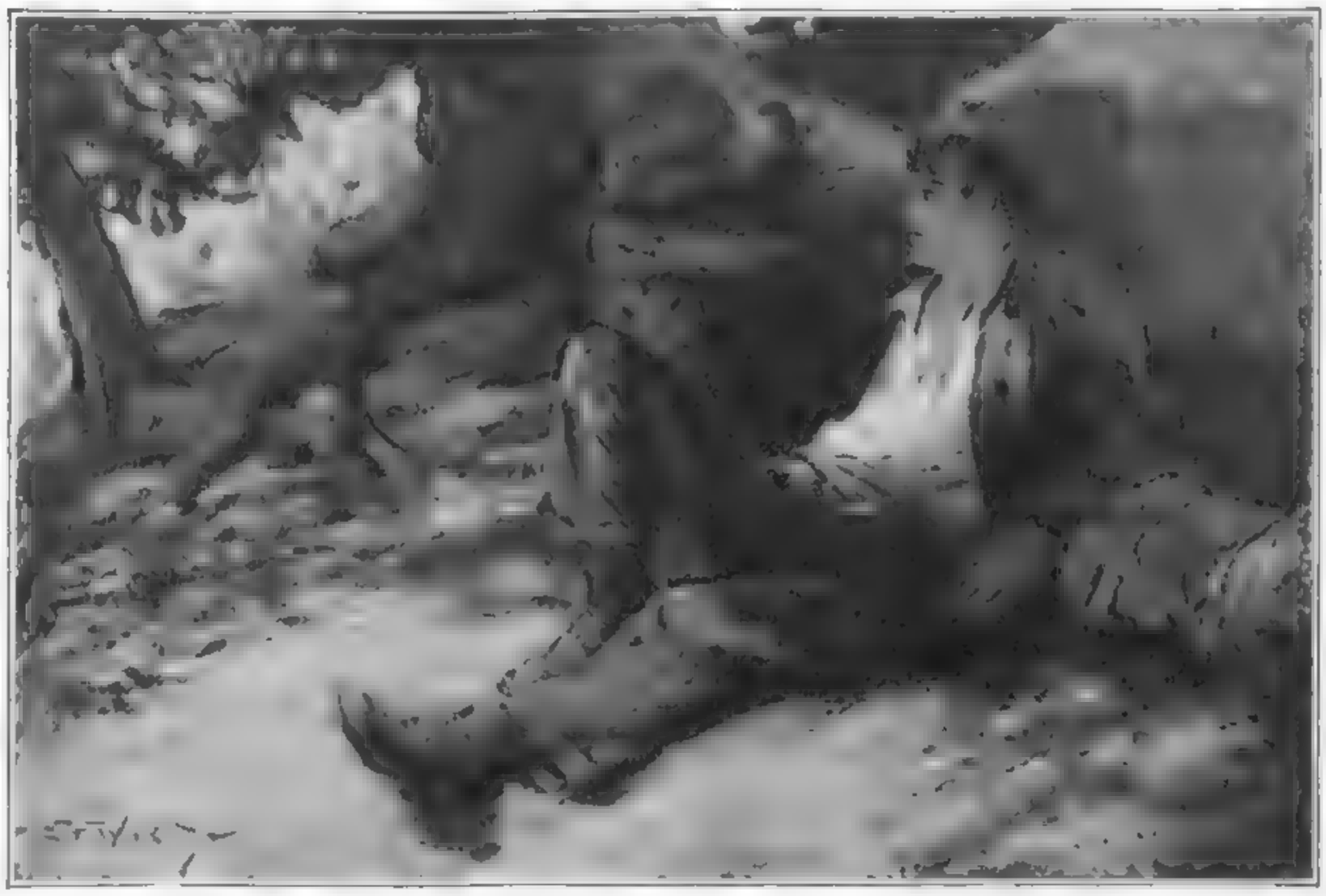
ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

IX

GHANDA SINGH would have raised Ramdayal; but the man made a sign to be let alone, pillowed his head on crossed elbows and lay like a worn-out dog, shaken with rapid panting, relaxed in a great heave, shaken again. Boldero watched him for a moment; then stepping quietly to the door, looked down the hill track. It curved and crooked through glistering evergreens, a red scar along the cañon flank, blotted here and there by tree tops, but, on the whole, visible in the clear sunlight which poured under rising mist. Boldero studied every corner and every clump of bush.

Nothing approached but the mist overhead. More than a mile away the reddish scar became a thread looping round a laurel promontory. Nothing moved in all its length; neither man nor beast.

He leaned against the frame, watching indoors and out by turns.



"'The Wicked Flee,'" Thought Boldero, "'When No Man Pursueth.' But, Just the Same, We'll Do More Fleeing"

The runner's breathing became gradually more human. At last he rolled upon his back and sighed.

"*Pani?*" asked Ramdayal plaintively.

A short thin man, he was much darker than his brother Sikh, more coarsely featured, with big soft eyes, pouting lips and, even in this distress, a look of invincible rough-and-ready humor.

"Not dead yet," he groaned. "Give me a drink."

Ghanda Singh fetched him a battered canteen, rolled under his head the chopping block, padded it with the old serge overcoat and lifted him comfortably. Ramdayal grinned. He took the canteen, but only rinsed his mouth and squirted the water across the floor. His throat showed a fearful mass of red—part wet, part clotted.

"Look to his wound," said Boldero. "I'm watching the road."

Ramdayal squirted another jet.

"Who's that?" he asked. "Who's the young sahib?"

"One of us," replied Ghanda Singh. "That's Jack. Sent by the Little Old Man. Show us your bleeding."

The wounded messenger nodded, put down the water can, relaxed and lazily unbuttoned his khaki jacket. All within seemed gore at first; but his friends were soon relieved when he drew his finger along the wound itself a flesh cut from left shoulder to left breast. It had ceased bleeding, stanched perhaps by the salt sweat, which made it look worse than it was. A weapon, somebody's knife, had driven for the collar-bone hole, that three-cornered gateway down into the heart, but had missed and gone glancing off the lean upper ribs. Ramdayal folded his tunic gingerly into place and laughed.

"They beat me with *lathis*, also," he declared. "But I not stopping. I come. Hey, brother?"

And he made Boldero a little jaunty salute.

"You're all right!" stated Boldero warmly.

Ramdayal, snuggling into the folded coat, winked both his merry black eyes, like a babe who cannot wink one singly.

"Yes," said he; "and I got it."

With that he reached under his right side and produced a cylinder of dirty brown paper about a foot and a half long, tied with piping cord, which he held out as though it were a diploma or an address of welcome.

"*Durust*," he chuckled. "No fear."

With joyful countenance Ghanda Singh received the paper cylinder.

"Is it?" he cried. "That? The Three Cows?"

Ramdayal nodded, shut his eyes and lay back, a smiling picture of content and weariness.

"What shall we do?" said Ghanda Singh. He poked the roll into his bosom, rose and came to consult Boldero. "How," he whispered, "we are going on?"

"Give me it and I'll run," replied Boldero, "while you look after Ramdayal here."

"No!" cried the other, frowning. "No!"

Jack knew his man then; good fellow, brave, faithful, Ghanda Singh had for their present need a habit of too quick suspicion and not enough foresight. Their need was great, moreover; time pressed; they must act, and somebody play leader.

"All right." Boldero, affecting to watch the trail, thought quickly. "Where's your crowd that's following you? How far behind?"

"In the bush, down," Ramdayal answered, like a man talking in his sleep. "By the railroad, last time of seeing them. Six; all bad ones. They break the bush over looking for me, swearing. They carry pistols."

Those railroad bushes, a vagabond-haunted thicket, lay not more than five miles away. Boldero knew the place of old and hated it. Ramdayal's pursuers, waiting there, could block the lower mouth of the cañon. "Can't go down," thought Boldero. "We must climb on up; take to the hills." If he took to them he must keep them, begin a hare-and-hound game southward along the mountains, one hundred miles and more of tough going, with only five head start.

"Able to walk?" he asked Ramdayal. "Slow, downhill, mile or two?"

The spent runner showed his teeth.

"Able, sahib? Yes; I can."

"Have you money to go on?"

A cunning light smoldered in Ramdayal's eyes to say that his purse was a private affair.

"Then take this note."

From a fly-spotted lithograph on the wall Boldero tore a corner of blank paper, on which, holding it against the door jamb, he wrote in pencil:

"CASH DALRYMPLE:

"Please feed and bed the bearer. On quiet. He is a friend of ours.

"J. W., per J. B."

This he read aloud, then folded and gave to Ramdayal.

"Go down to the barroom, first building you reach. Hand that chit to the red-haired man. Keep off this path. Go through the woods, and, mind you, to the back door of the red-haired man's house."

Ghanda Singh added a few words in some unknown tongue—perhaps a bit of slang from the Five Rivers:

"The shrub seller who is red as a panda."

Their wounded friend pocketed the scrap of writing, got up, buttoned the neck of his tunic, shook himself like a man half rested and calmly stalked out of doors.

"My salaam to the Little Gray One Who Hears Nothing."

He wriggled under a branch beside the cabin and disappeared as though the green mountain had swallowed him alive.

Such obedience, though more than Boldero had hoped for, he endeavored to take as a matter of course.

"Make up your baggage," he told Ghanda Singh, "quickly. You and me for the hills."

Again came obedience. The Indian squatted on the floor and folded his greatcoat into a neat and singularly compact roll, which he left open until he had gathered and laid inside it his black-handled knife, two tin plates, two spoons, a little cotton sack of food, the canteen and a box of matches. His quick brown fingers made a pass, a loop, a knot; then the man rose, with a tidy pack hanging between his shoulder blades.

"Ready, go," reported Ghanda Singh.

Boldero swung under his blanket roll. Without so much as a farewell glance the two men slipped quietly out of the cabin, shut the door, and dodged upward from the path among the overhanging evergreen boughs. A steep wood mottled with shadow infolded them. Young laurel trunks wriggled in snaky lines of gray and green; brown madroña limbs, smooth as a peeled wand or scabbed with curling tissue, upheld broad foliage glossed in the sunlight, which they caught and obscured; while dead leaves, cinnabar dust and sharp-cornered pebbles littered a maze of old runways made by wild beasts or by roaming cattle—false trails that began everywhere, parted, and led roundabout to impassable walls of chaparral.

"We lose our way," grumbled the Sikh.

Boldero said nothing, but through this puzzle followed the black will-o'-the-wisp of his own shadow, knowing that it struggled upward and westward before the morning sun.

He climbed at a pace that kept his companion wheezing. The ground rose abruptly; underfoot sharp-cornered volcanic pebbles rattled down like dice, and last year's oak and bay leaves, a dry, brittle carpet, slid away to fetch them on hands and knees; but the two men hurried upward, sweating, until a blue light pierced the tangled boughs ahead. They had conquered their first hill; like a strip of window, through irregular pointed mullions, gleamed the sky.

"We're up far enough," Boldero panted. "Now south we go, Ghanda."

Turning at a right angle, he dove into bushes and tore his way through to sunlight.

"Now let's do a trot."

They stood all at once in open country on a bare green ridge that undulated southward, unrolling miles of upland turf crinkled with shadows. The mist had drawn aloft and melted. Clean as a polo field the long-backed hill ran, an oval park surrounded by mountain forest.

"Come!" said Boldero. "Let's jog."

But Ghanda Singh flatly refused to hurry. Halting for breath, he smiled agreeably and shook his turbaned head.

"No! Running is no need. Look!"

In climbing they had fetched a circuit round the head of the glen, which now lay hidden beneath its topmost trees as by a low hedge. Through a gap in the branches Ghanda Singh, with a satisfied air, pointed an arm down the cañon. It lay vacant under the morning light, a narrow crease among the hills choked with rounded laurels, like huge green sponges piled in confusion. Down through them zigzagged the reddish thread of the path, winding toward a white speck, far off, which was Dalrymple's tavern. Nothing in this vista moved but the shadow of a hawk—the bird himself lost in dazzling upper air—that glided with long curves across the greenery.

"You look? Nobody coming."

"Why not?" inquired Boldero.

"You can see?" replied the Sikh, tolerant and superior. "Who is there? No one. The path empty."

At this Boldero began to lose his patience.

"Of course she's empty!" he cried. "Do you suppose they'd come up waving flags and blowing sirens for us? Come on here, my friend; a little speed."

His companion, with the same provoking ease, walked onward some few paces, a long-legged figure of Oriental dignity. Boldero stood looking after him. "If I'm going to have trouble with this fellow," he thought, "better have it now while there's time." And with that, striding forward, he overtook and confronted the Sikh face to face.

"Look here!" said he. "I like you well enough, Ghanda, and we can't afford to spoil things by a row. But"—he looked the man hard in the eyes—"we're making a wrong start. You give me that roll o' paper."

The Hindu threw back his head, staring haughtily.

"No!" he cried.

"Yes!" said Boldero quietly. "Hand it over."

The other made a slight movement, as though to reach a weapon. Boldero, having none, stood motionless but ready. Blue eyes and brown held each other in silent conflict.

"I'll take the paper to Jimmy. That's my hookum. Give it here! I'm not fooling."

It was the brown eyes that yielded. Suddenly, with a pettish jerk, Ghanda Singh tore open the breast of his jacket and slapped the paper into Boldero's hand.

"Give it to me properly."

This reproof, given in a casual way, completed the man's surrender; his body seemed to relax and turn supple; and it was with an almost bashful ceremony that he presented the dirty cylinder to his master.

"*Hookum hai*, sahib." He laughed sheepishly and rebuttoned his jacket. "Do not be angry. I was joking."

Boldero put away his treasure.

"I know it, Ghanda," he agreed. "'This was a g-o-a-k.' Now let's do a jog."

He spoke as if they had been arguing the weather, ignored his companion's embarrassment, and, with a tug to tighten belt and blanket roll, stepped off, running at an easy pace. For half a dozen strides he went alone; but soon, though careful not to look behind, he heard the Sikh overtaking him. Elbow to elbow they ran. Underfoot, spangled with pink mallows and tiny blond lilies of zygadenus, the grass invited them like a race course. Boldero gamboled along with the action of a colt, performed in a mixed gait, and at every step rejoiced to feel sunny turf upspringing, to pass young flowers glinting with moisture. Yards, furlongs, miles, all distance became alike in the pleasure of running; this bare hilltop unreeled its length, a wavy green ribbon, a magic carpet for speed; while the morning breeze filled his nostrils cleanly in a long, abiding draught, the wine of motion. Thus the two men sped along the ridge till it plunged into a forest from whose edge, while resting for a moment, they could look backward and see the billowy miles of greensward they had left.

"'The wicked flee,'" thought Boldero, "'when no man pursueth.'" That sunlit hill stretched away, empty of living figures. "But, just the same, we'll do more fleeing."

So all day they hurried southward by forgotten paths that wound among evergreens, now vanishing in a thicket, now burrowing under the windfallen mast of some great pine. Once they halted to lie on a bed of moss and munch dry biscuits; once more, where a waterfall roared through a wilderness of quivering spikenard fronds, to drink and to bathe in pools, ice-cold, that smelled of trout; but after these interludes, refreshed, they trotted steadily uphill and down, disturbing a shadowy silence barred with rays of dusty green light.

Evening closed overhead as they crawled through a lonely pass where giant bowlders leaned against the stars.

"No more, sahib," groaned Ghanda Singh. "I cannot."

He spoke honestly and humbly; he had followed like a true man, but now his breath came hoarse and his body trembled with fatigue.

"All right. We'll camp here."

A grassplot curved under the base of a torn crag. On this plot they flung themselves down and panted.

"I am very cold." The Sikh, wrapping his great-coat round him, shivered miserably. "We not having a fire, sahib?"

There seemed no reason why they should not make a camp fire here in this rocky solitude. They had come fast and far enough, surely, to be alone, safe. Boldero gathered some dead brush, with a log or two. Soon a small but hot and clear fire crackled on the grassplot, twined its column of sparks up the crag chimney and lighted round its edge a few wild irises that pushed from the grass their dark blue fleurs-de-lis. Ghanda Singh's turban, as he hugged the flame and chafed his hands, glowed with changeable color, now lilac, now orange. To see all this on a background of smoke and gray rock spires wavering toward the starry heaven; to smell the faint bitter-honey perfume of iris, reminded Boldero of some happier life that he had known before and forgotten.

"I wonder why we're up here doing this?" he thought. Until the present moment he had viewed his errand skeptically; but now of a sudden it became more real and he felt inside his coat for Jimmy's document.

"Let's have a look," said he, "at our Three Cows."

■

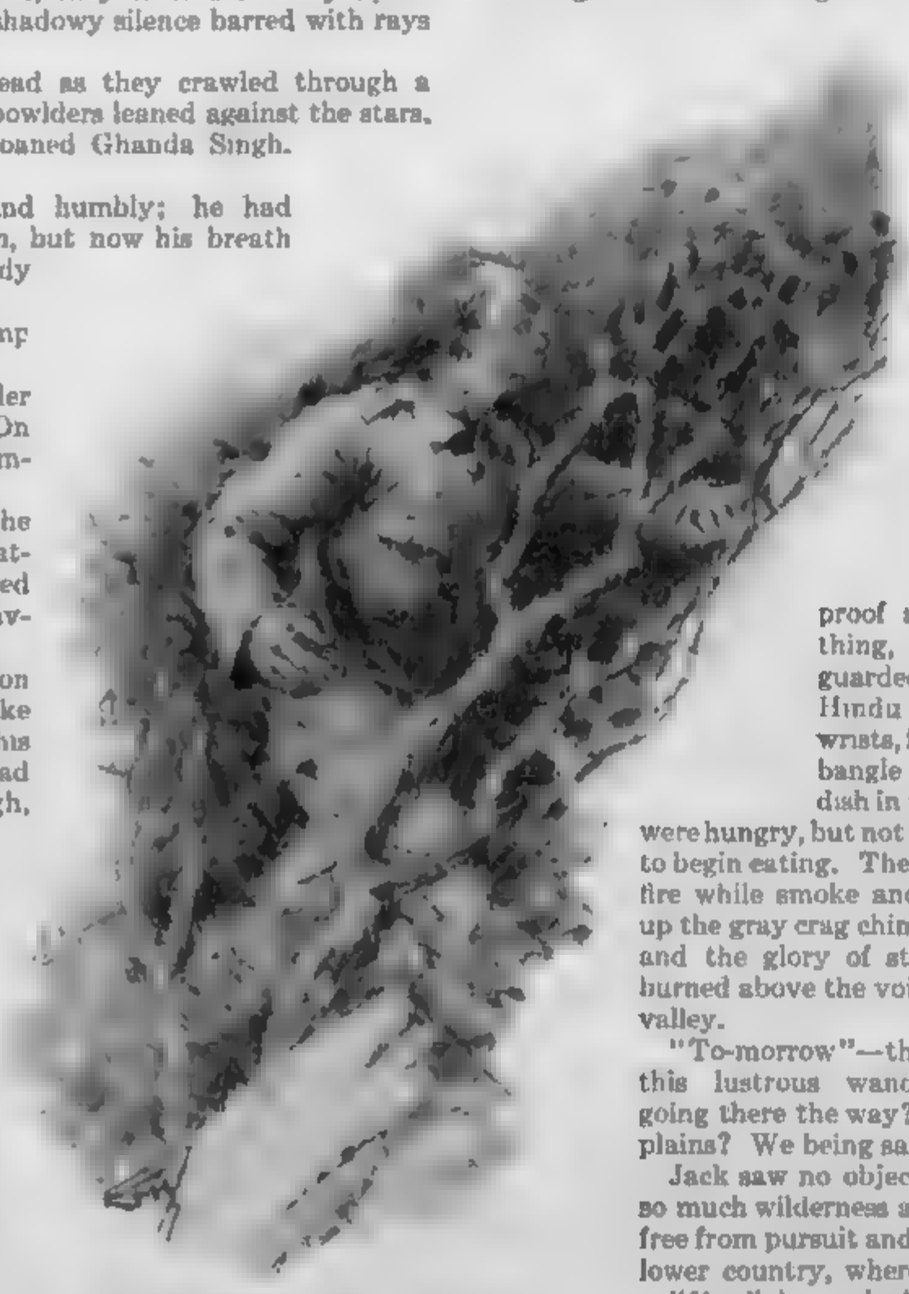
THE picture he unrolled and held up in the firelight seemed a poor scrawl, without color, a three-foot vertical strip containing angular dark scratches haphazard upon gray. So Boldero thought at the first glance, and so much Ghanda, peering through the smoke, implied as his final judgment.

"Yes, that being it. *Durust* was the word of Ramdayal, who never telling lies—to me. Certainly the right picture." The Indian regarded it with a mournful lack of interest, as he would have regarded the loveliest landscape on earth. "A queen made it in old time. Seven lakhs for that! Great money all gone. But the white paint is pearl dust—you can see, sahib—pearls grinded like curry powder. I suppose she wet them with tarpintel? Oh, foolish! What a waste!"

Boldero agreed, then doubtfully wagged his head, and, continuing to gaze, drifted under the power of an ancient charm. What his bodily eyes beheld was an oblong panel of silk, worm-eaten in one corner; the rest an illusion of faint coloring, which, delicate and subtle, even by the firelight, showed three cows grazing in a slant hill pasture. His inward eyes beheld something more remote. Grotesque and peaceful, the creatures wandered in morning vapor, and, under a high background where fantastic-pointed mountains loomed, wore that supernatural air of dawn, silence and loneliness which can clothe brute life with wonder. The queen who painted them—dead centuries ago—had left a miracle upon this band of silk. They were no farmer's cattle, nor even sacred heifers that a priest might lead with garlands and gilded horns to an altar, for their vague shapes outlined the greater mystery inherited, suffered and transmitted through generations by all the beasts of the field that perish. They were cropping fairy grass, drinking ghostly dew, in the forlorn light of ages.

Boldero felt some part of this Chinese magic dumbly.

"I can see why folks would like it." He sighed and, returning from distant regions to his own life, blew a camp-fire ash from the silk panel, which he rolled carefully together. "Yeah. I can see," he mused, putting it away. "Must be mighty valuable. Jimmy wasn't fooling me."



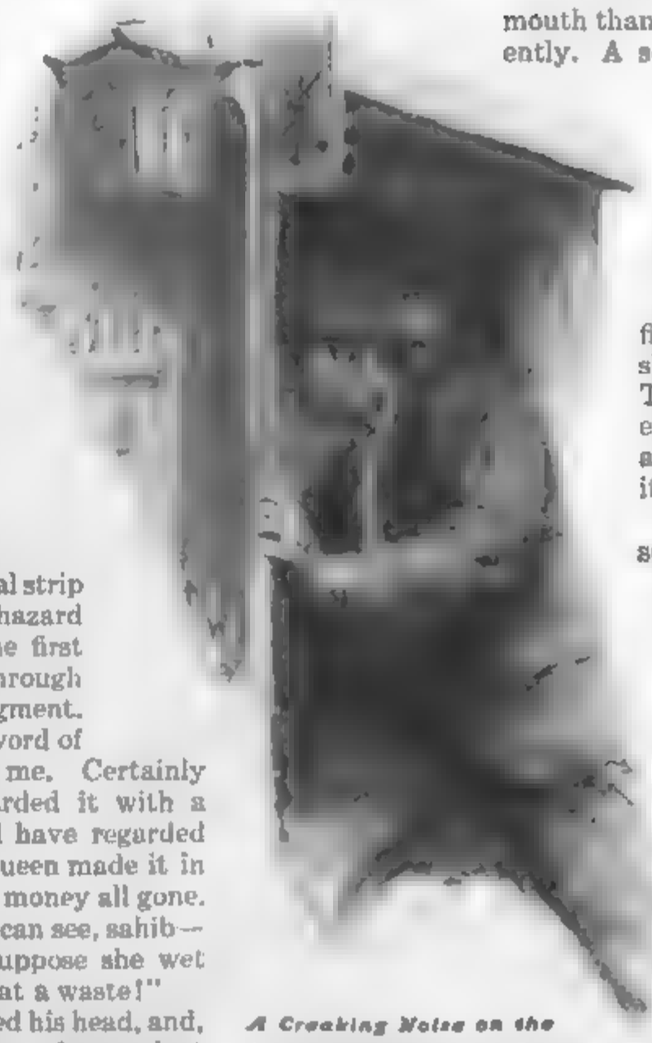
"They Beat Me, Also. But I Not Stopping, I Come"

The knowledge reassured him, for until now his errand had seemed a doubtful, harebrained matter, too much like another of Jimmy's tricks; but here, inside his jacket, he carried proof and reason, a precious thing, real substance to be guarded. He sat watching the Hindu warm his lean brown wrists, from one of which an iron bangle swung and glinted reddish in the firelight. Both men were hungry, but not as yet sufficiently rested to begin eating. They drowsed by their little fire while smoke and scanty sparks twined up the gray crag chimney into windless night and the glory of stars. One clear planet burned above the void where lay the eastern valley.

"To-morrow"—the Sikh nodded toward this lustrous wanderer—"to-morrow we going there the way? Down, and travel the plains? We being safe."

Jack saw no objection. Having threaded so much wilderness all day, surely they were free from pursuit and might descend into the lower country, where going would be easy.

"Yes," he replied; "I think we're safe enough now."



A Creaking Noise on the Stairway Made Him Jump

The words were no sooner out of his mouth than he had cause to think differently. A sound from beyond the crag brought him upright, staring and listening. It was a muffled sound that approached in a regular rhythm—the steady grunt-grunt of horses cantering on grass.

Boldero jumped upon the fire, stamped it flat and kicked showers of dirt over the coals. Then, fingering round the edges of the rock, he tore up a long scalp of turf and spread it like a mat over the embers.

"Come!" he whispered, as soon as he had made all dark and reslung his blanket. "Here with me—lively!"

Noiseless and quick, he wriggled up toward the gap in the crags, a notch of starlight among gray pinnacles. He heard the Sikh bound on foot, making as if to follow. But presently, when he crawled among bowlders into the narrow mouth of the pass, he found himself alone there; Ghanda Singh, whether by misunderstanding or losing the way or willfully taking another direction, had vanished. Boldero crouched on a ledge of sharp rocks and closed his eyes to get rid of the dazzling effect left by the camp fire.

"Fur enough for to-night," drawled a quiet voice that he seemed to know. It spoke from somewhere near by, under his rocky pinnacle.

Boldero opened his eyes. He could see clearly now, by starlight, a ridge of open country sloping darkly away below the pass. Two horsemen, motionless, were halted so near that he might have dropped a pebble on their hats. One horse was white, the other a shadow alongside it.

"Fur enough," repeated the man on the white horse. "'They couldn't 'a' hoofed it clean to here sence mornin'."

Once more Boldero nearly recognized this voice; and the reply, in a louder and more whining tone, made it certain.

"Listen to me, Fingers. This here is Gunsight Pass. Reckon we better scrabble right on through; and then——"

"Shut your gap!" growled Fingers the Miner. His white horse gave way and started at the words, earning a curse and a blow. "You quit your yawpin', Pill! We got 'em headed off; got 'em bunged up in a jug. Through this here pass they're bound to come, and by daylight to-morrer we'll ketch 'em comin', sure."

The other horseman retorted under his breath something that was followed by a hoarse, whispering wrangle. Boldero could not hear what they were saying; nor did he wait to listen. Crawling backward at top speed, though gingerly, he retreated down the rocks to the grassplot again. Their smothered fire reeked sourly, but gave not an ember of light. Where, he wondered, was Ghanda Singh? Unable to call or whistle, he could only peer roundabout and see nothing but gray rocks, the shadowy floor of the clearing, the black wall reared by the northern woods, all obscure and deceptive under the starshine. He had lost his companion. The Sikh was gone utterly.

For a moment Boldero weighed his chances of overtaking the man; back to the forest, or downhill easterly toward that burning planet, they seemed equal; and before he had chosen there came from the split crags above a clink of iron and a rattle of sliding pebbles.

The horsemen were through the Gunsight notch, descending the cleft upon this side.

It would have been easy to make a grave mistake. Boldero nearly made it, then bethought himself in time; he darted silently, not down across the open, but up toward his approaching enemies. Among the rocks of the little pass he wriggled and lay flat, hardly two paces from the trail; there he waited, burying his face in his arms, for he knew the power of eye to attract eye, to call a seeker's glance to a hiding place.

The horses, feeling their way down the rocks, paused close beside him, so near that one hoof tossed a flint upon his blanket roll.

"I smell somep'n burnt," murmured Pill-Hop's voice.

The other hissed at him, commanding silence. Leather creaked. The horses went on, till their departing clatter ceased abruptly on the grassplot.

At once, before they were fairly past, Boldero had begun crawling on his belly up the Gunsight; now he rose in the nearest shadow and crept along the broken wall on his right, flattening himself sidewise with arms outstretched, like a man groping in a blind corridor. Thus he climbed

painfully, with every foothold to be tested, every jutting cornice to be hugged, every loose block swarmed over. So he came into the nick full of stars at the summit, passed his former ledge, and, with redoubled speed but no less caution, lowered himself through the narrow, crowded chaos of the southern cleft.

"Blessings on ye!" he sighed at last, addressing the welcome turf.

Here at these rocks the hill-back was nipped together like an hourglass; but now before him stretched, widening, a bare upland, of what extent he could not guess. Far ahead the white star of the Lion blazed on high. With that for guide he gathered up his heels and fled.

"A narrow squeak!" he thought. "A darn tight corner! Ouf!"

The joy of escape revived him as he ran with an exhilaration keener than the night air. He forgot his weariness. Earth became a shadow that flowed behind like smoke, its contours melting and scudding, the touch of it underfoot recurring as a fleet pulsation, a thrill of speed. He seemed to race along a cloud, to breathe starlight and liberty.

This extravagance could not last long when a man had been traveling hard since daybreak; two miles of it and Boldero, panting, came back to solid ground. He flung himself down, pressed his ear to the grass and hearkened. Throughout the hill there was no stir or tremor to be heard. He rose, however, and went forward at a long, swinging Indian trot which he maintained for an hour or more; only then, after laying his ear to ground again, did he permit himself the luxury of walking.

"Slipped 'em," he concluded. "I hope the Hindu got away."

At the first clump of trees he halted, untied his roll, ate a handful of cold victuals, wrapped his blanket round him and crept under a bush. Finding a dry, sweet-scented lair covered with a network of black leaves and bright stars, he fell asleep.

Dawn found him up and trotting through the gray mist like a patient phantom; sunrise lighted the water of the brook he bathed in; morning slipped away to the tune of leg over leg, the light, monotonous rhythm of good running. Sometimes he plowed through ferns in a tall wood; sometimes went sweltering up or down cañons, dazzled with the brightness and cloyed with the hot perfume of sky-blue lilacs. It was afternoon when he reached a bare hillside pitted with gopher holes, from which his passage frightened a company of small, light brown hawks that left their watching in burrow mouths to soar aloft, as though the earth were spawning birds. Upon this hill he paused, for below in sudden depth lay the plain and the rest of his journey spread like a map.

"Now we must go pretty sly," he thought, scanning this prospect. "We must use the headpiece."

Boldero sat down to a long study. Beyond the slanting flight of hawks he saw the valley floor as an apple-green haze reaching toward the lost horizon, where it broke into silver lakes and rivers—the last reminder of his old enemy, the flood -whose glimmer floated upward melting into the vague spring sky. North and south, east and west, a penciling of roads ruled the country into squares. Far away a gray stain in the air above a church spire no larger than a thorn point showed there was a town.

"That's the home stretch." Boldero, like a pilgrim on Mount Caution, learned the view by heart. "Hurrying won't do now. If those fellows headed me off once they can head me off again. In their boots, what'd you do? Certain sure I'd travel by rail straight back to the city, and lay waiting at the finish."

He would cross that living green map with extreme care, and enter that city with both eyes open.

Next evening he did so, delaying his arrival until after dusk. Where the levee curved its high path he came like any humble wayfarer—a lean worn wilderness shape courting the darkest fringe of sallows, limping in their obscurity with a lameness half genuine, half copied from that tribe which he despised, the hobos. Thoroughly tired though he was, Boldero, nevertheless, could finish; he had run his race and kept the faith, and brought Father Jimmy's treasure home to him in safety.

Only a hundred yards remained; he could reach the Black Door in ten seconds.

"Just what I ain't going to do," he reflected. "Now comes the pinch. When you're almost there and nobody in sight, better look out."

A glowworm hint of light spread up the embankment from an open door below. It was the door, the pillars, the carved gables of a quiet and friendly refuge—Leung She's sunken temple, the joss house. Boldero halted and considered that doorway.

"Play careful," some instinct warned him. "Don't overdo your game. Yeah! Leave her here. That's the right way."

He slunk down the diagonal path between the two great red-and-gold tablets, through the door. Inside, the shadows yawned black and still, the point of lamplight floating in its cracked tumbler revealed the dusty embroidered banners hanging lifeless, the silver-gilt halberds in their rack, the sandalwood prayer sticks spinning their dove-blue smoke toward heaven. Boldero watched and listened.

"Leung She?" he called quietly. "Leung She?"

There was no answer. The janitor-priest did not appear. Boldero stood alone in the gloom with the solitary lamp and the firefly sparks and perfume of burning sandalwood.

"Leung She *ho la?*"

He heard the river flowing like a breath of wind behind its willow bank.

"Now's your time."

The place was lonely as a desert, dark and secure as the grave. He drew from his breast that soiled paper roll, now damp with sweat, which contained the dead queen's marvel. Craning over the altar light he peeped behind the shabby, gleaming idol and saw what he expected; in a recess lurked two more images of the god, the third a lump swaddled in cobwebs—the innermost god that would never march in procession, never journey abroad, but always remain fixed, dwelling unseen.

He dropped the Three Cows behind its cobweb veil. The cylinder fell rustling, and a light cloud of dust drifted about the gods, past the altar flame in the cracked tumbler.

"There!" he sighed. "That's all right for one while."

And, with a burden off his mind, he stole outdoors to the levee.

When a few moments later he stood by the Black Door in the Wall, his precaution seemed unnecessary. The lighted windows of humble Chinese merchants disclosed the street veranda as quite empty but for a farmer of vegetables who came hobbling, flat-footed, under yoke and panniers. No man lay waiting to intercept Boldero; no one cared whether he came home or not; for the Black Door, Jimmy's door among the flame-colored labels, had a placard nailed upon it.

The topmost words were printed in English: TO LET.

A strip of ideographs hung raggedly beneath.

"What's that?" cried Boldero, standing before the placard in dismay.

The coolie with the panniers came bobbing past and amicably answered the question.

"Allo same hotel," he explained, grinning. "Say, you wantchee hylah some loom, go to sleep, you askee Leung She, you catchem, saw. You wantchee?"

Boldero wanted nothing. He stared at the placard; then at the basket bearer, who went swaying on his business into the dark; then at the placard again. The bottom had dropped out of Boldero's world.

Mr. Weechurch's rooms were to let. Jimmy had gone.

XI

He stared at the Black Door as though it were the entrance of a tomb. To return successful and find his old friend gone brought all his belief and confidence tumbling into ruin. Father Jimmy had not even waited; the expedition led to nothing whatever, and this home coming—this triumph of one moment ago—ended in a blank desertion far worse than failure.

The mood passed. It served to tell Boldero clearly how much he had grown to like the strange, deaf, eccentric little old creature known as James Weechurch.

"He wouldn't leave me in a hole." Boldero recovered his wits and his loyalty. "Something's happened. Something's gone wrong."

Remembering that he owned a key he drew it out, unlocked the Black Door, opened it and entered.

The stairway was darker than ever; his footsteps, as he mounted, seemed to rouse more echoes than before; and, though on the landing corridor both doors stood open, there came from the two rooms neither light nor the stir of living presence, but only gloom and emptiness.

"Jimmy?" he called aloud.

The question rang hollow in the dark. Boldero struck a match and held it up in the front chamber. Not so much as a stick of furniture remained; the shelves were swept clean, tier on tier; the cupboard doors leaned open. He carried the burning match into his own bedroom, and there, likewise, found an abomination of desolation; for, though the familiar smell of herbs lingered powerfully, not one bundle of them was left hanging. The match went out.

"Something mighty wrong here," thought Boldero.

He stood in the corridor, trying to imagine what had happened while he was away. The effort only increased his bewilderment and made the darkness in the vacant loft seem more disquieting; so he returned quickly to the front room, listening and peering about as though to meet some hostile watcher. Yet when he had found a candle-end, stuck in its guttered wax upon a cupboard shelf, and had lighted it, nothing appeared in the room but his own shadow.

"I can't believe Jimmy would," he told himself again, less hopefully. A creaking noise on the stairway made him jump. "What? I left the door unlocked!"

The thought flashed through him with a premonition of something evil about to happen, about to arrive. Reluctantly, like a man forced by hypnotic summons, he turned his face toward the doorway. Wavering there in reddish half light, not far above the threshold, another face watched him from round the edge of the casing. It seemed to float, bodiless and malignant.

"Don't move!" The words dispelled Boldero's first conviction of unreality.

"Don't move," repeated a soft and drawling voice.

The floating face moved quickly upward. The man to whom it belonged had risen at a leap and cleared the topmost stair. Then, casual and smirking, Fingers the Miner lounged into the room.

"We traveled a long ways to meet, which wasn't necessary," he averred with dry sarcasm. "I guess maybe we'll quit dodgin' wu'nuther now, and talk business comfortable. Saves time." He closed the door, then leaned against it, with hands in pockets and a grim pretense of being entirely at ease. "Too bad you run so hard, son. Kinder look tucked up and famished. What scairt you, anyhow? You and me's good old friends."

There was no chance of persuading or outwitting him, Boldero knew at once. The long, shabby, ill-favored man, lolling there so awkwardly, had no such foible as mercy. The candle stood too far away; impossible to blow it out.

"Talk for yourself." Boldero girded up the loins of his spirit. "I pick my own friends."

Fingers the Miner smiled, or at least a pair of bending lines furrowed his hard cheeks. If the man felt any visitings of humor it was a cold-blooded humor, a cruel conceit prompted by the knowledge that he held the upper hand.

"Is 'at so?" he drawled. "You select 'em, do ye? Well, I don't admire your powers o' choice. Call yourself an Amurrican, and go pickin' up raghead niggers and Chinks and Britishers? A hell of an Amurrican, you are! Time you knowed better. But you're young; and if you

"Through This Here Pass They're Bound to Come, and by Daylight To-Morrer We'll Ketch 'em Comin', Sure"

live"—he paused at the word ominously—"if you live you will know better, and maybe come to learn the principles of pattrytism and who your natural friends are. Un'stand? Now you look at me right in the face."

"It don't do my eyesight no good," said Boldero, adopting his foe's language and inflection.

As he backed away to sit down on the window ledge, Fingers the Miner started, then relaxed.

"Don't go makin' sudden moves like that," he advised. "They ain't healthy. Don't move toward the candle."

A brief silence followed. The man's lean jaws worked as though he were chewing the cud of self-satisfaction.

"But we was meetin' here to talk business," he began presently. "Come, now! Fork out!"

Boldero laughed. Like a woman, he had only his tongue for defense; and, therefore, he would use it freely.

"I handed her over long ago," he replied. "You're late for the fair. I gave her to Jimmy."

His adversary's eyes narrowed and shone red as a dog's against the candlelight.

"A lie; and a mighty weak-jointed lie too. Wha' d'ye take me for—a sucklin' babe? You jest got here to-night. You was off cavortin' over the hills when Jimmy died."

Boldero's acting failed him; the shock was too great, the pang, too, like a physical wrenching at the heart.

"Jimmy —— What?"

It was the turn of Fingers to laugh, which he did sourly.

"Ought to foller the news," he said, "afore you lie. You didn't know Jimmy was dead? Look round ye. He's a Doornail all right. The Chinaman carted off and sold his furniture yesterday. See for yourself."

The man drew a cigar, gnawed the end off, spat, and lighted a match. Every motion of this performance, his trick of rolling the cigar in his mouth while he smoked, was cruel, vulgar and threatening.

"Dead as a Doornail! Yeah; that's the word, boy. Jimmy lays out in his Chinese buryin' ground, six foot below, deefer than he was when livin'. What you s'pose? He couldn't hear ye now, not even if you yelled."

Smirking vaguely round, as if the room contained an audience that approved him, the cynic fetched from his pocket a long clasp knife, an eight-inch rod of staghorn. He opened it thoughtfully. Its pointed blade, of the kind that hunters use for the skinning of deer, flashed while he tried the edge on his thumb-nail.

"Not even if you yelled," he repeated, and stabbed the knife backward into the casing of the door so that its haft remained stuck at his hip. "So, now gimme your picture!"

Stab, look and words left nothing to be misunderstood of the man's intention. He meant murder. His lolling there against the door was only a pose, a bit of cat-and-mouse play to heighten his own enjoyment. At another time Boldero might have yielded to the suggestion of dread; but now he rather recognized than felt it, for his mind was numb. If Jimmy were dead, what else could matter? The world belonged to the powers of evil after all; so why go on laboring and struggling? In this black hole where the candle streamed and two shadows bickered on the wall, presently one shadow would die. Weariness of body had become weariness of soul. He sat on his window ledge without hope or desire, a dwarf in the enormous clutch of pessimism.

"I don't carry your old picture," said he.

Fingers regarded him more sharply than ever. This youngster's gloomy unconcern had the voice of truth.

"You know where she is, though," stated Fingers.

With hands folded in his lap, Boldero stared vacantly at the darkest corner.

"Yes; I know," he replied. "She's put where you, nor nobody like you, will ever see her again."

Upon this the Miner plucked out his knife and bounded halfway across the room.

"You give 'er to me!" he roared. "You behave sensible"—he held aloft the fork of his mutilated hand, like a man making horns against the evil eye—"or I'll cut your harslet out of ye! I'll show ye what your insides look like, boy, right here on this floor!"

Boldero did not raise his head.

"See here!" Fingers the Miner suddenly turned quiet and cajoling. "No use your acting stubborn. What is there left for ye? Not a thing. Nothin' whatever." His voice resumed its old persuasive whine. "Your friend's dead and buried. He don't care. That picture—you can't never sell it on earth. They'd cheat ye. But you and me as partners, why ——" He laughed like one who could give away kingdoms. "You and me together, for I know where to go, can take that rag o' paintin' and make ourselves rich off it. Rich men!" He laughed once more. "Fifty—good Lord, a hundred thousand dollars; you and me will halve it, square!

"Now come," he added harshly, upon getting no response, and threw his cigar into the empty fireplace; "don't play the fool. I'm makin' you a fair offer. Think of it: Handsome clothes; gold money in your pockets; the girls runnin' after you; one holy time all your life, hey? You be sensible; come along; live like a rich man. If ye don't—what? Next week, next fortni't, whenever they happen to find ye, a carcass on the floor that some Chinaman'll come and hold his nose at! I mean what I say. You think!"

Boldero thought. The candle still burned too far away; he could never reach it in time, knock the cupboard door shut on it, or blow it out; nor could his bare fists keep off this nightmare, this smiler with the knife. He saw the room vaguely; amid his whirl of emotion perceived in a lackluster way that the door had drifted ajar, and that a pink flower had bloomed like a crocus in the dark opening. It signified nothing. His vision, directed inward, saw four walls furnished as he remembered them when Jimmy was alive—a warm fireside, books to read, suppers, cheerful talk. In this grimy lodging he had known a gentleman and received plain counsel that contained more value than all promises, all lust of the eye and pride of life, which he must now forsake.

He looked upon Fingers the Miner, who stood ready, white-faced, leaning forward; yet the figure was overshadowed by its meaning, and waited for an answer, not in human terms, but like a symbol—the champion of pessimism and despair.

"Face it!" Once more, as when the levee was melting in rain and darkness, he heard the words of his friend: "Face this thing out!"

He nodded; then rose from the window ledge. He had found the only possible weapon, and its name was nothing more than self-respect.

"If I got a soul at all," he thought, "I owe it to Jimmy Weechurch."

His adversary waited still.

"No," said John Boldero. "No; I'd rather go with Jimmy dead than you alive, you poor crumb!"

The knife swung gleaming between them. Boldero crouched; a freezing fire, the chill and flush of cowardice, ran through him from toe to scalp; but he crouched with the sharp of his hands forward, like a wrestler.

(Continued on Page 106)

The World and Thomas Kelly

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

V

TOM KELLY did not awake next day until noon; and when at last he did it was with a severe headache over his right eye and a taste in his mouth suggestive of having devoured dusty fur. Moreover, he had also an irritating realization that the fun had been by no means worth the price he was now paying for it, and that he had escaped lasting degradation only by a narrow margin. His excesses, however, had culminated only in the drinking of rather too much musty ale, a form of refreshment to which he was entirely unaccustomed.

The reason for this had been simple. The surface car in which Peters and he had journeyed into Boston passed within a block of his mother's home in Newbury Street, and Tom had had a momentary vision of the white-haired little old lady sitting in the library over her knitting. He had almost been moved to stop the car and to go over to the house to bid her good night. But he felt self-conscious about it—he told himself that it would not have been polite to Peters.

The thought of his mother had, however, tempered the recklessness of his first mood; and when, after the lobster and musty at Billy Park's, Peters had proposed going along on somewhere, Tom had mumbled something inarticulate about "an hour exam." the next day, and rather brusquely parted from him on the sidewalk.

He was inexpressibly glad now that he had. He lay in bed gazing at a spot on the wall, just as when a child he had stared up at the variegated worsted motto over his mother's bedroom door that invited him in ornamental characters to look, and be saved. He could see it now—Look Unto Me, and Be Ye Saved. How often as a small boy he had asked himself: "Saved from what?" Hell with its sulphurous fumes, as pictured by Uncle Ezra, had faded out of his existence, not at all as the result of any reasoning process, but simply, as it were, by attrition. What was there to be saved from? Why was it necessary to be saved?

His subconscious mind visualized the room in which he had been born. He saw the sad, sweet face of the steel-engraved Madonna over the marble mantelpiece, and the fat, happy, wise little child in her arms. And as he lay there, half dreaming, the face seemed to change to that of his mother when she was young, her eyes full of the mystery of motherhood, and the baby on her bosom became himself—little Tom. He recalled how she would clasp him tightly to her as a tiny child; and he fancied now that he could almost feel her arms.

The twelve-o'clock recitation bell clanged from the cupola of Massachusetts and startled him to broad wakefulness. The faces on the wall dissolved, leaving only the spot. Through the open window came the smell of cut grass and hot earth, and the sound of hurrying footsteps on the stone flagging outside. Then, just above his head, somebody began playing Mendelssohn's Spring Song. He listened, enchanted in spite of his wretchedness. He could almost hear the birds singing in the budding branches of white-blossoming trees, see the butterflies as they flickered from flower to flower, smell the riotous perfumes of a germinating and nascent world. The pianist played as if he, too, were happy. The instrument seemed to be singing joyously in answer to his loving touch.

But in the midst of his listening Tom again experienced the pangs of jealousy. No wonder True was happy! No wonder the notes fell in an ecstatic shower from his fingers! Bah! Tom turned over and tried to invite sleep once more. In spite of his disappointment the music soothed him again into a state of semi-consciousness. He found himself repeating, over and over, the words, "Look unto me, and be ye saved," and suddenly it occurred to him that he had been saved from something by the thought of his mother the night before.

Curious! Perhaps the words of Christ had a significance he had not suspected. Perhaps different people were saved differently—from different things, or at least by different means. The Spring Song had ceased and in its stead Grieg's Papillon was darting amid a flower bed of sweet music. Perhaps some people were saved by music; some, perhaps, by their mothers; and some by the love of God and belief in Jesus. A qualm of nausea made him realize his own little present hell very acutely. That he had not been saved from; but he had been saved from the agony of an utter loss of self-respect. It was a great old puzzle, this human life!

At length he got up and weakly dressed. The sunlight dizzied him at first, but soon the fresh air made him feel much better and he crawled as far as the front steps and watched the fellows pouring out of the old buildings to go to lunch. No lunch for him, thank you! The men streamed past him by the hundreds, some plodding along alone, some walking in twos and threes, and occasionally in a phalanx of twelve or fifteen jovial companions. But out of the lot only two nodded to him. The rest were as good as strangers.

Was there any reason why half the class should have a good time and the other half not? Why should he be left out? Hadn't he as much to offer as most? He assured himself doggedly that he loved Harvard. It was a great old place—beautiful there in the Yard! And he went to the games and always yelled as loud as anybody—only, somehow, he didn't feel as if he belonged. He was more like a casual stranger who had simply bought a seat and was politely interested in the result. What the devil did he care who won? What difference did it make to him?

Of course he talked a whole lot, like the other fellows in his crowd, about the make-up of the teams and the crews, but he knew well that they were aping an enthusiasm they did not feel. He didn't know the players or oarsmen themselves, and even if Harvard won he would not have the privilege of slapping anybody on the back. No, it was a fake, this college life!

So feels many a man who belongs to what might be called the gray zone, which lies between those of his fellows who are obviously qualified and those who are as obviously unsuited by personality and training for college social life. There was no particular reason why Tom should not have received the recognition he craved: He was well-mannered, attractive and intelligent. But he had been fortuitously excluded, just as others more fortunate in their friends had been left out of clubs simply because there was no room for them.

He glanced through the open window into his room with its hideous yellow wall paper; its big, ugly, rusty iron stove; and the grotesque picture of the bird "made of real feathers" that he had hung so as to cover a soiled spot over the sofa—and the sofa itself! Horsehair! His mother had suggested using it because it was so strong and perfectly good, having belonged to Miss Fanny Trollop—she

that weighed three hundred pounds. He admitted that the room certainly was not much to look at, or yet to live in. It didn't have any atmosphere of culture or anything else. It simply looked like a bad case of jaundice.

Tom's disgust grew upon him. He wondered who had fixed up Frank True's room for him. Somebody had spent real money on it, for sure! Those big leather chairs cost something, and so did those old prints—four or five dollars apiece at least! He decided True must in reality be a good deal of a snob underneath. Tom had originally nodded to him just out of pity, so to speak. Of course you'd speak to any little cuss who had a withered leg in an iron brace! But now, if he said anything to True the latter would think he was trying to swipe to him! He'd jolly well leave True alone—he would!

Tom almost immediately had a chance to put this resolution into practice, for Frank came hitching down the stairs on the way to lunch.

"Oh, hello, Irish!" he called out cheerily. "Aren't you eating to-day?"

Tom nodded stiffly, without looking at him. True was puzzled.

"Don't you feel well?" he asked sympathetically. "I hope my playing didn't ——"

"I'd thank you not to call me 'Irish'!" Tom suddenly blazed forth. "That's not my name—understand?"

In truth this was the merest pretext for giving vent to his annoyance with life in general, for Irish had been his nickname at school and as Irish he was known to all his associates.

True's sensitive mouth quivered, and his face turned first white and then a deep red.

"Oh ——" he stammered, tears coming into his eyes. "Oh, Kelly! I'm terribly sorry. I wouldn't have said anything to hurt your feelings for the world! I supposed you didn't mind being called that. So many fellows like nicknames—it seems more friendly."

"Well, I mind it!" snapped Tom, and abruptly rose and reentered his room, leaving True on the steps.

He made himself a cup of hot chocolate over the gas lamp on the wooden washstand and, having eaten half a dozen soda crackers, began to feel better. Presently, in fact, he felt even better than usual. The omission of a Memorial Hall luncheon is calculated to encourage the gastrointestinal tract, and, in addition, Tom had the recuperative powers of perfect health. It occurred to him that he had, in fact, treated Peters somewhat shabbily the night before and that he ought to go and set himself right. After that he would attend the lecture on English Literature over in Sever Eleven.

In the bright, life-giving sunshine Tom strolled down the Yard under the spreading elms toward the old stone building at the lower end, known as Weld Hall, where Peters had his room. There were few people about, as it was not yet two o'clock—nearer half past one, in fact—so that he could not help noticing a young girl in a dark blue dress who was carrying a violin case. She was crossing the Yard diagonally, and Tom, quite naturally, slackened his pace so that their paths might converge near Massachusetts Hall. He could not have explained why he slowed up to see what the girl in blue was like any more than a puppy could explain why he turns round a couple of times before he lies down.

Wonderful—the exuberant spirit of youth! Here was Tom tingling to the primordial instinct of man when but an hour before he had been groaning upon the bed of pain! And, since the girl was unaware of his approach, his maneuver was successful and they came abruptly face to face.

She was nearly as tall as Tom and very slender, and her skin had a rich golden tone, which softened the brilliant, even startling, color of her cheeks. She had evidently been thinking, for she raised her eyes suddenly and looked straight into his without seeming to know that he was there. Aware of his presence, she first gave him a look of half-recognition, and then, as if she had found herself in error, blushed slightly and hurried on. Tom had a strange feeling of having seen those eyes before—he could not imagine where. He found his heart was throbbing quite excitedly. It was a piquant, alluring face, full of flickering lights and shadows. With a sensation of almost physical pain he watched her disappear round the corner of the building. As she did so he fancied that she, too, looked back. He felt sure, somehow, that in a previous state of existence, perhaps, he had known this tantalizing young person. And she, too, evidently had been under a similar impression. Dejectedly he walked on.

He Had Found the Only Girl in the World—Simply to Lose Her Again!

The door of Peters' room was unlocked and Andy himself was stretched out on the window seat smoking a cigar and reading a paper-covered book, which he tossed aside ostentatiously as Tom entered.

"What you got there?" asked Tom, examining the title with respect, it being in French—Maupassant's Bel-Ami.

Peters yawned, a trifle less cordial than usual.

"You sort of welshed on me last night, didn't you?" he inquired. "Have a cigar?"

And as Tom shook his head he laughed and added: "You do look a bit squiffy."

"It wasn't that," explained Tom, sitting down on the window seat. "The fact of the matter was I had such a grouch on I wasn't fit to go round with anybody. I felt like a kill-joy. I'm sorry I went back on you. That's why I came over."

"Oh, forget it!" said Peters. "I was just as glad you didn't come along!"

His tone, slightly superior, nettled his guest.

"What do you mean by that?" Tom demanded.

"You lost your nerve—that was plain enough!" retorted Peters. "And I don't purpose to be responsible for anyone else's morals."

The accuracy of Peters' diagnosis was so obvious that it left Tom without rejoinder. Lost his nerve he had. Though he no longer believed in a red-hot hell, he regarded the moral code of his mother and of her church as of divine origin. The Bible had plenty to say about the scarlet woman and winebibbers—among whom were probably included drinkers of musty ale. But there was a difference between drinking a trifle more than was good for the digestion and actual drunkenness. Drunkenness was sinful. Musty ale was—well, excusable. You might have a slight mental reservation in accepting all the horrible consequences prophesied as certain to fall upon those who broke the law as contained in Holy Writ, but something would surely happen to you—whatever or whenever it might be. Yet, of course, if there was some mysterious way of indulging in sinful pleasures without future retribution, why ——

"Well," he answered stubbornly, and lighting his pipe for moral support, "supposing I did lose my nerve?"

Peters shrugged his shoulders as if in polite deprecation of any possible criticism from him.

"Nothing," he replied with condescension. "Only I thought you were more of a man of the world."

"Oh, I guess I'm enough of a man of the world, all right," defiantly answered Tom. Then, lowering his voice as if imparting a mysterious secret: "I'm not such a stick-in-the-mud as you might think."

He didn't know himself what he meant by these words exactly; but they sounded significant even if vague. Peters said nothing.

"Only," floundered on Tom, "I like to get the other fellow's ideas, and—and—that sort of thing first. Don't you suppose a chap has got to pay for his good time—later on?"

Peters looked at Tom through lowered eyelids, thinking to himself what a holy innocent this big boy was.

"How do you mean?"

Tom hesitated.

"Of course, you understand, I don't believe in hell—that is, the regular kind of old-fashioned hell. But I do believe in a hereafter—don't you?" He looked expectantly at Peters.

"I don't believe in anything, except science. Of course you suffer for violating Nature's laws. You drank too much musty last night; I can see it in your eyes. But you've paid already for that enormity. You've got the receipt for it in your pocket. You don't suppose that, besides having a headache now, you are going to get soaked over again on the Day of Judgment?"

"N-n-no!" admitted Tom.

"Well, if you want to be happy you'd better not. Your health's your own, isn't it? If I want to dissipate a little, and am willing to pay for it, it's nobody's business but my own, is it? Why, it's all so simple, when you look at it that way!"

"Well, I'm glad to get your point of view," said Tom. "I don't see why they don't give courses in these things. To me it seems a whole lot more important than studying about the Romantic Movement."

Peters laughed.

"If they told you the truth they'd tell you the same as I do. People aren't frank about these things. But don't let me influence you. Just think it over for yourself."

Tom wondered if he could bring himself to such a state of mind, in which he wouldn't have to think whether he was doing right or wrong so long as he was ready to take the immediate consequences. It filled him with a strange and unholy excitement.

"Well, so long!" he said, pausing in the doorway to adjust his cap. "We must go in town together again some night soon—and *stay later!*"

THE hour was more than half over before Tom reached Sever Hall and tiptoed to his seat; and Mr. Russell, the lecturer, was already finishing what he had to say about

George Meredith. This instructor was popular with the students for the simple and modest manner in which he lectured, for his whimsical humor, and for the unconventional way in which he expressed his opinions quite fearlessly on any subject that suggested itself. Russell's colleagues usually spoke of him rather deprecatingly as "brilliant, of course—but erratic," while in Cambridge generally he was regarded as something of a character. He was a lank, loose-jointed man, with a face bronzed by golf and camping, a large mouth, and a protruding jaw toward which bent down in a friendly fashion a long crooked nose that gave the face its look of determination.

His eyes were brown and surrounded by tiny wrinkles, and his whole countenance was creased with fine lines, all of which contributed to the quizzical smile that seemed both to come and to go of its own accord and when least expected to do so.

The eyes of the instructor looked off into space for a moment or two as he turned over the pages in his notebook, and each student selected a fresh sheet of paper and prepared to take down what Mr. Russell should say concerning the next author on their list of subjects. But the lecturer, with an apologetic smile, leaned back in his chair and glanced contemplatively round the room at the two hundred expectant faces uplifted to his.

"I've been thinking," said he thoughtfully, "that the trouble with us professorial folk is that most of us forget that our own particular subject isn't the axis of education. In my own case the temptation to do this is especially dangerous, since literature is nothing but the reflection of human life. You come to college to be educated, but the only value of education is to learn how to live."

He hesitated, and the familiar smile hovered about his mouth for a brief moment.

"Come to think of it, I don't recall at the moment any particular elective that is devoted to that subject. Sometime perhaps —— Well, literature, in one way or another, records the various answers given by the thinkers of all ages to the question of what life is all about and how it can best be lived. And in proportion as those answers help the race to live, literature is really vital—not otherwise. Unless it helps us to see the true value of things and their relative importance, it is harmful. 'For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'"

Mr. Russell seemed almost to be talking to himself.

"Don't set one branch of knowledge above another, for 'knowledge is knowledge,' and mere culture is nothing without a philosophy, a religion, or whatever it is that men live by. Don't make a god of culture. Don't, in studying literature, lay too much stress upon what we call style; for style is only the form and not the substance, and form without substance is nothing—nothing!"

He shook his head dreamily. Then he gave an almost inaudible chuckle and opened his leather-bound notes.

"And now," he said, "having solved the riddle of the universe and put poor old Solomon out of business, we will proceed with the course. Our next author is Robert Louis Stevenson. There was a man who knew how to live, and whose style reflected the calm courage of his noble soul. I knew him well—over in Paris—at Barbison we lived for a while in the same cottage, and ——"

A boy coughed and he looked up suddenly at the clock.

"Five minutes after three! Dear me! Well, read Virginibus Puerisque, and Memories and Portraits, particularly the essay on The Gentleman. That is all for to-day."

Tom waited until most of the class had swarmed out of the hall and then approached the lecturer as he picked up his notes and looked round helplessly for his hat. Here, by a marvelous coincidence, was just the man he was looking for, to whom he could confide all his troubles and perplexities, social and ethical.

"Excuse me, Mr. Russell," he said; "sometime would you mind telling me what books I could read that would help me to—to—have a philosophy of life—just what you were talking about?"

Russell paused—one leg on the floor and one on the platform. There was a deeply troubled look on the face of the boy speaking to him.

"Delighted!" he answered cheerily. "Let's see—what's your name?"

"Kelly."

Mr. Russell examined a heavy, old-fashioned timepiece and smiled.

"You want to settle everything right off, I suppose? That's right! Let's see. I'm lecturing at Radcliffe at four—why not come and have a cup of tea about five o'clock? I live over on Appian Way—you'll find it easy enough."

"Oh, thank you very much, sir!" cried Tom gratefully. "It's awfully good of you to bother about me."

Mr. Russell gazed at him quizzically.

"What on earth do you think I'm here for, anyway—to make money?"

Tom became deeply embarrassed. "Oh, no!" he stammered.

"No," went on the instructor. "I'm here trying to find out how to wiggle along myself."

VII

THE Russell house on Appian Way stood a few feet behind a white picket fence in which there hung a gate fastened by a leather loop. Tom found that to get in you first unhooked this loop, pushed back the gate, and then used a brass knocker. If nothing happened you knocked again—louder; then you heard a grunt and the lecturer himself opened the door, smoking a pipe and in his shirt sleeves.

"Come in! Glad to see you!" He held out a knotty brown hand and dragged Tom in.

The house was a queer chopped-up little place, with tiny rooms, low ceilings, and the floors on different levels, as if built at various architectural epochs; but it was flooded with sunshine and full of warm chintz and bright-colored rugs. On the right of the diminutive entrance hall was a small library lined from floor to ceiling with books, in which, though it was late April, a bright wood fire was blazing. On the mantel lay a row of blackened pipes; an old collie dog snoozed audibly on a threadbare sheepskin rug before the fireplace; and in the window stood a desk piled high with blue pamphlets, manuscripts, papers of all kinds, and stacks of volumes between which were thrust spills, or lighters made of newspaper, for markers. There was a rich odor of tobacco and crumbling leather everywhere, an omnipresent sense of comfort; and Tom noticed, as Russell forced him down into a big leather chair, that his host had on carpet slippers. Having offered his visitor his choice of pipe, the professor threw himself into another equally large armchair on the other side of the collie and examined Tom with good-natured interest.

"I believe you wanted to find out what it was all about, eh? You probably thought from my disjointed outburst this P. M. you had run bump into Marcus Aurelius? Well, you haven't. However, what's troubling you?"

There was something so kindly, so cheery, so hospitable about this lanky pipe smoker that Tom's heart warmed to him almost as to a father. Yet, at the same time, he had a sudden feeling of embarrassment at the idea of complaining about his lot to one who really didn't seem to have very much more himself, yet who regarded life with such huge content.

She Gave Him a Look of Half-Recognition, Blushed Slightly and Hurried On

Moreover, his ethical problems in that peaceful happy atmosphere appeared curiously speculative and theoretical. He couldn't imagine his host's ever having any desire to do those dubious things which Peters alleged that everybody did, or having any question in his mind as to why he should pursue one rather than another particular course of conduct. He did not appreciate, either, how fully Russell realized that youth is the age of doubt, self-consciousness, introspection, egotism; that it is the age of fiery temptation; and that it is natural that youth should wish to be assured that self-restraint is the ordained law of life.

Russell knew the same impulse animated Tom in seeking his advice as had animated those hundreds of other young men who had entered that same room, seated themselves in that same big leather chair, and puffed from that same old black brier pipe. He knew that that impulse was essentially selfish. They all wanted to know the same two things—why they ought to behave themselves; and why they didn't have more fun at college!

He could have told Tom exactly what was worrying him had he chosen to do so, but he waited with a courteously expectant manner as if his visitor were undoubtedly about to propound some wholly novel and vitally suggestive problem. However, as Tom appeared to find it difficult to begin, he endeavored to give him a start in what he knew to be the desired direction.

"I suppose you're a bit groggy from the new ideas you've had thrown at you out here?" he ventured. "We all go through it. You're not the only one. I was in a very upset state at one time myself. But the curious part of it all is that as you go along the problems tend to settle themselves—every new experience of actual life sheds some light on what has appeared a dark subject, and by and by the shadows are all driven away and there aren't any problems left."

"Yes," answered Tom, finding his tongue at last. "But at first they're pretty black—there's a sort of chaos in a fellow's brain and nothing left to hang onto!"

Mr. Russell nodded sympathetically.

"In nine cases out of ten that sort of thing is due to discontent. A fellow that's fully occupied and happy hasn't much time to bother about ethics. His instinct tells him what's right and what's wrong, and that's the end of it for him. But the chap who is down on his luck begins to wonder whether he hasn't got some fun coming to him in directions that he's always been taught to steer clear of; to ask himself why he shouldn't cut out and have a good time—just as if there weren't 'no ten commandments, and a man could raise a thirst.' Now, if you'll pardon me, I'll hazard the guess that you're unhappy about something."

Tom flushed, perceiving that his host had diagnosed his case with psychological accuracy. Instantly he responded to the genial encouragement of the other to constitute him a father confessor. "Yes," he admitted; "I am."

Already his grudge against life had begun to take on a strangely petty aspect. He was almost ashamed to go on.

"What's the trouble?"

Russell's voice was like an arm thrown round Tom's shoulder.

"I—I'm lonely!" the lad burst out, his eyes filling with tears.

"Bless my soul!" responded Russell. "How curious!

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings!"

"No," said Tom; "it isn't that. I'm a sort of left-over. I can't seem to get to know the best fellows."

"Which are the best fellows?"

"I mean the popular ones—that everybody likes! I don't know any of them. And I haven't any way to get to know them. I'd like to join a club, but I won't have the chance. I feel left out—that's the long and short of it."

"Well," answered Russell. "I don't suppose you expect to make a career of society?"

"Hardly!" said Tom with such grimness that Russell could not help laughing.

"Look here!" remarked his host with sudden severity. "I guess I'll have to give you a regular talking to! You promise not to mind? Take another pipe of tobacco. The fact is that your point of view is all cockeyed. Here you are, healthy, strong, sound as a drum in every way—eating like a river horse, I'll bet—with enough vitality in you to drag a horse car—life all before you—all its richest experiences ahead—with four years of extraordinary opportunity at your elbow—complaining, growling—pardon me—because you don't happen to know a few dozen men who have elected each other into what they call a club. Don't you see what an absurdity it is? How you overemphasize a fact of only the most trivial importance?

"You've come out here presumably to get an education: to be brought out of yourself; to learn what you are and how to get along in this great flux that we call the world. Well, you don't expect this university, which is a part of the world, to be different from the rest of it, do you? Or if so, why do you? If you were living in New York or Boston would you expect the Four Hundred to take you to their bosoms? Of course not! You haven't any more right to be taken into a club here than you have there. You're like the fellow who thinks because he's been born a member of the human race he ought to be given a fur overcoat and a package of meal tickets. You've got to pull your weight—here and outside. You have to take life as you find it. You have no right to demand anything, and you ought to be thankful for everything you've got. Do you realize that you cost the college about three times what you pay in tuition fees? That you're an object of charity?"

"No—I had no idea of it!" answered Tom in genuine surprise.

"Well, it's true!" retorted his host. "You're getting something for nothing, and you owe a debt of honor to

the men who have gone before you and made your present educational opportunities possible. That's what it means to be admitted into the Fellowship of Educated Men. Some dead man has paid your entrance fee! And it's a deal better than getting into any social club, where, like as not, all you'd do would be to lie round and tell stories or play cards. You ought to be thinking about what you can do for the university—instead of about whether you're getting every last thing that is coming to you out of the college!"

"That's true too!" said Tom rather sheepishly.

"Of course it's hard to see other fellows having what you imagine is a high old time while you're being left out. But you're going to see that all your life. You've got to begin by draining the jealousy out of your system if you expect to be happy. And then you've got to make up your mind what you want out of life—and go after it. Do you want to go round with a lot of rich men? Do you want a yacht and a palace at Newport?"

"Oh, I shouldn't mind," said Tom with a forced laugh.

The rugged face of his mentor grew stern.

"If they came in the ordinary course—were incidents in a useful life—well enough, perhaps. But let me tell you something: The law of life is struggle—change—development! Man finds his highest happiness in activity, achievement, creative work, self-expression. The idle have no true happiness. Those who seek happiness never find it except so far as they work for it. As my friend James, over on Harvard Street, says: 'It isn't what we have, but what we are.'

"The silver cup a fellow gets for winning a race isn't anything in itself. It's only a symbol. It shows he's the kind of fellow that can win a race. And it's the same way with money and material possessions of all sorts—valueless except so far as they are the indicia of service. God has put into us this vital spark of energy—to labor—to accomplish. Go to it!

"Just as you owe this old college a debt you can never repay in dollars, so you owe society in the larger sense a still greater obligation. Did you ever stop to think of what you owe the men who died in the Rebellion? To the followers of science who have sacrificed their lives for your physical well-being—for, in fact, the very continuance of your life? Why did they do so? In response to that instinct within us all—call it conscience or what you will—which drives us on to struggle for the betterment of the race, and incidentally to find in that struggle our own salvation."

The light had faded from the windows and the fire shone upon the teacher's angular features, giving them a new and striking dignity. He bowed his head for a moment and seemed lost in memory.

A log in the fireplace snapped and a molten globule of incandescence fell upon the hearth. The collie sighed deeply, yawned, stretched his forelegs and slowly rose. Then he pricked his ears forward and trotted to the door. There was the sound of a latchkey and of light footsteps.

"Well, father! Dreaming as usual?" asked a cheerful voice.

Mr. Russell started and looked up.

"Hello, sis! You're late, aren't you? Come in!"

In the doorway stood the girl in blue. The shadows cast by the fire upon her face brought out subtle mysteries of line and curve unrevealed by the afternoon light of the Yard. Her cheeks had flushed rose-red, and her eyes, though still laughing, were clouded with a sudden touch of embarrassment. She stood poised upon the threshold, one arm resting against the door and the other clasping her violin case to her breast.

"My daughter, Mr.—Mr.—I beg your pardon, what did you say your name was?" asked Mr. Russell for the second time.

Tom had climbed quickly to his feet and stood staring at the vision in the doorway. Shades of the Bacchante, of Diana, of Semiramis, of—the Madonna! It was she!

"Kelly," he blurted out, his muscles atremble; "Tom Kelly."

The girl smiled and nodded. Then unexpectedly she knitted her brows and gave him a long, searching look.

"I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Tom Kelly," she said; "but I've met you before." Her voice was low, with a vibrant quality like her father's. "You'll never guess where!"

VIII

"NO!" challenged the girl with the violin, with difficulty maintaining her position in the doorway against the assaults of the collie. "You get down, Gerald! Down, sir! You don't remem—— Dad, please call him off! . . . Don't you remember 'pew teeth'?"

"Pew teeth!"

Through the dimming firelight, as through the mists of the long-forgotten past, Tom had a glimpse of an elfin, childish face rising unexpectedly to his over the high back of a mahogany pew. "Evelyn!" he ejaculated.

The Moments Passed — Hours They Seemed to Tom — and Still She Did Not Answer

"That's me!" she laughed. "Only—how you've grown!"

"What gibberish are you two talking?" interrupted Russell. "Pew teeth! What on earth are pew teeth?"

Evelyn placed her violin case on the desk and gave Tom her hand.

"Don't you remember, dad, when you were teaching in the high school in Boston, how we went to St. Agnes' and I used to climb up and hang by my teeth to the top of the pew?"

"Why, yes! So you did!" he replied with a reminiscent laugh. "And you called 'em pew teeth?"

"So did Mr. Kelly—only he wasn't Mr. Kelly then," his daughter continued. "We've known each other ten years and over! Only I never knew his full name," she added. "He was just Tom."

The tall clock in the hall struck six at that moment.

"If you expect any supper to-night, dad," she went on, "I'll have to leave you. Eliza's out and it's my evening in the kitchen."

"Why shouldn't Mr. Kelly stop and take pot luck with us?" inquired her father.

"He should, if he's willing to run the risk," answered Evelyn. "He can have canned soup, canned corned beef, canned baked beans, canned anything, almost—except canned eggs and bacon. I believe I've even got a sausage tucked away somewhere."

"Well, let's go out and have a look!" said Russell. "Come on, and examine the larder."

Evelyn led the way to a spotless pantry containing a dwarf ice chest, the door of which Russell threw open with an assumption of voracity.

"There's that sausage!" he announced. "You're in luck, sir—only it's a small one. I generally get away with half a dozen! But what's all this? Chops! And boiled potatoes, ready for frying! And why shouldn't I step over to the baker's and bring home a pie?"

"That's a good little dad!" declared his daughter. "Get a real old-fashioned squash pie—for fifteen cents! Don't let that baker give you a stale one, either! He's equal to it, even if he does go to the Episcopal Church on Brattle Street!"

In what seemed to Tom an incredibly short space of time he was invited to sit down in the Russells' white-painted dining room to a meal consisting of soup, scrambled eggs and bacon—including the single sausage laid out in royal state—broiled chops and fried potatoes, toast, salad, pie, crackers, cheese and coffee. Evelyn hovered between the kitchen and her seat at the head of the table, and they all waited on themselves.

Tom had never been in any house before that was pervaded by such an atmosphere of gayety. If only his own home had been like that! If only every home could be like it! Everything was a joke, and somehow whenever Evelyn spoke she seemed to laugh—yet without laughing. Tom had difficulty in keeping his eyes from her face.

Tom's acquaintance with women, apart from his early and now almost forgotten experiences with his mother's female relatives, had been small. From time to time he had had amatory passages with various small girls in the summer vacations, which, at first, had consisted chiefly in showing his interest in them by an excessive roughness of manner and brusqueness of speech. Later on his imagination had fallen a victim to one or two unwholesome, hollow-eyed, sentimental, Brontë-like young ladies, to whom he had not had the audacity to disclose his feelings and whom he speedily forgot.

That he could meet a wholly natural contemporary of the opposite sex, who combined the beauty of a girl out of a portrait by Lawrence or Raeburn with the vivacity, charm and good sense of the heroine of a novel, seemed incredible. That sort of thing he had supposed was reserved for fellows who lived on Beacon Street or Commonwealth Avenue. So far as he had speculated upon the subject at all, he had assumed that he would eventually have to be contented with some sallow, angular maiden, whose coquetry would seek expression in religious fervor. But here was a perfect charmer with whom from the very start he found himself on equal terms, and who apparently regarded him as just as desirable as anybody else—as Dwight or Crowninshield, for instance. It was too good to be real.

"Let me help!" urged Tom, when Evelyn, at the end of the meal, began to pile up the dishes.

"I'm afraid you'd break our priceless earthenware," she retorted. "I paid fifteen dollars for one hundred and twenty pieces!"

"Let her alone!" admonished her father. "She'll probably leave them for Eliza to wash up."

But Evelyn did nothing of the kind; and while she washed the dishes in the pantry Tom and Mr. Russell, from where they sat smoking before the library fire, could hear her singing.

"She'll never let anybody else wash up for her," said Tom's host; "and there's nothing she enjoys more than cooking and working with her hands. We all do, really—if we give ourselves the chance; it's the jackknife instinct in the boy. One reason so many women are discontented these days, in my opinion, is because they are deprived of the feeling of accomplishment! They never do anything. They read a little, walk a little, and eat and talk a great deal; but they never make anything, the way their grandmothers did. And as the creative instinct is the strongest element in our natures, they must necessarily feel the lack of something in their lives. And this makes them first unhappy and then disagreeable; and there are all sorts of domestic difficulties."

The sound of the knocker at the front door interrupted what might otherwise have degenerated into a moral discourse.

"Hello there!" shouted Russell, without getting up from where he sat. "Let yourself in! This isn't a grand house."

The door opened and Frank True hobbled into the hall and hung up his cap.

"Good evening, Mr. Russell," he said. "I hope I'm not too early!" Then, seeing Tom, he held out his hand with a shade of embarrassment. "Why, hello, Kelly!"

Tom, feeling very much ashamed of himself for his conduct earlier in the afternoon, took the thin hand in a strong grasp.

"Hello, old man!" he answered. "I acted like a chump this noon. Hope you'll forgive me. I had a rotten grouch!"

"That's all right!" smiled True. "We all get those fits sometimes. And I was really very thoughtless. Let's forget it. Where's Evelyn?"

"Here I am!" she answered, appearing in the doorway with her violin. "How are you, Frank? It's awfully nice to see you. What do you say? Shall we begin our concert right off? Come along to the music room, Mr. Kelly!"

They followed her through a door leading out of the dining room to a trellised passage connected with a small house—evidently once used for the storage of wood or as a tool shed. Like the rest of the establishment, it was on

(Continued on Page 89)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $1 75 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $1 25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 15, 1917

The Conscript

THE Government scheme of insurance, indemnities and family allowance for conscripts is good in its main intentions, but we should not forget that many of these young men face a loss for which public indemnification is out of the question.

Talks with the young soldiers we happen to know indicate that the bodily perils of warfare give them little concern. The young men of our acquaintance who volunteered for the officers' training camps or some other form of service—having once taken the plunge and acquired some military experience—are now looking forward with healthy youthful zest to a big, unique dramatic adventure. Some of them tried for commissions in the regular army and are talking hopefully of a life devoted to the profession of arms.

But these are all young, single men, who were only getting started in civil life.

Among the conscripts are cases of different complexion—here a professional man, who, after a long, expensive special education and the usual lean novitiate, was just getting a good clientele, to which, along with wife and child, he bids adieu; there one who had reason to expect a partnership in the firm within a year.

An age limit to thirty-one strikes a good many young men who, having served their apprenticeship, were just getting solidly established. War throws them out of line; they fear that opportunities which they had long worked for, and which seemed near at hand, will escape. According to our observation, severing of family ties and this loss of almost-won opportunity are what worry the conscripts. For those there can be no public indemnification.

As to age limits, the Senate idea was right and the House idea wrong. The young man who is still in the apprentice stage, and not yet firmly established, can best bear the sacrifice of time.

The Next Loan

THERE were more than three million subscribers to the first Liberty Loan, and they tendered to the Government more than three billion dollars.

That set a high record. The first British war loan produced about one and three-quarter billion dollars. The number of subscribers has not been given, but is believed to be much below a million.

The first German war loan produced slightly over a billion dollars, and the number of subscribers was a little over a million.

But the third British loan and the fourth German loan were each subscribed to by more than five million persons.

We should not be content with anything less than five million subscribers to our second loan. That would be the best possible answer to the Kaiser's friends abroad and at home.

The popular distribution of the first loan was very largely accomplished in the last two or three weeks of the campaign. A great number of people who simply had not thought of themselves as investors in Government securities then discovered that, by a little effort, they could take a bond; that they owed it to themselves and their country to do it. If that realization had not come to them with sufficient force to induce action the United States would have gone into the war with a black eye; its enemy would have been heartened by a belief that the mass of the people were completely indifferent.

A subscription to the next loan is your opportunity to put your support of the Government on record, where both its friends and its enemies will see it.

Every citizen should look over his personal budget to see what he can put aside for the war loans. Every fifty dollars counts.

Living in Wartime

IN THE United States about one out of each hundred of the population is now engaged in military operations. In Great Britain, France and Germany the proportion is more than ten times as great; and in Great Britain, at least, the government is now spending on war a sum equal to the total estimated national income of four years ago.

We get many reports as to how greatly all this has modified national living; yet, when all is said, it seems that the people of England go on living much more nearly as they did before the war than we are apt to imagine.

There came to hand recently an analysis of annual reports of nearly a thousand British companies engaged in such diverse activities as building ships and running theaters, making explosives and conducting dry-goods stores. The outstanding fact was somewhat greater profits all along the line. Whether it was a cotton factory or a hotel, it seemed to be doing an excellent business. Even the breweries, in spite of all the limitations put upon them, made a showing that shareholders must have regarded as far from desperate.

The day-to-day living habits of forty-five million or of a hundred million people are something that yields to change just about as the crust of the earth does. Even an earthquake only modifies the contour.

Those who expect the war to produce momentous changes in national habits—whether in the political or in the economic field—will probably be doomed to disappointment. The force that holds people to established habits, institutions, usages, is about the strongest thing in the world.

That stubborn use and wont is the most formidable obstacle to the campaign for economy in the United States.

In the main, retrenchment in a large way will come only as it is forced by taxation and rising prices.

Bogies

"THE war had not run its extraordinary course without touching the Government itself with revolution. The Constitution had been framed with no thought to provide for such days as these, when states were breaking away from the Union and the Government was struggling for life itself; and with unlooked-for exigency had come unlooked-for and arbitrary acts of power. The whole authority of the nation had seemed to be concentrated in the Executive without restraint of law. . . . Many an undoubted principle of the Constitution had seemed as if, for the time, suspended, in order that the executive and military power might move supreme to meet a supreme necessity. Individual rights had seemed, for a time, suspended. . . . Even politicians of his own party thought the President unsafe. Many people thought him capable of hopelessly marring the Government and permanently weakening the foundations of individual liberty. Fortunately rank and file had caught the spirit of the war . . . looked confidently to see all things restored as of course to their old poise and balance when the storm of war had passed."

The above quotation is from A History of the American People, by Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, occurring in the chapter dealing with Lincoln's second election.

Quite a lot of disingenuous people, and more merely silly ones, are trying hard to make themselves believe that in the vast extension of executive power for war purposes they see American liberty and democracy going forever to the dogs.

American liberty and democracy were never things merely of printed paper, like a Mexican constitution. They live in the genius and temper of the people.

They will be right there, as effectually as ever, when the war is over.

Loans and Taxes

IN THE first fiscal year of war we shall probably raise by taxation about a quarter of the Government's expenditures—though one can only guess at what the total expenditure will be.

That will be doing very well for the first year. One-quarter would be practically what Great Britain did in the third fiscal year of war; but if the war continues on its present scale through the current fiscal year, the budget already adopted will probably yield less than a fifth of the Government's total outlay.

In the first fiscal year of the Civil War the proportion of loans to taxation was more than eight to one; in the second year, nearly six to one; in the third year, well over three to one; and in the fourth year, slightly under three to one.

But in the matter of taxation the Government then had a virgin field. In the year before that war its tax budget amounted to only a dollar and thirty cents a head of the population, while in the year before this war it collected eight dollars a head.

The proportion of taxation to loans should be set at the very highest expedient point; but, after three years of war experience—though government expenditures were mounting hand over hand and outlays steadily outrunning estimates—the British Government refused, this year, to increase taxation, simply on the ground that it would not be expedient.

It is quite true that, as war is supported almost wholly out of current production, theoretically half or more of its cost might be charged directly against current income in the form of taxes. Practically it seems impossible to devise a scheme of taxation that will levy so extensively upon current income without throwing the machinery out of gear. It is clear enough that, in the present state of the science of taxation, Secretary McAdoo's original proposal to raise half of the war cost by taxes would be quite out of the question.

War Dollars

IT IS evident that if the war continues to the last day of next March the British Government will have spent, in the official year which ends on that date, more than twelve and a half billion dollars.

This is equal to the highest estimate of the total income of the British people—in other words, their total product—in the year before the war.

It naturally raises the question: How can a man spend more than he has?

The first answer is found in the rise of prices, which have nearly doubled since the beginning of the war; so the product, or income, of the pre-war period, if valued in the market to-day, would represent nearly twice as many pounds sterling as it did then. In other words, the twelve and a half billions the government spends this year is equal to only seven billions or so in 1913.

All fiscal figures of the war, including those of the United States, are subject to a great discount. If our Government spends twelve billions this year it will be spending it in two-dollar wheat, nineteen-dollar pork, and so on. If there were any way of expressing war expenditures in their true value—that is, in consumption of goods and services instead of in fluctuating dollars, pounds, francs, and the like—then all figures of war expenditures would shrink from thirty to fifty per cent, and all budgets would look correspondingly less terrifying.

But war debts would look even more formidable; for if prices decline after the war the burden of the debt will be that much heavier. When the Government borrows a dollar to-day it gets half a bushel of wheat for it; but with prices on a pre-war level it will have to take a whole bushel of wheat to pay the loan.

Some economists contend that a great degree of inflation and high prices will be an economic necessity for a long period after the war, in order to support the burden of war debts.

The Air Fleet

THE Aircraft Production Board proposes, substantially, that the United States in one year shall catch up with the Allies, though the latter have had a three years' start and have been working during that time under the enormous pressure of war.

A couple of illustrations indicate what this involves: The United States must turn out a standard machine-made motor that is equal, for all practical purposes, to motors made by the most skillful hand labor in England, France and Italy. It must devise a process of kiln-drying seventy-five million feet of airplane spruce, whereas only air-dried lumber has been used abroad.

We do not doubt that the United States will do it; but turning out airplanes is only half the problem of creating an air fleet. There must be a hundred thousand specially trained men.

That part of the problem is in the hands of the War Department.

Some other considerable fractions are in the hands of the Navy Department.

Aëronautics ought to be under a single plenary authority. The air fleet will cost much more and employ considerably more men than either the War Department or the Navy Department cost or employed before the war. We believe that, as a permanent arm of national defense, it will rank in importance with either of the old departments. Its maintenance and continuous development require consolidated authority.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Fannie M. Klinck

IN THESE back-to-the-land days of farmerettes and near-gardeners it is very refreshing to come across women who are really farm-born and garden-wise. Mrs. Klinck is all of this and a great deal more. She lives on the farm where she was born, and she comes of a line of workers of the soil. The snapshot shown on this page was taken of her recently in one of her famous experimental gardens.

PHOTO. BY [illegible]

Elizabeth Ellsworth Cook—Herself

By Herself

IF YOU think, dear Editor, that these plain facts about myself will help some young person hesitating at the foot of Wall Street, all right; otherwise they certainly have no claim to ink and good white paper.

My work is to sell investment bonds by letter. You'd be surprised what poor correspondents most prospective bond buyers are—worse than boys at

boarding school—and I write them so faithfully and try so hard to make "safety of principal" alluring! Nevertheless, by plugging along at it all the time I manage to place as much my way as most salesmen do by personal interviews.

How did I prepare for this rather specialized work? Partly by studying finance, economics and business law while at Cornell University, but chiefly by just trying till I could do it. I began as statistician for a large bond house, but as quickly as possible migrated to the sales department. I just had to. I'm no scholar. The statistics bored me to tears, but there is no sport I've ever tried equal to the fun of pushing a new issue. The fun is the test of it all. Financial selling has to be done so fast, so accurately, so much on the alert for every changing phase of the stock market, the money market, the war news, that if it doesn't thrill you to your finger tips you had better look farther for the work that does.

And you, my young friends, if the sound of the ticker lures you, spend a summer in a bond house and see what it's like. Then perhaps I can tell you enough more to help you decide whether to stay with "the bond crowd" or not.

Washington L. Capps

TO THE right of this column is shown the man who at the time of the unscrambling of the Shipping Board situation was given charge of the shipbuilding program. Rear Admiral Capps is a shipbuilder of international reputation. He was for some years the chief constructor of the Navy, and a majority of the present fighting ships of our Navy were designed by him.

It was a difficult matter to find any one big enough to step into General Goethals' shoes, but judging from his past performances it looks as though the man selected by the Administration would prove able to fill them.

Sonnet on Wallace Irwin

By Wallace Irwin

IN FAIR Oneida first saw he the light;
In Leadville's school he pushed a childish pen;
At Denver's High School won a medal. Then
To Leland Stanford took his freshman flight.
He stole some chickens there. Was fired. Quite right.
Next hustled news in San Francisco's ken.
What ho, New York! To brave the lion's den
Of editors, he flew his fragile kite.

This month he is in Washington for life.
Perhaps next week George Creel will bid him beat it!
"Geography is useful," sighs his wife,
"But in war-time, bland nut, we cannot eat it!"
And e'en the child upon his knee exclaims
"If we've a home, let's give the word, 'Home, James!'"

PHOTO. BY [illegible]

JONAH

By JOHN RUSSELL

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"Have You Room for an Extra Hand, Cap'n? Here's a Man to Work His Passage"

WHEN first he was seen on Baliang he wore one leg of a pair of trousers and two weeks' growth of bristly gray beard, and little of anything else. In this scant but patriarchal attire he appeared at the Reverend David Colhoun's evening service, where he fluttered the faithful with mixed emotions.

It was not so much his general nakedness that mattered. The social code of the Gilbert Islander retains certain liberal views on the subject of clothing that have never been wholly civilized away with the taste for broiled human ears and the habit of currying folks with a shark-tooth club. But his feet were also bare, and there stood a scandal. These dusky converts were all very firmly grounded in the essential relation of shoe leather to Christianity, and themselves were all most modestly shod in boots and brogans. Wherefore—and because of other more instant reasons that had given any new white man the face of an enemy—wherefore they peeped between their devotional fingers and shuddered at the shameless stranger who issued from the saffron sunset, somewhere behind the spiky line of the mission jack-fruit trees.

The Reverend David Colhoun was not pleased. Truly, he had learned to bear with chance profane interruptions. The chapel had been a pagan speak-house in the old time, and was still no more than a roof set on posts, free to the four winds. All too often he had had cause to lament an error of zeal in setting up his Ebenezer here on the seats of the ancient gods—a fitting site, but unfortunately conspicuous, commanding an excellent view of cockfights in the garden and high jinks among the ungodly on the beach. But he had made quite sure throughout this particular service that, for once, he need raise no ballyhoo blast against counter distractions; that, for once, he held his flock at anxious, even painful, attention.

For a terror dwelt on Baliang. License and pillage had ruled the peaceful isle all day, and rum had flowed like coconut milk. Back in the lagoon lay the ruffian ship of pirates and pearl poachers who had come to rob and stayed to riot. The very singing of the hymns had been punctuated with the pinging of revolver shots. In this dark hour who should remain—aye, and did remain—the sole shield and hope of his people against alien outrage? Who but the Reverend David himself?

And now, as he towered, lean, pale and impassioned, above them and drove home their faults of slackness and backsliding, lo! they fell suddenly to stirring and whispering along the benches, like idle leaves before a breeze!

He opened a stern blue eye of rebuke; and it was then that he, too, became aware of the visitor, who had arrived in the very article of his closing prayer—perhaps as a visible answer, but indeed a most shockingly improper one.

So they stayed a moment—the rows of brown-skinned worshipers still reverently bowed, but with uneasy eyeballs rolling white; the Reverend David erect on his little bare platform, with one thin, corded hand upraised, a pallid flame of a man in shrunken ducks; and this unseemly intruder peering through at them between two posts, like a wayworn cur by a strange sheepfold—a singular tableau thrown up in bronze and dull reds from the level west.

No one had ever questioned the courage of the gaunt Scotch missionary of Baliang. He had proved it that morning. Three times he had faced the leader of the villainous crew below and three times had won his point, single-handed; until even that great, dark, sleepy-eyed rogue had given up trying to frighten him.

"You amuse me, Reverence. You surely do. I keep wondering what would be your Bible word, now, for an able man of my sort."

"It would make your head sing to hear it," Colhoun had answered stiffly, while the poacher grinned to his red gums, catlike.

"Perhaps you'll say so now when I tell you we're not done yet with this fat little island. More ransom. We're short-handed. You're going to lend us some of these husky psalm singers of yours to help work us down toward the Arkapelagus."

"Have you no Kanakas of your own?"

"They turned rotten. We had to get rid of 'em."

"I'd rather see my boys dead than shipped aboard that floating hell!"

"Aw, now; we won't eat your parishioners. Think how rejoiceful you'd be to set us away on the early tide to-morrow."

"That I would!" Colhoun had cried. "But not at such a price. Man, haven't I yielded everything—the pearls and a'?"

"You have. You're a reasonable cuss, Reverence."

"Didn't I even show you where the liquor was hid under McGuire's store? Heaven help me—I'll have to pay for that stuff myself when the trader gets back!"

"You did that too," the other had acknowledged. "And a mighty happy thought. I don't mind telling you these birds of mine were getting out of hand. They're easier to handle when they're pickled. But what about my own sweet reasonableness—hey? You don't suppose I've not noticed how all the women are being kept out of sight?" He grinned again. "Well? Hadn't you better be rid of us—soon?"

"Not a single hand shall you take from this island if I can prevent, and I think I can."

"You mean they'll mind what you say? Oh, I know—paternal high chiefship, and such. But how if we kidnap 'em anyway, and the women too—and kick your silly mission into the sea after? Who's to prevent that, old Hell-an'-Glory?"

Then Colhoun had drawn himself to his height, fighting down the quiver of loathing and despair.

"I mean there's still law in the Gilberts, which you mightn't think. See now: You touch a single black boy and you run slap against the government. Unlicensed recruiting—ord'nance of eighteen hunnerd eighty-seven. Aye, y've heerd o' that! I could howl from now to Halifax about the rest—my little treasury you've looted; the ruined wark o' peace and faith; the poor, savage people sunk again in hate and fear and doubt.

"But you violate eighteen eighty-seven and I'll have a gunboat on your track inside two weeks! So much I can promise—God be thankit!—through Butaritari. There's one due there now. You'll find hard hiding in the Archipelago, you and your schooner."

"You know her?"—glancing quickly out over the lagoon, where his craft lay at anchor.

The missionary had played his trump.

"A-many folks know her well enough that never saw the cut of her jib before—no, nor wanted to again. Blackbirder, gin peddler, gun runner, terror o' the beaches; it's been common gossip on the trade routes these many years what like of man her skipper is. Ah, Cap'n Jeffrey—Cap'n J. Jeffrey, o' the Galloway Lass—you forgot the bit lick paint that should 'a' disguised you for this crowning shame!"

Once more the sudden feline lift of lip and a pause that might have been murderous, but ended in low laughter.

"Reverence—you're a sharp old bird and a tough one. You'd make a grand partner. You're wasted here among this black scum. Will you drop the canting graft and come cruising? It's no handful of pearls I could promise you—I'm after my million this time. You and me together now, we could rip the heart out of these lazy seas and hop away before anybody waked up. What say?"

The very hardest struggle of all had been to keep a front against the fellow's incredible smooth assurance.

"No? Well—it's a fact I'm in no hurry to stir up any gunboats. I'll just go your peaceful offertory. You forget Butaritari, and I'll toddle along with my own lousy wharf rats. I've got the swag, anyhow, and"—sweeping his cap in a mocking salute—"and you'll remember Cap'n J. Jeffrey hereafter in your prayers, for good measure."

Thus had the Reverend David saved Baliang from the worst by sheer pluck, and more than half by bluff. And here in his own chapel he stood ready for further defense if need should be. But the stranger made no provocative move. He stayed clinging to a post, blinking in upon that hostile gathering until, with a tardy start, as if conscious for the first time of the place and the presence he had invaded, he sidled to the end of a bench and dropped there.

Colhoun's nervous hand caught up the suspense and cast it dramatically into his renewed petition:

"——And thou knowest, O Lord, how sorely we are smitten by the oppressors within our gates. Yea, they rage against us in their wuckedness, and there is no help. Just see how they've stolen all our yams and sweet potatoes, and three pigs, not to mention McGuire's goods, and also our poor hoard of riches, even the pearls o' the mission—which thou knowest, Lord, were not cherished up in pride-fu'ness, but only to build a new church and advance thy kingdom among us. We pray for justice. Do thou deal faithfully with them, every one, thieves and transgressors, all that waste these fair islands and turn the faith of the unhappy people away from thee. Justice upon the spoilers we ask, O Lord. Amen!"

(Continued on Page 30)

Staggards Solve Non-Skid Scientifically

There is literally no other tread like the Staggard Tread.

No other tread even approaches it in performance.

The Staggard Tread was the first scientific solution of the non-skid problem.

It was the first successfully effective rubber non-skid tire.

It is covered by patents (Sept. 15–22, 1908) which reserve its peculiar advantages for Republic Tires.

The Staggard studs roll with the road.

Their peculiar shape is scientifically calculated to reduce resistance.

The tire travels continuously on rounded studs, which are always in line with the direction the car takes.

This means the most momentum with the least use of power.

The tires are ingeniously designed to grip the road with just enough friction to get traction.

No other device gives the same *maximum non-skid* with the *minimum* of *friction*.

And no maker has been able to effect Staggard efficiency without infringing on the Staggard patent.

It is easy to see why Republic Tires give more miles per gallon.

Just as it is easy to understand why the Prödium Process of toughening rubber makes tires last longer.

Republic Black-Line Red Inner Tubes have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Company, Youngstown, Ohio

Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire
Republic Staggard Tread

REPUBLIC TIRES

(Continued from Page 28)

He finished in a fervor that whipped the color to his gray cheek. The congregation recognized perhaps one word in ten—it is not easy to pray extempore in the Gilbert Island tongue—but they caught his drift quite well. The shed hummed to their responses, and they drew aside from the stranger the hems of their garments—such as wore enough—rough as the hair shirts of the saints.

Earnestly then, with simple eagerness that lent a sudden authentic dignity and pathos to the effort, they lifted their voices in the final hymn. Children of the sun, to whom the white man's religion, like his shoes and his liquor, his crimes and his laws, his strange brutalities and his difficult mercies, was all a quarter-comprehended mystery; bewildered, sullen, suspicious, half-tamed, they could put their hearts at least into his songs, being song, and universal. So they followed their pastor as he had taught them, stumbling over the hard meaning, perhaps, but finding a subtler truth:

D'o num-'res hosts of mi-dy foes,
D'o 'arth and hell my way op-pose,
'E save-ly leads me still a-lon',
'Es lov'n'-k-ind-'ess, oh, 'ow stron'!
'Es lov'n' k ind-'ess, 'Es lov'n'-k-ind-'ess,
'Es lov'n'-k-ind-'ess, oh, 'ow stron'!

Thereafter, under the benediction they broke up, hurrying away, each man of them to bar his hut and lie hid through the night.

"Amen!" they murmured one to another, to complete the rite as they understood it. "A-h-h-men! Amen!"

A shifting of shadows and they were gone, dispersed into the russet dusk, and had left the chapel empty—empty save for Colhoun and the lone visitor, who sat on the end of a bench, and who echoed curiously, tentatively, to himself, in a dry whisper:

"Amen! Amen!"

II

THE Reverend David stepped down the aisle and spoke over at him. "What do you want?" he challenged, and the man lifted a face puckered like the shell of a nut, as brown and weather-beaten.

"Who—me? Nothin' much. Mister—and no offense I take it you're the lad as does the reg'ler missionaryin' here, ain't you?"

His voice was low and hoarse and labored, and yet he seemed hardly to meet the clergyman's rather academic concept of the spirituous as opposed to the spiritual state.

"This is my mission; yes. My church."

The other turned his slow gaze round.

"An honest-t'-God church? What? It don't look it."

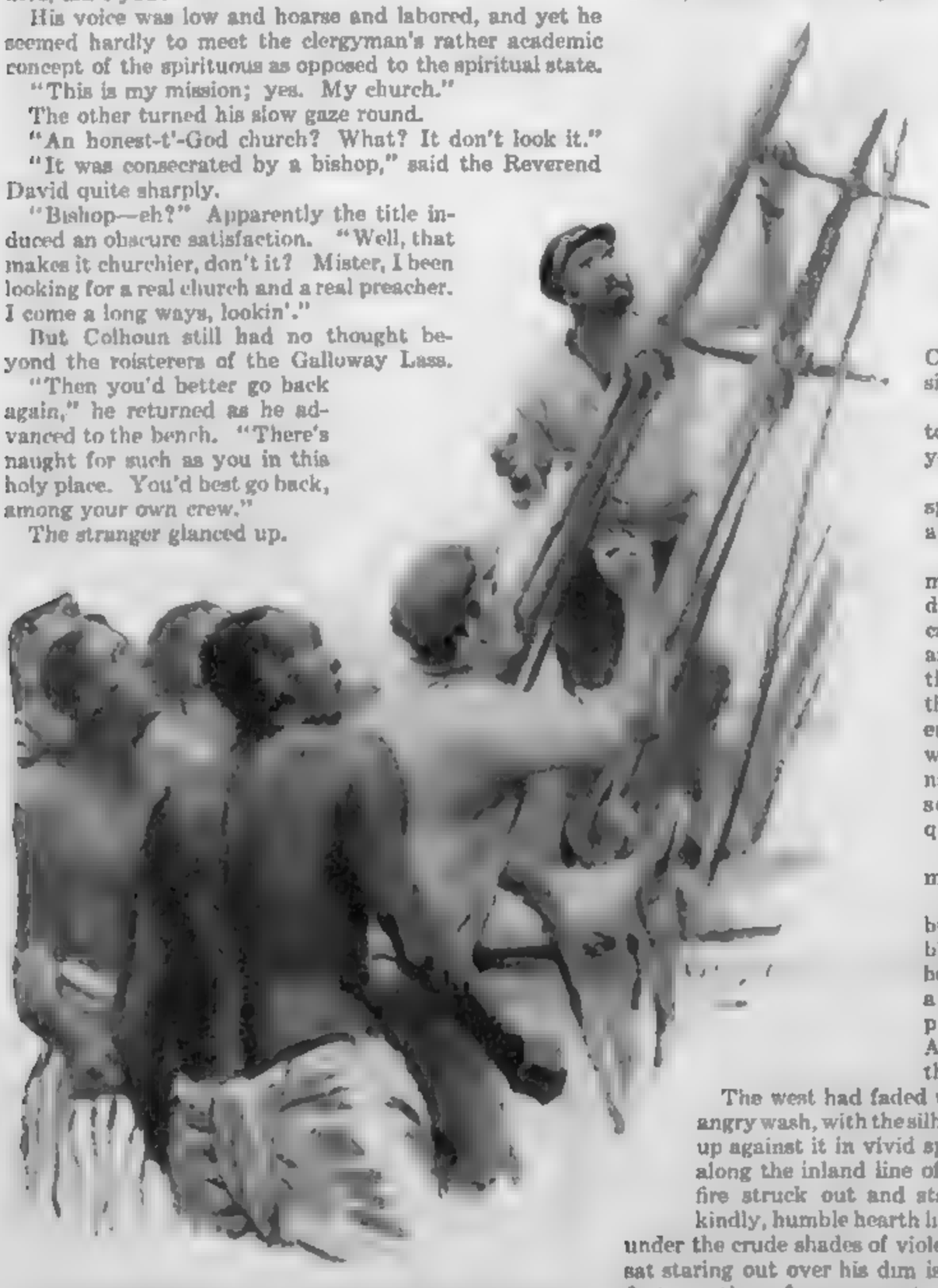
"It was consecrated by a bishop," said the Reverend David quite sharply.

"Bishop—eh?" Apparently the title induced an obscure satisfaction. "Well, that makes it churchier, don't it? Mister, I been looking for a real church and a real preacher. I come a long ways, lookin'."

But Colhoun still had no thought beyond the roisterers of the Galloway Lass.

"Then you'd better go back again," he returned as he advanced to the bench. "There's naught for such as you in this holy place. You'd best go back, among your own crew."

The stranger glanced up.



"Your Piratin' Cruise is Ended Here, You Big, Bloody-Handed Murderer, for You and All Your Outfit!"

"That's so," he said thoughtfully. "Yes; that's so too; but I don't believe I will. It mightn't be healthy. They're most of 'em at the bottom of the sea."

The Reverend David had the belated and shocked perception of a mistake. By the fading light he saw one who was certainly no roisterer now; who could not have been these many days, for he was drawn like a used lard bladder. His lips were raw with salt cracks; at knee and breast and elbow he had been nearly flayed. Exposure had blackened and thinned and scored him to a carbonado, sun-cooked, the more sadly that he had once been high of flesh, if any might judge—a thick, rolling, bull-necked little tub of a chap. And here he sat with hugged arms, such a picture of weakness and bellypinch that it took the missionary at the heart.

"Man!" cried Colhoun. "You're starving!"

"Starving?" It seemed to stick in his throat. "I've had seven coconuts in fourteen days!"

"Where on earth do you hail from?"

"Mele."

"Mele? In the Marshalls? Two hunnerd miles!"

"With a bit of a prow—sail and paddle. I smashed her on the reefs gettin' ashore just now."

The Reverend David had learned to maintain a certain skepticism toward chance wanderers through the isles and their hard-luck stories; but this was a case on the surface.

"God be guid to us! You've scarce the life in your body! Here—you come along o' me. Whatever these robbers have left us ——"

The castaway put out a clawed hand.

"D'y' mean—grub?" he asked wistfully.

"What else? You didn't fear I would not?"

The other shook his head with a sigh.

"I ain't had much truck with missionaries, and that's a fact. But—I've had fourteen days to think in. The grub c'n wait."

"Is your need so great?" demanded Colhoun, stooping to peer into the tormented face. "You want to consult me?"

"That's it. As a preacher—understand? As a Gospel crack, familiar with all points and bearings of the same. Though I'm bound to warn you, too, I got no fee for you in my pocket," he added with a perfect simplicity that checked the Reverend David again.

"We'll waive the fee," said Colhoun more gently than he had yet spoken. "This once."

"I aim to pay for pilotage," returned the other. "D'y' suppose you could take the job on trust?"

Colhoun sat suddenly beside him.

"I've almost forgotten how to trust any white man. But you try me."

The stranger was silent a space, and sat staring straight ahead of him.

"Mister, it comes hard to me to holler for help; and I dunno' quite how to put the case, bein' rough and tough and not in your line. But one thing I'll make bold. About these natives—Gilbert Islanders, we'll say, like your own, which you made to sing so natural—I want to ask you something as may sound queer."

"Well?" said Colhoun, marveling.

"Well—here's you whose business is good works for the black heathen, I believe; and here's me that never give them a thought, except at so much per head, you might say. And what I want to know is this: Has a nigger got a soul?"

The west had faded until it spread as a dull and angry wash, with the silhouettes of the palms thrown up against it in vivid splashes of ink. Somewhere along the inland line of the lagoon a little dart of fire struck out and stayed, and then another—kindly, humble hearth lights, shining furtively there under the crude shades of violence and disaster. Colhoun sat staring out over his dim island world; and when the first reaction of amazement and resentment had passed he found himself wondering. He wondered, as a man sometimes must, whether it was possible, after all, to justify at any such stark challenge those ultimate beliefs that were all his life and all his hope.

The skipper of the Galloway Lass had put something like this to him at their first meeting, in the bitter interview when he paid the ransom of Baliang—in mockery, of course. "So these are the far-famed pearls of the mission!" that sinister individual had said while he weighed the fine-fiber bag contemptuously in his hand. "Your haul, hey? Since you've bossed the roost? Is that the best you could wring from three hundred lively natives?"

"They were not wrung," Colhoun had replied with contained passion. "You'll never understand—how should you?—but every pearl of them a' is a precious token from some poor groping savage who scarcely knew his Redeemer's name, and yet was moved by the Spirit warking divinely in him to make that free gift o' love and service."

"To the needy missionary."

"To the needy cause! It was to be our little triumph; the church, the school, the books—one sure and lasting beacon in the dark places."

And the poacher had laughed in low scorn.

"All this for a gang of bony crocodilians that would be roasting each other to-morrow or cave your head if they dared? Aw, hell, Reverence! Have you got the face to tell me the nigger has any place in the scheme of things except to be sweated for what graft is in it? Spirit? What kind of spirit?"—grinning at him. "Did you ever see a black ghost?"

Speaking as was given him to speak in that moment, Colhoun made his brief answer; and, sitting there beside him on the bench, the castaway heard him through in silence. For a time only the muttering diapason of the reef filled out the prelude.

"A month ago I wasn't askin' favors," began the stranger presently; "I was doin' of them. Leastways I did when it seemed good business. I had a fine ship under me and a likely crew, and you'd 'a' found few men betwixt Nukahiva and the Pelews but what would yield me room as I needed it for the spread of my elbows. I've seen the day of sandalwood and oil, and copra and pearls, and labor; and made my record with the best. And I tell you this, mister, well knowin' how queer a figger I cut now—to nobody queerer than myself."

"You've been a recruiter?" put in Colhoun primly.

"I been most everything a man c'n be and keep his head on its hinges and his two feet outside an Admiralty Court. And that's a funny thing, too, because I never went a peacefuler errand than took me to this same forsaken port of Mele in the first place.

"I'd a tip on some *bêche de mer* as one of the native traders had been savin' up. The stuff is prime in the Marshalls—real tiger fish—and I had a chance for a neat turn if I could beat this chap down far enough. What made me all the keener, the very afternoon I got in here come a dirty little lopsided ketch a-pokin' her sly nose up the passage. I wasn't goin' to have no Cooktown clam digger snaffle that shipment away from me; so I put quick to shore.

"But I couldn't find my trader. An old beggar party on the beach says he's been livin' on Vatu, a fleabite of an isle some little ways south. I might 'a' stayed to hear more and been wiser; but, what with my hurry and the old party stutterin' like a buzz saw and cadgin' after tobacco, I didn't. I figgered I could leave my mate to set the crew at overhaulin' some needed repairs whilst I chased right after that man on Vatu.

"Well, I done it. I had my boys sail me over in the whaleboat, there bein' no proper anchorage for a schooner yonder; and I told Farwell—that was my mate—he should send 'em back again after me the next day. But he never did. And they never came. No, they never! Because you see—whilst I was gone from Mele ——"

The dusk had merged into night save for a single vague streak of citrine that still held sea and sky apart, when swiftly from the lower bank of darkness spurted five jets of flame. The slate was wiped again before the five flat pistol shots came to them across the water like a leash of hand-claps. Colhoun started up; but there was no further alarm, and the little fires winked tranquilly.

"D'y' have that kind here, as well?" asked the castaway in a changed voice. "That must be the lot I heard you a-blessin' of just now."

"God grant they leave by the morning tide!" murmured Colhoun, shaken.

"A ship? Are they anyways short-handed, d'y' know?"

"Ah—I had forgot," cried the Reverend David, whirling on him; "that should be the place for you, below there on the beach. They're your own breed; you should have applied to them. For you are a spoiler too!"

"Sit down again," said the stranger quietly, and his voice out of the shadow had an odd ring. "Whatever I am,

(Continued on Page 33)

McDougall

Stop waste in foods—save hours each week—stop worry-wrinkles—save needless work—all with the McDougall Kitchen Cabinet. It makes baking a joy—cooking a pleasure—meal time a glad time.

Beauty, convenience, ease, comfort, service and economy are all found in the fullest degree in the McDougall Auto Front—the Steinway of the Kitchen. Prices $14.50 to $54 according to design.

Go to your furniture dealer—have a McDougall sent home on approval—solve the kitchen problem—and then pay as little as $1.00 a week.

For Illustrated Catalog Write McDougall Company, Frankfort, Indiana, U. S. A.

22 Young Men Out of 40
Rejected at Recruiting Stations Because of Bad Feet
Caused by Pointed Shoes

Mothers and Fathers: Read This Editorial Masterpiece from the N.Y. Evening Mail

"THE POINTED SHOE"

"IN the physical test the other day of forty young men eager to enlist in the army, twenty-two were rejected because of defective feet. They had broken arches, distorted toes, callouses, bunions, corns, various foot troubles from which they would break down on the march of an army." * * *

"Bad feet, bad teeth and poor eye sight we are making a national inheritance."

"If you go to the Metropolitan Museum and look at the casts of the feet of the men of ancient Greece you will see the perfect foot. It is a thing of beauty, as God intended it to be, not the misshapen, distorted thing into which we, in our folly, force it. You will see in the Grecian foot the great toe stand out as the thumb does from the hand, not cramped into an unnatural position as we have made it.

"Along the Mediterranean, in Italy, the ancient custom is followed. Children go forth barefooted. The feet of the youth of that land are wonderfully shaped.

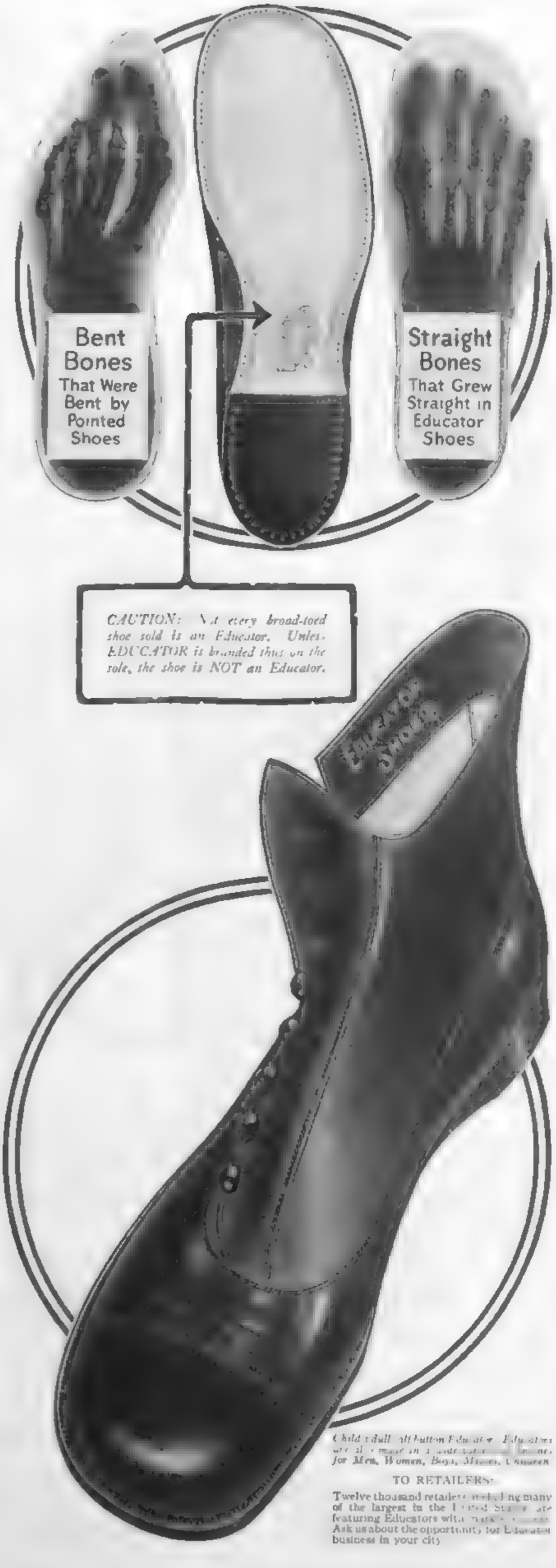
"With us the foot is a thing ugly, a thing to be hid from view. With them the foot is a thing of beauty.

"Our shoes are of wrong shape. They offend nature. They torture us. They cripple us. Yet we have not the sense or the courage to correct the evil.

"Look at the shape of the baby's foot. That is the natural shape of the foot. Before the bones are formed we begin forcing the tiny feet into the vises we call shoes. By the time the child is graduated from school the foot is deformed for life.

"That's why the other day 22 out of 40 of the young men who sought to enlist in the service of their country were rejected; that's why instead of the foot nature intended for man we have broken arches, twisted toes, corns, bunions, flat feet.

"Slaves to custom, creatures of style, we handicap ourselves, distort a part of our structure, suffer pain and discomfort and have not sense enough or justice enough to save our children from like suffering and similar handicap."


Bent Bones That Were Bent by Pointed Shoes
Straight Bones That Grew Straight in Educator Shoes
CAUTION: Not every broad-toed shoe sold is an Educator. Unless EDUCATOR is branded thus on the sole, the shoe is NOT an Educator.

RICE & HUTCHINS

EDUCATOR SHOE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

EDUCATORS "LET THE FEET GROW AS THEY SHOULD"

They are made with scientific exactness to conform to the shape of the *natural foot*. That is why children brought up in Educators never have to learn the torments of bent bones, corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, fallen arches, callouses, etc. That is why grown-ups who suffer from those ills find relief or freedom when they put on Educators.

Made for MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN

Get the whole family into Educators today. But remember: *all* broad-toed shoes are not Educators. Always look on the sole for EDUCATOR branded there. It guarantees you the correct, orthopaedic Educator shape. And it also guarantees that

EDUCATOR QUALITY IS UNCHANGED

Despite the great changes in leather market conditions, despite the problems all shoe manufacturers have [illegible] to face, we have not lowered the high quality of the leather and construction that have always gone into the Educator. And we find that the public prefers to pay the slightly increased price rather than risk the quality of unknown shoes now sold at the old prices.

Send for "BENT BONES MAKE FRANTIC FEET"

a free book of facts about your feet. Valuable information for foot-sufferers and for parents who realize the responsibility involved in caring for children's feet and buying children's shoes.

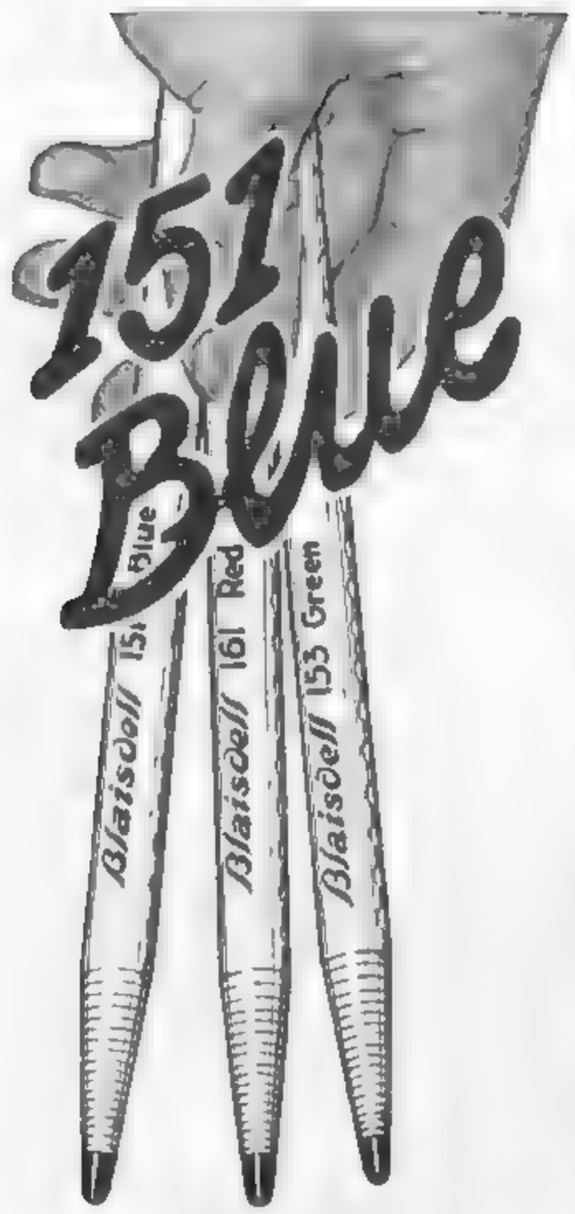
RICE & HUTCHINS, INC., 14 HIGH ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Makers also of All-America and Signet Shoes for Men, and the Mayfair for Women

Child's dull all button Educator. Educators are all made on a [illegible] lasts for Men, Women, Boys, Misses, Children

TO RETAILERS:

Twelve thousand retailers [illegible] many of the largest in the United States are featuring Educators with [illegible]. Ask us about the opportunity for Educator business in your city.



Blaisdell
Colored Pencils

lead the world in quality—outsell all other colored pencils combined. For a quarter century BLAISDELL colored pencils have been the world's standard for smooth writing, long wearing and economy. No time nor lead is wasted sharpening—just nick a BLAISDELL between the perforations and pull the narrow strip of paper straightaway. Instantly your pencil is sharpened. No fuss, no muss, no soiled hands, no broken leads.

Blaisdell Colored Pencils

are made with superior, gritless leads—smooth-writing—in fourteen colors headed by the famous "151 Blue." Also made in red, violet, light green, green, light blue, medium blue, black, yellow, brown, white, orange, pink and purple. Price 10 cents each, $1.00 per dozen.

Blaisdell Economy and Satisfaction

are vouched for by the world's largest corporations and business houses. Such concerns as the Standard Oil Co., Pennsylvania Railroad, U. S. Steel Corporation, General Electric Co., American Tobacco Co., Western Union Telegraph Co., Prudential Life Insurance Co., duPont Powder Co., and hundreds of others buy BLAISDELLS in quantities year after year. They buy for satisfaction and economy. In colored pencils they find both in BLAISDELLS.

Thousands of men at the head of other concerns, and hundreds of thousands of individual users, have taken a tip from these world's largest pencil buyers and are securing themselves the utmost in pencil service and pencil economy by specifying BLAISDELL Colored Pencils. Why not *you?*

***Special BLAISDELL Pencils** for writing on china, glass, metal, rubber, French ivory, glazed paper, skin—in fact, on any smooth surface—are used by merchants and business men for special purposes everywhere. Write clearly and smoothly. The large, gritless leads will not scratch the finest surface. Made in black and eight colors. Price 15 cents each, $1.35 per dozen.*

All Blaisdell Pencils

are guaranteed "Perfect service and satisfaction or your money back" is our standing offer. Look for the name "BLAISDELL" on every pencil—it is your only protection from inferior imitations.

Order from your stationer to-day or write us your requirements and we will see that you are supplied

Blaisdell
Pencil Company
PHILADELPHIA

(Continued from Page 30)

that I'm answerin' for. And I would think it the less strange but that Farwell, my mate, and every other man of my crew, white or black, should have been the sacrifice. For what had they done compared with me? And yet I buried them, the few I could find of 'em after, in the coral sand by the water's edge. They'd been shot to pieces as they lay ——"

"At Mele!"

"Aye, at Mele. Whilst I was away at Vatu looking for that native trader—d'y' see? Dead they are—but I'm alive and here. And why this should be, and whether I've come to the right place or not, I'll leave for you to judge as knows so well the ways of Providence over men—black and white together. Listen, now!"

And Calhoun could not choose but obey.

III

"I LANDED on Vatu along in the afternoon. It's a comfortable little atoll. You know the kind of thing you'd expect—all bird-cage houses and feather-duster palms, smoke risin', girls a-singin', the fishers at their nets, the prow builders tap-tappin', and the pigs and kids tangled everywhere—especially kids. Well, when I walked up from the lagoon there wasn't a living creature in sight, or any trace of the same.

"It looked queer—the boats were gone from the beach, the curing sheds were empty. Thinks I, maybe everybody's off on a big canoe festival or elseway; and so I squatted in the shade till they should please to come home again. The only comp'ny I had was the trade wind pipin' along the sand and a scrap of a rag tied in front of a house just there—a taboo sign, as it might be—flutterin' and flutterin', and the lonesomest thing in the world to watch.

"After a while I got that notion you get of somebody spyin' on you; and, sure enough, when I turned my head I saw a kid—just one. Maybe he was eight year' old, a brown bit of a scamp, peekin' from that doorway at me through his oily ringlets, clever as a mouse with his bright little eyes. I beckoned him over; but he whipped inside, and when I went after him he barred the door. Not a yip could I raise from him, though I tried all the Marshall and Gilbert talk I knew; and, what with bein' so hot and weary, I made play for to kick down house and all. But that kid—blame' if he didn't fetch an old muzzle-loader rifle and poke it at me by the windy till I quit! This was queerer yet, ye'll understand, because the Marshall folks are lightish and straight-haired, and a jollier lot you'd never ask to meet, and pie with strangers, as a rule.

"Well, I seen I was stuck at Vatu for the day, anyhow, just me and the kid—and him so perk and sassy; and so I laid a reg'lar siege to catch that chap. First, I gathered a bunch of lemon hibiscus flowers and such, and flew them for a holiday, with a wreath on my head and a chain round my neck—meanin' friendship, you see. And then I took my knife and a bit of driftwood I found and set down to whittle a kind of jumping toy, which I hadn't done since I was a kid myself.

"I heard him stirrin' at the windy, but I never let on—only whistled and carved away like I didn't care. He couldn't stand that very long; it took him where he lived, and pretty soon here he come sneakin' round behind me for a better look. I had the toy workin' then, and when I got a glimp' of him over my shoulder his eyes were standin' out of his head like shoe buttons. I tossed the jigger to him and he made a dive for it, and I near grabbed him; but he went up a tree, squirrel fashion.

"After that we talked. Did I tell you he was only eight year' old? Eight, if he was so much. And he could cuss like a Chinee, once he got started; and grin like a boy, too, at foolin' me so.

"'You white fella mahrster!' he chatters at me. 'You get to hell! Get to hell 'long scrub!' he says.

"'Oh!' I says. 'My bold buccaneer, you talk big for such a spry one. What name you so much fright'?'

"That put his back right up.

"'Me no fright',' he says. 'One fella man, me.'

"'Gammon!' I says, a-teasin' of him. 'If you're a man, why ain't you off with the rest of the bunch? All fella Kanaka he go fish, only pickaninny he stop home. Pickaninny, you.'

"'No fish!' he cries. 'Sick! Plenty strong fella sick. All fella Kanaka run like hell. You no run like hell; plenty soon you catch'm strong fella sick—my word! Close up, you die altogether.'

"Sick—d'y' see, mister? Ah, that was it! He told me what had happened on Vatu—how a crew of strange white men had showed up round those parts in a little ketch; how they hired some native divers from Vatu, and went grubbing the reefs after pearls; and how two weeks before they'd put them unlucky divers back on shore again, to die. Aye, mister—of measles. That was their pay, the big sickness that sweeps an island bare. Naturally the people had cleared like frightened rats, scattering for safety through the roundabout group. All except this one boy.

"'Me no fright',' he says. And he wasn't. 'One fella man, me.' And, by George,

"I've Almost Forgotten How to Trust Any White Man. But You Try Me"

Wingfooting is simply glorified walking—happy, spring-smooth, swing-along walking. There's zip and zest in a stroll with Wingfoots. Walking is *fun* with Wingfoot Heels!

Of young, springy rubber, Wingfoot Heels wear longer than heels less lively. And often twice longer than cheaper heels. Their *spring and wear-balance* is peculiar to Wingfoots. And their patented air-cups stop the slips.

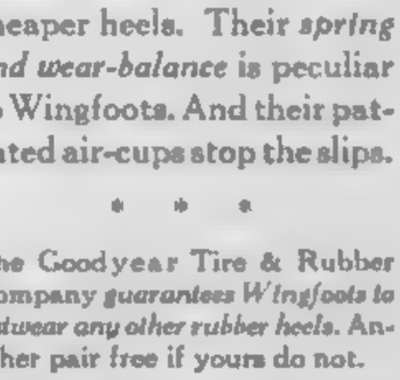
* * *

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company *guarantees Wingfoots to outwear any other rubber heels.* Another pair *free* if yours do not.

In black, white and tan for big and little folks—50 cents. Put on by dealers and repairmen.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

WING FOOT HEELS



GOODYEAR
AKRON

Copyright 1917 by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

Kwik-lite
THE QUALITY FLASHLIGHT
A Kwik-lite will give you longer service and brighter light than the ordinary flashlight.
Three exclusive features (shown above) —Telescopic Construction, Improved Reflector and Self-Locking Switch—distinguish Kwik-lite from all others and protect against substitution.
Demand Kwik-lite; the cost is no more and your satisfaction is much greater.
There are 88 distinctive styles—one for every use. Sold by leading Hardware, Electrical, Drug and Sporting Goods Dealers. Booklet 24 describes the line.
The Usona Manufacturing Co.
New York Toledo San Francisco
Renew your flashlight with Kwik-lite Seamless Batteries; 25% longer service guaranteed

he was! He had stayed. And why? 'Father b'long me plenty too much sick,' he says. Because there was nobody else to look after his old man, as was dyin' all alone in that house."

The speaker stopped and Colhoun was left to gaze into the blank of the night. The Reverend David had lived too long in the far corners, among the despised and exploited races of the earth, to get quite promptly in tune with this white man's peculiar note.

"But the boy was doomed," he cried. "Surely you should have seen that!"

"As you say, muster," returned the other. "I saw that quite well—for I nursed him the three days and nights."

The Reverend David sat very still in the darkness.

"I been a good deal amongst niggers in my time," resumed the stranger. "A nigger has always been a nigger to me, black or brown or pipe-colored. If he had any common homely troubles and feelin's of his own I can't say I ever knew or cared tuppence; I don't say I would again. But that little kid now—he was different.

"Somehow it took me fair under the belt to find that kid that way in the dead-island, doin' his part so ready, and yet pleased for an odd toy to play with, too—like anybody's youngster would be. Maybe it was the chipper grin of him. Or maybe his nerve standin' me off with the gun, and him no bigger than the barrel of it; so small and brave and sassy. Or maybe because he was just a boy. I dunno'. I never had none of my own. Anyways —

"He was sickenin' for it himself, of course; and even whilst he sat up there in the tree a-cussin' of me the fever had hold on him. But I couldn't coax him down. He was leery of white men, and perhaps he had reason. His father had been one of them divers, you see. Not a step would he come until I thought to walk away into his house, and then he came fast enough, all hands to repel boarders. He wasn't goin' to have nobody touch his old man—not him! But he needn't 'a' worried. His old man was dead. . . .

"I think he must 'a' gone off his chump a bit after that. Leastways he never seemed rightly to know what had happened—only lay kind of stupid; sometimes scared like and beggin' me for to go away and not steal any poor Kanaka boys—sometimes bold enough and laughin' or singin' a little, most pitiful to hear. Come nighttime I made shift to smuggle him into a clean hut and decent bed, carrying him in my arms, and later the fever lifted off his brain somewhat. And then what does he do but ask for his father! I tell you I had to lie quick; but he was smart and caught me up, and blame' heavy weather I made when I tried to quiet him. Toys he wouldn't look at no more; nor yet games didn't hold his sick-boy fancy. But stories; now ——"

"Stories?" echoed Colhoun, for the other had checked on a sound like a stifled oath. "What kind of stories?"

"What kind would you think?" came the harsh response. "It seems a tramp missionary passing by Vatu had once preached from the white man's Book. That was the only kind of story he'd ever heard, and that was the only kind he wanted. He remembered the Book bein' full of most wonderful matters. He remembered.

"'You fella white man,' he says, all raspy in his little throat—'you fella white man savee speak'm good fella talk. Savee speak'm Bibley talk. Plenty devil-devil. Plenty fight. Plenty good fella talk altogether. S'pose you speak'm me that good fella Bibley talk; me like'm, too, much.'

"Bible stories; d'y' see, mister? He called for 'em. There he lay in the light of the lamp, with the red flush on his sunken brown cheek, and his eyes so bright and eager. He was dyin', and what he wanted was Bible stories. And me—me—I didn't know any!"

"Ah!" breathed Colhoun at the pain in that voice.

"Mister, he was just a kid. Is there any chance for such—can you tell me? A nigger kid; but he'd done one of those things that make a man different from a beast on two legs. Would you say he had any rightful chance of comin' through safe? Because I couldn't give him none, though he asked. He was goin' to clear, that little chap, and he needed his sailin' directions. There was my time to 'a' helped him with the good words. And I couldn't—I couldn't give 'em to him."

"Not the few that count?" whispered Colhoun.

"How should I know, mister what counts? Who was I, to know? He asked for Bible talk, and the only single blame' thing I could tell him ——"

"Well?"

"D'y' want to know? Jonah! Aye, it sounds like a poor sort of jest, don't it, now? But it wasn't to him; nor yet to me—worse luck!—nor to me. I told him the story of Jonah and the whale. Not as you would likely tell it, and how far off from what's writ in the Book I'd be afraid to think. But he liked it. He made me tell him over and over. In those three days and nights, while I was tendin' of him the best I could, and wonderin' every minute why the boat didn't come, and thinkin' of the medicines I might 'a' got him, and all—in those three days I must 'a' told him a dozen times. And, at the last, I was tellin' him again one night as he dozed.

"'Now the word of the Lord come unto Jonah,' I says—recallin' that part quite pat as I heard it the once from a navy chaplain—'Now the word of the Lord come unto Jonah,' I says, and the rest in *bêche-de-mer* lingo; and when I looked at him where he lay on my arm—why—he was gone, muster."

He paused again; and from the void beyond broke a dulled roar of voices, maudlin, wild and menacing. It seemed to daunt him, for when he went on again he had lapsed to his earlier tone of hesitant effort:

"Well—I got back. Too late; and when I seen the whaleboat would never come I managed to fit out a half-built prow from the canoe house, and with that I worked my way back to Melo.

"It was like I said; in those three days all the solid and everyday matters of life had come to a smash for me. My people were dead. My ship was gone. And so was that sneakin' little ketch I'd glimp'ed in the passage—so was she gone, that had wrought the mischief at Vatu. All gone. Those strange white men had simply jumped my crew in the dark and murdered them, and made off; and what else about it none could say or ever will. A clean sweep and a finished job.

"They were nameless devils. They came and they went, and who or why or where is unnamed as well. Just another hidden deviltry of the seas, with nobody to know or to care or to strike a blow—only me, muster; and you c'n see—and I thank you kindly for listenin', too—you c'n see what luck or likelihood would ever remain for a man with a story like mine. It's done and I'm done—and that's all."

Across the lagoon there leaped to view a burning thatch, sudden as an explosion. The smoky flare struck a path on the water, showed up the black spars of the schooner like the black bars of a grate, and flooded the chapel with infernal radiance.

"Never think it!" said the Reverend David, standing and swaying in a rapt renewal of faith. "Never believe it! Divine purpose does not fail us so. Is yon little brave brown child to have died in vain? I tell you, as certain as his present reward, as certain as his glorious salvation, so certain sure is the wrath to come upon all whose strength is the curse of these fair islands and these helpless people! Out of your own mouth—shall they not answer? Yea; whosoever and wheresoever they be—even as that man below there, for a' his triumphs these many years like the muckle black de'il going up and down the earth—even as Cap'n J. Jeffrey, o' the Galloway Lass!"

He swung round with his own gesture; but the place on the bench beside him was empty. Blinking perplexedly in the lurid glow, he pawed about the shadow; and there he found an inert huddle of flesh and rags that had slipped to the floor, against a post. The castaway had collapsed.

■

AMONG the barred huts where they crouched wakeful through the long, hot hours that night it was the devout belief of the dusky brethren that powers of darkness had come to grips over Baliang.

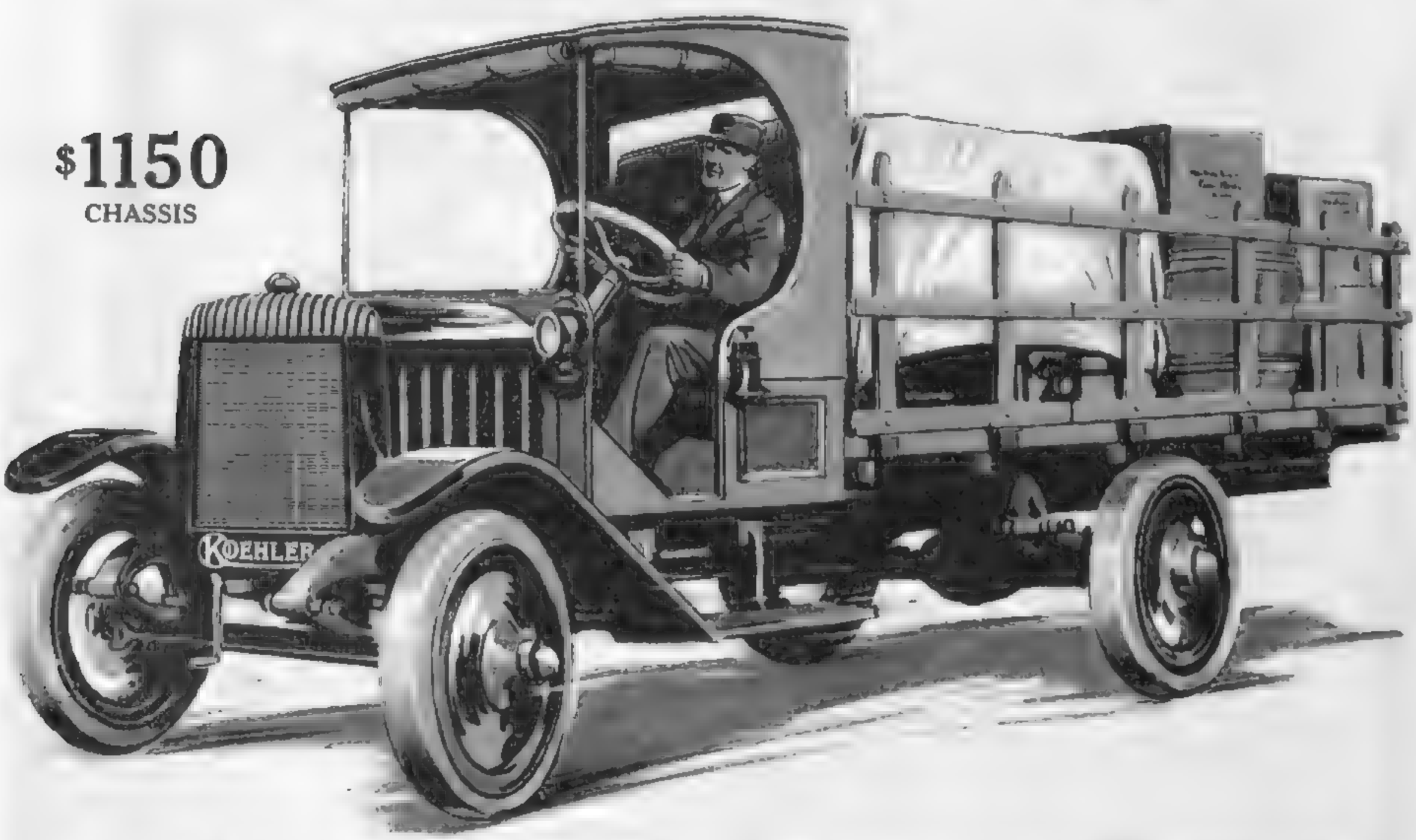
Plainly the old lawless gods were doing business. First, they had sent the thieving ship. Then the naked stranger out of the depths. Then sack and tumult amid the flames of McGuire's store and McGuire's good stock, with the little hand guns that spit death like winking. These portents all men had seen, and of others there was no lack: The hollower and more thunderous drone of the reef; a plaintive piping of night birds in the bush; a certain weight and tension on the air, pervasive, oppressive, as if

(Continued on Page 37)

KOEHLER TON AND A QUARTER

The "Go Getter" Truck

$1150
CHASSIS



WITH 92% of its 35 horsepower transmitted where it belongs—*direct to the rear wheels*—the Koehler Valve-in-Head Motor yields the greatest reserve power, speed, accessibility, flexibility, hill-mastery, and mechanical simplicity.

When the Koehler gets on the job, haulage problems within the compass of a full Ton-and-a-quarter capacity cease to exist.

Quick, complete service for every varied user's requirement is assured wherever and whenever occasion demands. Predominating sustained power is certain—high gear performance supremacy and ability to out-demonstrate all entrants in the Ton-and-a-quarter class are yours.

With its Valve-in-Head Motor, Eisemann High Tension Ignition, Stromberg Carburetor, Selective Sliding Multiple Disc Clutch Transmission, Built-Up Type of Cast Fin-Head Radiator, Torbensen Internal Gear Drive Rear Axle, and 129 inch Wheelbase, it is our conviction that the Koehler Truck is the most efficient, lowest cost, cheapest-to-operate Ton-and-a-quarter Truck—the first-choice Truck for *your* business, wherever or whatever it may be.

Write for Special Koehler Motor Truck Literature

DEALERS—Our Selling Plan provides arrangements for territory, profits, and protection unequaled in scope and liberality. Write today for full particulars.

Distributing arrangements now also being made for the
KOEHLER 3-TON TRACTOR
"The Land Tugboat"—a *better* Tractor at a *lower* price

H. J. KOEHLER MOTORS CORPORATION
OGDEN STREET AND FOURTH AVENUE NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

National

Twelve-Cylinder Cars

A PERFORMING SEDAN

—that is easily and swiftly converted into a regular touring model.

THIS new twelve-cylinder National Touring Sedan is a *performing* closed car.

Without the slightest sacrifice of touring ability or range, it offers all those advantages which have made the Sedan so popular.

It affords complete shelter in any weather and the highest degree of comfort under all conditions.

Yet it has the power, alacrity and responsiveness of the open car.

Built to accommodate seven passengers, this new National Sedan is especially roomy.

It is upholstered in the finest quality of gray whipcord, and its appointment is elaborate and complete.

It is of such substantial construction that it is as smooth, swift and quick—as free from annoying rattle—as an open car.

It is easily and swiftly converted into a regular touring model, the glass panels disappearing into the body of the car.

The big, silent and efficient motor of the twelve-cylinder National assumes the slightly greater weight of the Sedan body without effort.

It links the elegance and luxury of a fine closed car to the usefulness and activity of a touring model.

It provides in this car the most broadly serviceable vehicle we have been able to conceive.

It does so while retaining that ability and economy which are among its chief virtues.

We know you will like this new National Touring Sedan, and owning it, will be proud of it.

We know it will afford you a measure of usefulness and pleasure not approximated in any other type of car.

The Six Sedan $2820 · *The Twelve Sedan* $3420

7-Passenger Touring Car, 4-Passenger Sport Phaeton, 4-Passenger Roadster, Convertible Touring Sedan
Complete Range of Body Styles in Both Twelve and Six Cylinder Models
Open Car Prices—The Six $1995, The Twelve $2595

NATIONAL MOTOR CAR & VEHICLE CORPORATION, INDIANAPOLIS
Seventeenth Successful Year

Canned Mileage

THIS container of tire putty, included as part of the contents of every Goodyear Tire-Saver Kit, is in reality canned mileage.

It is designed as a filler for cuts and gashes in damaged treads, to prevent water and dirt from reaching and ruining the tire-body.

If used in time, it will add many miles to your casings and effect a consequent reduction in your tire costs.

It is just one of several means provided in the Kit for preventing the little troubles from growing big.

Everything you need for the economical upkeep of tires is contained in the Goodyear Tire-Saver Kit—tire putty, self-cure tube patches, inside and outside protection patches, cement, talc, friction tape, valve parts, pressure gauge, and so on.

The price of the Kit—$4.50, $4.75 and $5, according to size—is trifling in view of the satisfaction and saving it affords.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire-Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

GOODYEAR
AKRON

Copyright 1917, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co

(Continued from Page 34)

the outer chinks of the world had been closed.

And now let the missionary look to it, with his "big fella God Mahrster," of whom he preached so engagingly—let him look to it right well. His praying seemed feeble stuff. It had not protected them from robbery. It had lost them the church treasure. Perhaps it could not guard them against further disasters. Perhaps the old gods and the old ways and the old shark's-tooth clubs were better after all. Perhaps it would be better to smash the mission outright and to deal henceforth with pirates as their fighting forefathers had dealt. They waited to know. . . .

And meantime the pearl poacher, the black-browed skipper of the Galloway Lass, was doing his own waiting by his own beliefs, and pacing the schooner's deck like a big caged cat. He was anxious enough to be gone, he had all a highwayman's furious eagerness to be gone; but there were difficulties.

His little rum party at McGuire's had been somewhat too successful. He had improved it to mend a badly shaken authority, but it had left him with hardly a man able to tail to a rope.

"And besides, there's somethin' making," observed for perhaps the tenth time the lank youth who served him as mate. "Somethin' making, and you can take your colonial oath. Feel that air?" He wet a bony forefinger and snapped it nervously. "Like gum, it is. We won't be leaving this tide."

"You mean you hope we won't," corrected his chief, never so amiable as when he was raging. "I can't blame you, Gunny, my lad. If we get a breeze you'll likely have to sweat sail on her all by your precious self. That's where you were foolish to stay sober."

"That's where I was wise," said Gunny with glum significance. "I want to know wot's wot these days—I do." He stood leaning against the house, where his sharp face swam detached in the gleam of the binnacle—a weak face, but at times singularly vivid, haunted with cunning and uneasiness, troubled with the workings of a rudimentary imagination. "Any'ow, there's no kind of hurry, is there?" he added, striving to seem offhand. "We're safe to lie 'ere till the weather's settled and then catch the northeast trade. She'll take us clear down to Port Jackson, like rollin' on a 'ill."

The skipper stopped close by, a looming, muscled giant, in his thin cotton undershirt and trousers.

"Will we? Now how do you happen to know so much about it?"

"Oh, I don't know nothin'," disclaimed Gunny hastily. "It was just my notion-like."

"Well, I had a notion—correct me if I'm wrong," said the skipper with the smooth address that made him so redoubtable—"I had a notion we'd carry no more captains aboard this craft but one."

He moved a pad-foot nearer, and Gunny winced and shrank.

"Oh, you needn't get your monkey up. I ain't said no—'ave I? Didn't I take your side of it when the rest was crazy to chuck the cruise? I wouldn't stand in when they wanted to scrob you."

"Ah! And why?"

"Cross the only man we got that knows 'ow to navigate?" protested Gunny eagerly. "Not me! 'Leave it to 'im,' I told 'em. 'E ain't noways more anxious than us to swing, is 'e? And ain't 'e due to swing the first of all if once we get shopped? Just put it to 'im respectful-like,' I says. 'Tell 'im we're satisfied with what we got and don't care to run no more riska. But leave the chief to run the show,' I says. 'E'll see reason.'"

"And did you say so, Gunny?" purred the skipper with his sleepy-eyed smile. "Well, well—here's loyalty!" In the band of his sash hung a little double-ended bag of fine coconut fiber that gave the faintest tinkling music as he ran it through his fingers. "Now just for that—what will you have? A fistful of beauties like these? A hatful of Chile dollars? Name your will and say your pleasure, my lad. You shall have your pick from our very next haul. Within twenty-four hours!"

Gunny's jaw dropped.

"You're goin' on with it?"

"I'm going on."

"Where to?"

"Well, there's a station some hundred mile off, in charge of two consumptive traders and a few scabby niggers. They keep their pile in a chest. What do you think?"

"Wot do I think? The men won't 'ear of it!" cried Gunny. "Not them! They've 'ad their bellyful. They want 'ome. They want out. They're fair sick—that's wot I think."

"I'll make them sicker," nodded the skipper genially; and the flash of his glance, suddenly lifted, completed the other's enlightenment.

"I might 'ave thought—you gone and nobbled all their pistols!"

"Bright lad!" came the chuckle. "And I'll nobble yours—drunk or sober—if you give me any of your lip. Why, you poor tripe, you don't suppose I'll let go now I got my teeth into the fat? Do I look the sort to let a gang of yellow-livered dock-wallopers turn me off? Frightened, are you? You'll be worse frightened before I'm done. And you can take your colonial oath to that!"

Promptly, as at a given cue, there rose a sudden hail from overside that brought them both spinning round.

"What's there?" called the skipper, tensed.

"Cap'n!" came a voice. "Cap'n!"—quiet and mysterious out of the leaden crepuscle that precedes the dawn. "Have you room for an extra hand, cap'n? Here's a man to work his passage."

"A man! What kind of a man?"

They stared at the squat, chunky little figure that heaved itself by the rail.

"A white man—an able man."

"And what kind of a passage?"

"Anywheres at all, so long as it's off this bleedin' beach," was the level reply. The visitor drove a little dugout under with the spurn of his foot and climbed confidently. "I just heard there was a ship here. Wherever you're going is the place for me. And if you want to make this tide—there's a whiff of breeze stirring now. Come aboard, sir?"

Then the skipper threw back his head and laughed wide over the lagoon, for it was true; a warm breath fanned his cheek and the schooner had swung on the first of the ebb.

"Self-acting crimp!" he exulted. "I couldn't ask for better. That settles it! All hands—you sweeps, up for'ad there!—heave short and stand by to break out! Gunny!"

He turned in time to catch the mate creeping up behind and to nail him there at a grab. Hag-ridden by his fears, his secret apprehensions, by the visions of a too lively understanding, the febrile creature had plucked a despairing courage.

"You can't do it!" he stammered. "You daren't try! You know we ain't fit—a ship like us on an errand like yours! I tell you there's a fearful time brewin', a fearful blow; so dark and thick and steamy it is. Wot kind of shape are we with all we got hangin' over us? Wot kind of a 'oly captain are you—to risk a reckonin' now in storm and big waters? And besides ——" He gulped. "The glass! D'you know—d'you know where it is? Down below 29:85, and still fallin'!"

"I know," said the skipper grimly. "I been waiting for you there! You're the chap that was all so innocent of navigation, hey?"

With no more effort than he would have put to a reed, he twisted the other's elbow back and back until Gunny screamed; until the hidden revolver cracked with a downward searing streak along Gunny's thigh and dropped from Gunny's nerveless fingers. The skipper took the trouble to pick it up, but only to toss it over the rail as he stepped forward.

The Galloway Lass might once have been the trader of the isles she purported to be; her look belied it as the faintly lightening day revealed her, with rigging set slack-handed and anyhow, her decks a sloven litter of filth, loose cordage and empty bottles. All about her main hatch was strewn a mess of rotting pearl shells, and here and there lay an outsprawled figure—as if these, too, had been left to yield some potential gem only through corruption. Their faces showed putty-white, with soot-ringed eyes, sly and cruel. Strange types for an island craft, fitter for the docks of Darling Harbor, where the Newcastle collier coves swarm up to settle scores with lumps of coal slung in their greasy sweat-rags. At another time they must have been formidable enough. But their leader made short work of them now as he chivied them out.

For BUICK OAKLAND OVERLAND

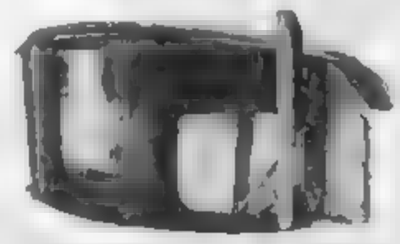
Sedan Anchor Top Coupé
Glass-Enclosed

Beautifully Finished. Strong, Light, Durable. No Overhang. No Squeak or Rattle. Comes Ready, Complete. Anyone Can Put On Easily and Quickly.

Owners and Dealers Advised to Order Winter Tops Early

Now, large volume of demand and production make the cost of an Anchor Glass-Enclosed Top so low that almost every car owner feels he must have one.

Very Latest Style, Pleasing Lines. Wonderful Value.



Classiest Jobs Every Way in Materials and Expert Workmanship.

All-year-round custom, comfort, convenience, besides the handsome style added to your car, demand these beautiful Anchor Tops, built especially for Buick, Oakland and Overland cars.

Guarantee Prompt Deliveries

High-grade top-building materials, purchased in advance in large quantities, insure Anchor Top Dealers and Owners of prompt deliveries.

When you buy or sell an Anchor Top, you want it, and get it when you want it.

This is most important this year.

Highest Quality

If we built the cars ourselves, the high class, special design, finish, perfect fit and workmanship of the Anchor Top could not be improved on. It looks as if built on the car.

Perfect Fit—Quickly On

No unsightly overhang. Fits perfectly, and is quickly attached to the regular car body irons. Comes set up complete. Carefully boxed. No expert required to install.

$115 to $165
—According to Car Model
—F. O. B. Cincinnati, Ohio

Let us send you completely illustrated literature, FREE, with prices and descriptions.

DEALERS, Write for Splendid Proposition

The Anchor Top & Body Co.
Established 30 Years
633-C South Street
Cincinnati
Ohio

Send me complete literature, prices, discounts, etc., on the Anchor Top—FREE.

Name of Car_____ Model_____

Say whether Dealer or Owner_____

Name_____

Address_____

Write! Investigate, whether a Dealer or Owner—Now

Stein-Bloch
Smart Clothes

The Mergency

No buttons
No hooks

One pull of the belt fastens it snugly and smartly

Belt cuffs, too, for wind or rain

THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY
Tailor Shops at Rochester, New York

The smiling Kyanize Painter *makes the Kyanize Dealer's store*

Kyanize Products

are superior Varnishes and Enamels that make the home attractive. Go to your Kyanize Dealer today and let him recommend the proper Kyanize Finish or Enamel to beautify and preserve your floors, furniture and woodwork. Use the one he recommends, and experience satisfaction.

Kyanize Floor Finish, one of the Kyanize Products, is the most durable it is possible to make. Brightens and preserves floors, stairways, furniture and all interior woodwork. Eight popular colors and "clear".

Kyanize White Enamel, another Kyanize Product, produces a perfect white surface that will not crack, peel or soften. Can be washed repeatedly and keeps its high finish for years. Dull or egg-shell, as you prefer.

Your Kyanize dealer—a good man to consult—will give you a trial can of any Kyanize Product, if you'll buy from him a 10c brush to apply it.

Boston Varnish Company
Fine Varnishes and Enamels
Everett Station
Boston, U. S. A.

One shambling rough tried to rush him by the corner of the house, was tripped and allowed to fall neatly against a fist like a bollard. The knife of another went flying from his hand, and himself into the scuppers. A third yelled unhappily as a bucket of sea water washed him out of his dreaming. Until, at last, the sodden half dozen had been kicked more or less into wakefulness and dazed submission.

"And you're the handsome lot that was going to do for me!" observed the skipper slowly with a glint of teeth. "Swine!"

Straddling wide-legged, looking down from knotted black brows and lowered lids, he passed them in contemptuous review. His wet shirt clung sheer upon the hairy hide and corded thews of him. He seemed to bulk against the sky. And there, with swollen assurance, in which was something monstrous and appalling, he made his defiance of them and of chance, of events, of retribution, of all checks and bars—the bold, furious, unconquered embodiment of evil and evil will.

"I'm speaking to you!" he said. "This cruise goes through, weather or wind or crew as may be. It goes through, and all heaven or hell can't stop me now. Tyree, Molloy, Silveira—and you over there, you new bird with the fuzzy face, whatever's your beach-combing name before I sign you on with a boot's end—you hear me? Jump!"

Under the first cloud-ridden glimmer, with a racing tide and a hot, puffy breeze out of the northwest that made her sails bulge like insolent cheeks, the schooner shot the narrow passage and stood off for sea.

ON BOARD of her no word passed in hearing of the giant at the wheel; but, as she was driving out beyond the last nested reefs and mending her pace under full canvas, many a glance flickered from eye to uneasy eye along her decks. There were warnings abroad sufficiently ominous to such a crew, already harried and oppressed.

A haze filled all of space, and yet lacked any palpable quality of fog or mist. No sun appeared; and yet the brief squalls, veering sharply between lulls, might have come from a heating caldron. They came heavier and brought no coolness, but a prickling and a crawling that fretted the nerves. Men hung to rail or stay along the tilting decks and leaned thirstily into the blast or sidelong watched the ragged seas, or hearkened with covert anxiety to a low, moaning sound that grew on the air. It was a time overcast with suspense, dark and troublous, well set for that strange climax to which, with all her burdens of guilt and terror and malign purpose, went posting so swiftly the Galloway Lass.

The skipper made his first concession when he relaxed to wipe away a stinging blink of sweat and summoned Gunny with a jerk of his head.

"You that's so clever at the glass," he said with an unwonted rasp, "hop below and see what it reads now."

The unfortunate mate, who seemed to move in a state of stupor since the failure of his revolt, went, limply sliding and dangling, to obey. A moment later he crawled up the companion again and clung there making lip talk against the wind until his chief impatiently called the nearest hand to the wheel and stepped across.

"I said, where'd you shift it?" piped Gunny.

"Shift what?"

"The aneroid."

The skipper dove past him into the cabin and presently returning took him softly by the neck and pulled him backward.

"If you did that ——" he began.

But Gunny's fluttering lids covered no secret this time.

"My Gaw, wot would I do it for? I come to look, like you said—and the thing ain't there! That's all I know."

The skipper reflected darkly.

"Who else has been down here?"

But the mate had seen no one, and they were left to puzzle the theft, with all its sinister possibilities.

"If anybody thinks he can make me turn back that way he's due for a shock," said the pearl poacher.

They had more to puzzle them ere long. The morning retreated to a sullen twilight, with a sky as low as a smoky ceiling, and lost even the coppery tint that falsely had brightened it. The schooner was running a waste that seemed smeared with plumbago, in which the waves ranged disorderly, like a huddling crowd with upflung caps, that fell always behind, to windward. Far and clear of all weather breaks in the coral group, she had now to labor the great ground swell, and she met it but sluggishly—too sluggishly. They learned why when Gunny, dispatched on another errand, came staggering aft with the sounding rod.

"A foot an' a half!" he cried. "And makin' fast!"

His chief turned a convulsed face on him and would have struck him to the deck, for half the men had heard; but just then a black squall sent all reeling; and while they scrambled in the wash, with a rending jar the main topmast snapped short.

Bedlam broke, with an uproar of panic voices, of slatting canvas and plunging seas, until the skipper's bellowing challenge mounted higher; until he sprang on the man at the wheel and plucked him off. Climbing the spokes, he snatched the schooner up, and had to climb as nimbly back and snatch her round to meet the next gust. With his orders beating about their ears like hail, all hands ran to secure, to lower and reef. Once more he mastered them. But after the start had passed, after she had filled away again more easily under his gentling, and his eye dropped to the binnacle, it was his own turn to stand stricken, slack-lipped.

"Gunny!" he called in a changed and hurried tone. "Gunny—see here!" The mate brought up in his grip. "What's been the course?"

"W'y—west b' south, ain't it?"

"Will you tell me what you see on that card?"

And Gunny looked, and had reason to look; for within some short interval, running close-and-by on the one tack, the Galloway Lass had managed to swing ship through nearly one hundred and eighty degrees and was now scooting back on her tracks—that was the impossible thing the compass said.

Gunny swept his hopeless, haunted gaze about the curtained ring of sea.

"We're through! Somethin's queered it. Somethin's queered the whole craft—us and her and the whole show. It's a curse on us!" And, though his pale face was streaming, a shuddering took him. "I knew 'ow it would be, along of all this cross work. Galloway Lass! Galloway Lass! Wot a name! We're meat!"

But the skipper had caught from the deck a blown strand of small rope and was thrusting it at him and speaking short and thick in his throat:

"Something — something ——? How about this? It's the lanyard—the lanyard from that topmast backstay. Cut! She didn't give; she was cut! Something queered us?" The blood congested in his swarthy cheek. "Somebody, you mean! Somebody did that; somebody crabbed the glass and faked the card with an iron. Somebody's queered us—and, by the holy cripes, somebody's going to die for it!"

A commotion forward among the crew arrested his questing glance, and, following their lifted faces, he stared aloft upon a singular spectacle.

As if the ship had been one gigantic candelabrum, from every point of her rigging pallid, ghostly flames were weaving upward. Each mast and spar was tipped with them; and at the center of the display, in the crosstrees, sat the hand who had climbed there to clear away the raffle of the broken topmast. His head was bare, and round and over him the spectral fluid played like a nimbus, so that his hair stood on end and the very tips of his fingers crackled with it. The schooner wallowed on, and still those unearthly fires wavered about her in will-o'-the-wisp ribbons; and still the man wrought calmly at his task. The wind moaned out of the blurred horizon. Hissing seas leaped to the assault of the rail. A seabird winged past with a harsh cry.

It was all too much for the craven lot of the Galloway Lass. Their wailing rose along the decks; and they cowered—all but Gunny; Gunny, with his sharper trick of vision, who stabbed the air.

"That's the man!" he yelled, in instant complete conviction.

"Hey?" said the skipper, blinking; and he shook himself together with a brutal oath. "It's only the corposants, you ass! Natural enough. Did you never see an electric storm a-shipboard?"

But Gunny's claw sank into his arm.

"I'm tellin' you that's 'im—that's your man—the somebody you're lookin' for!"

"What?"

(Concluded on Page 41)

Winchester Model 12, Hammerless Shotgun, 12, 16 and 20 gauge

The gun with a dog's pointing instinct

A dog points by instinct. Its nose, body and tail come into line naturally—instantly.

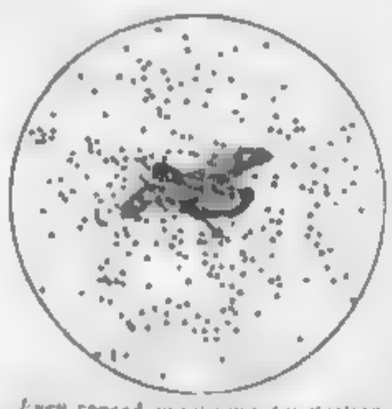
So with the hunter and his gun.

Armed with the right gun, he "points" it instinctively. If properly balanced, his gun comes up into line naturally, as easily as pointing a finger.

But if the gun is not right, if it has not been perfectly balanced in the shop, it won't work out well in practice, just as a dog, if not properly bred, will not work out well with its master in the field.

The Winchester Model 12 Repeater is a *thoroughbred* of shotguns. It has been classed by experts as "The Perfect Repeater."

Its balance enables you to get onto fast flying birds instantly. Pointed right, it never fails to bring down the game.



Even spread, maximum penetration Winchester shot pattern brings down the game

Fifty years of the best gun-making reputation have produced in the Winchester Model 12, a gun of almost human instincts. It is a triumph of guncraft. Nicely balanced, with its slim, graceful barrel, the Model 12 is a beautiful weapon, with a fascination about it that few sportsmen can resist.

The pattern that brings down the game

The remarkable game-getting pattern of the Winchester Model 12, shooting its own standard ammunition, is the result of infinite care taken in boring the barrel.

The right amount of choke for different loads has been worked out after exhaustive experiment. Result: a pattern that spreads out evenly—neither too scattered nor too bunched—and lands with lots of steam behind it.

The barrel *is* the gun

Men who know guns realize that the accuracy and durability of a gun lie in the barrel. On the quality of the barrel depends the quality of the gun. There is absolutely no difference in the standard of quality of the barrels on the highest and lowest priced Winchester guns. With Winchester the barrel *is* the gun and the single standard of quality has been attained only by the most unremitting attention to the boring, finishing and testing of the barrel.

The Winchester barrel

The barrel of every Winchester has been scientifically bored to micrometer measurements for the pattern it is meant to make. The degree of choke exactly offsets the tendency of the shot to spread. Until its pattern proves up to Winchester standard, the gun cannot leave the factory. Steel construction preserves the original accuracy forever. The Bennett Process, used exclusively by Winchester, gives the Winchester barrel a distinctive blue finish that, with proper care, will last a lifetime.

Quick feeder, sure ejector. Throws empty shells to the side, out of your way

The Nickel

What (W) means

This mark on the barrel means *Viewed and Proved Winchester*. This stamp stands for Winchester's guarantee of quality, with fifty years of the best gun-making reputation behind it.

Every gun that bears the name "Winchester" and that is marked with the Winchester Viewed and Proved stamp has been fired many times with excess loads for strength, smooth action and accuracy.

At every stage of Winchester manufacture machine production is supplemented by human craftsmanship. It is a *test and adjustment process.*

It is this care in manufacturing that has produced in the Model 12 a gun of unsurpassed game-getting qualities, whose grace, balance, beauty of lines, and never failing performance in the field have earned it the title of "thoroughbred of shotguns"—*the gun with a dog's pointing instinct.*

For those who prefer a hammer action gun, we have made the Model 97. It is built on exactly the same lines as the Model 12, but with hammer action.

Write for details of Winchester shotguns, rifles and ammunition

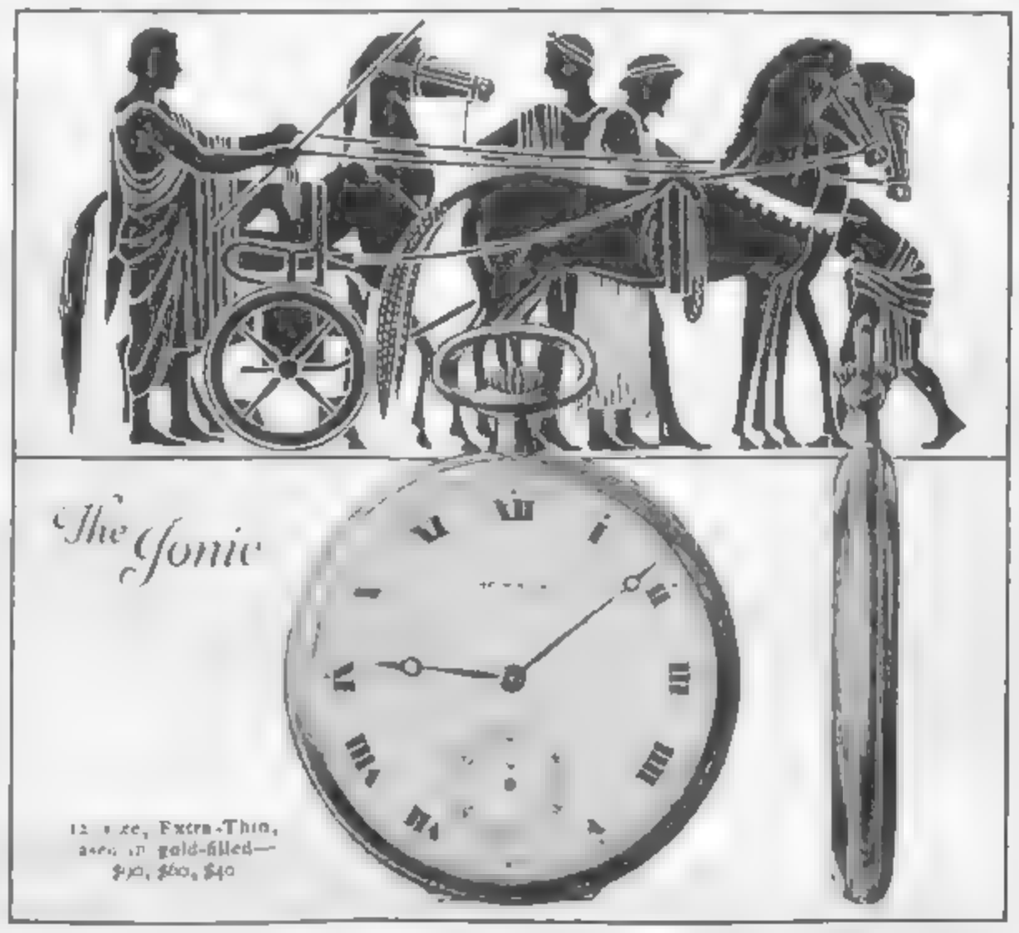
The Winchester catalog is an encyclopedia on shotguns, rifles and ammunition. Every hunter should have one. It gives detailed specifications of the Model 12 and describes at length the principles on which every one of the world famous Winchester shotguns and rifles is built. Write today. We will mail you a copy free, postpaid.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.
Dept. 160 New Haven, Conn.

Winchester Model 97, Hammer Shotgun. ***Take-down Repeating Shotgun. Made in 12 gauge, weight about 7¾ lbs.; in 16 gauge, weight about 7½ lbs. The favorite with shooters who prefer a slide forearm repeating gun with hammer.***

WINCHESTER

World Standard Guns and Ammunition



Those Remarkable Period Howards

THE genius of America is that every man *achieves* by expressing his own *personality*. His reach toward progress may be through intellect, which is Ionic Greece—through that power in affairs which was the glory of Augustan Rome—through the daring which made Tudor England one of the most brilliant periods of human history—by the intimate good sense which was the special faculty of the Victorian era.

These are not the days, nor is the American the man, for the trite, the commonplace.

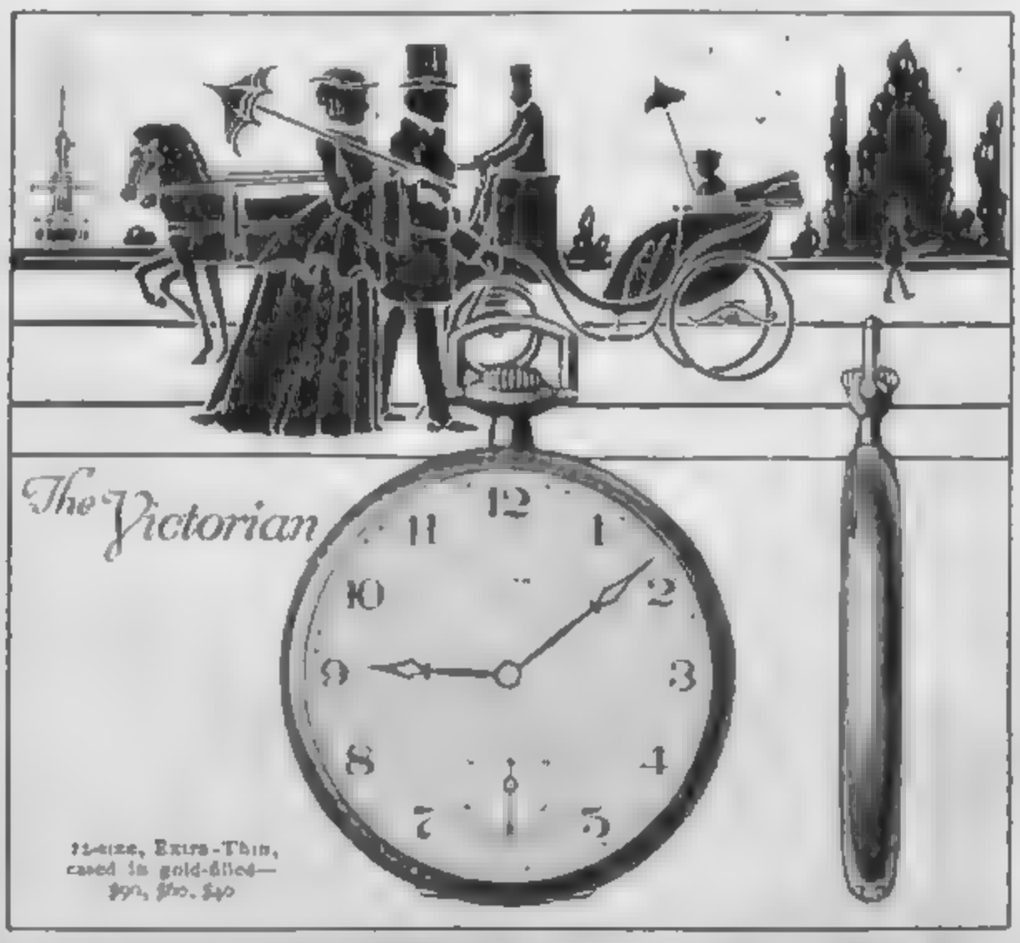
To the Howard Watch, with its fine precision and its association with the foremost Americans of three-quarters of a century—the Period idea brings the first conception of *personality* in *watch design*.

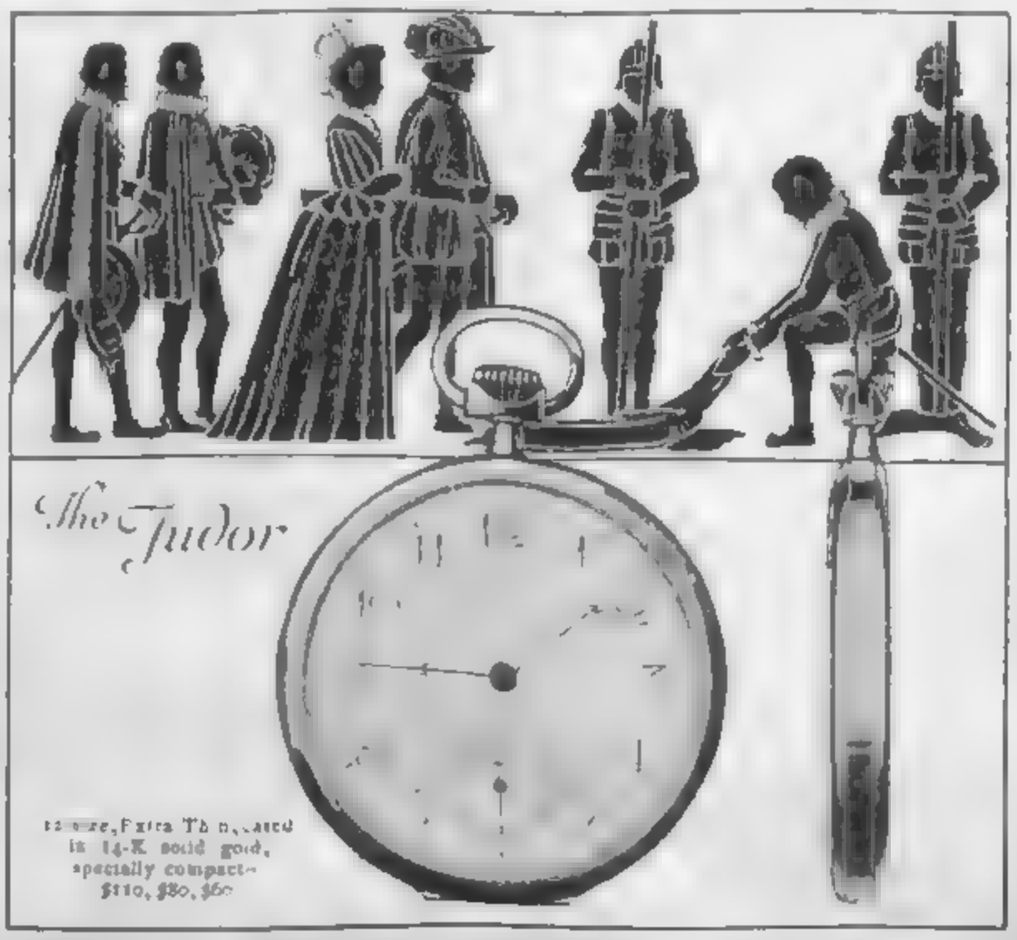
There is not a watch purchaser anywhere in America but can satisfy his individual taste in a Period Howard. Not every jeweler can sell you a Howard Watch. The jeweler who can is a good man to know.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS

Established 1842

The Keystone Watch Case Company, Proprietors





(Concluded from Page 38)

"Look at 'im now!"

And so the skipper did; and so did all the crew. They glared at the hand in the rigging.

Having finished his job, he lowered himself soberly by the shrouds until he was halfway down; and there, suddenly aware of their fixed regard, he stopped. It was the first proper sight they had had of him since his coming—the stranger, the new recruit from Baliang. Able, silent, inconspicuous always, he had moved among them like a stolid wraith in the gloom, doing his work, doing the work of three, unmolested, hardly noticed. But at this moment they saw him quite well; and, indeed, of himself he was no great person to see, if it had not been for his clothes.

He stayed on the ratlines, peering through at them, a squat, stubble-bearded, somewhat shrunken little fat man, garbed in an entire but very ill-fitting suit of rusty black, whereof the coat was buttoned straight and close to the chin—the unmistakable sign of a clergyman the world round.

"It's a livin' curse, any'ow!" cried Gunny with a crack of cruel laughter. "There 'e is—the cove that 'ad the wheel a while ago—the one that worked this dirty game on us. And a preacher, after all, to scuttle a ship! Hallelujah!"

The murmur took another note as the crew surged in; but it was the skipper himself, leaving Gunny at the wheel, who thrust them aside and leaped to the lower shrouds.

"What are you doing in those slops, my lad?" he asked pleasantly. "Never tell me it's your trade!"

The man above stood there, with tag-ends of the garments flapping about him in the wind.

"No," he said. "They was loaned to me."

"Ah! What for?"

"To wear aboard this craft."

"And what for that?"

"So I could wreck her," said the stranger calmly.

He stayed, looking down at them, the ring of upturned faces, savage with hate and superstitious dread, down on the heaving decks and the whole devoted fabric of the vessel, and spoke:

"So I could bring you to answer. For Baliang—for Mele—for Vatu—for all crimes and all the wrong you done in these islands and meant to do. For my men you killed, my ship you stole—for the sake of all the poor souls, black and white, against your score. And answer you will! You'll never find that leak, for one thing—I know the poor old girl too well, you see; and for another, the rigging's all cut and slashed. Your piratin' cruise is ended here, you big, bloody-handed murderer, for you and all your outfit!"

The crew swarmed at him in a snarling pack. "Chuck 'im over! Stash 'im—drown'd 'im!"

The skipper took a step on the shrouds, looking up, and his teeth were bared to the gums.

"Will you come down?" he purred in his throat.

The other did not stir.

"Well," grinned the skipper, "it's a truthsome jest. I'll be most highly pleased to fetch you." And he began to climb.

He was part way up, with one hand reaching for a ratline, when the vessel swung over on the next deep swell; and in that instant the man above merely dropped on him—dropped, like a blotchy black spider from a web, to his shoulders, about his neck and wrenched him away in the impact. The two bodies fell grappled together, struck the channels with a shock that quivered through the ship, bounded off into the sea—and disappeared. . . .

Not finally. The condemned crew of the Galloway Lass had one more glimpse of that deadly struggle—the last, dim adumbration of its closing gesture. Gunny instinctively had put the wheel down; and as the schooner hung in the eye of the wind, with a shivering of reef points and a pounding plaint of boom tackles, they stared off to leeward and astern. Through the smother they discerned a massive, bulky something floating half-submerged, low and rolling in the gray spume. And there they presently saw, or seemed to see, two figures rise to a footing—giant and pygmy—and meet. But the pygmy must somehow have gained a decisive weapon, for he struck from a raised arm and the one that fell was the giant. . . .

Then a great black shadow as of brooding wings swept through the upper air, the wind leaped, shouting, down, and they saw no more.

VI

WHEN next he arrived on Baliang he wore the garb of modesty, still sopping from the sea, but quite complete; and he carried a short, steel-tipped lance, on which he leaned as a staff. In this pilgrim guise he stumbled a painful and laborious way up the beach among the jack-fruit trees, many times pausing, leaving an errant track in the coral sand, but at length appearing in the strong morning light at the site of the Reverend David Colhoun's late mission.

There was nothing left of that consecrated chapel but a few of the posts, leaning crazily, and a bench or two, on which were listlessly grouped some few of the elder brethren. The rest of the structure had been blown to straws. The rest of the congregation had suffered a dispersion from grace almost as wide. And the Reverend David himself was making his final plea, and one without hope, for a beaten cause, when he was aware that he had lost the attention of his audience.

Entered to him and to them the stranger and, while they gazed at him with bulging eyes, dropped heavily on the end of a bench.

"You!" gasped the Reverend David. "Man alive! How on earth did you get back here?"

The stranger raised a face seamed and drawn.

"Who—me?" he said dully. "Easy enough. There was a whale——" He swayed and would have fallen but that Colhoun took him about the shoulders. "A whale," he said. "You remember? It's in the story, ain't it, mister? Only this one was dead, with the harpoon and the rope still to him."

"You came ashore on a dead whale!"

"Like Jonah. Leastways as he might have done, for it happened so to me; and you'll find what's left of mine out there on the reefs. You mind how it goes? 'Now the word of the Lord come unto Jonah,' it says. 'Now the word of the Lord come unto Jonah.' And it certainly did, mister; because that's me. And by the same token I have to thank you, too, mister, and to pay——"

He braced his failing strength with an effort; and, fumbling in the breast of his coat, he drew out a little double-ended bag of fine coconut fiber, which gave the faintest tinkling music as he laid it in the pastor's hand.

"I aim to pay for pilotage, if you ain't forgot."

"The pearls!" cried Colhoun. "The pearls o' the mission!"

"Aye! And now you'll be buildin' that church, won't you? An honest-t'-God church, as you meant? And maybe—maybe a school for the little kids as well—what? To teach 'em. To teach the little nigger kids, mister, that never had no chance and never knew no better; and give 'em what they need—the books and the stories and the good words!"

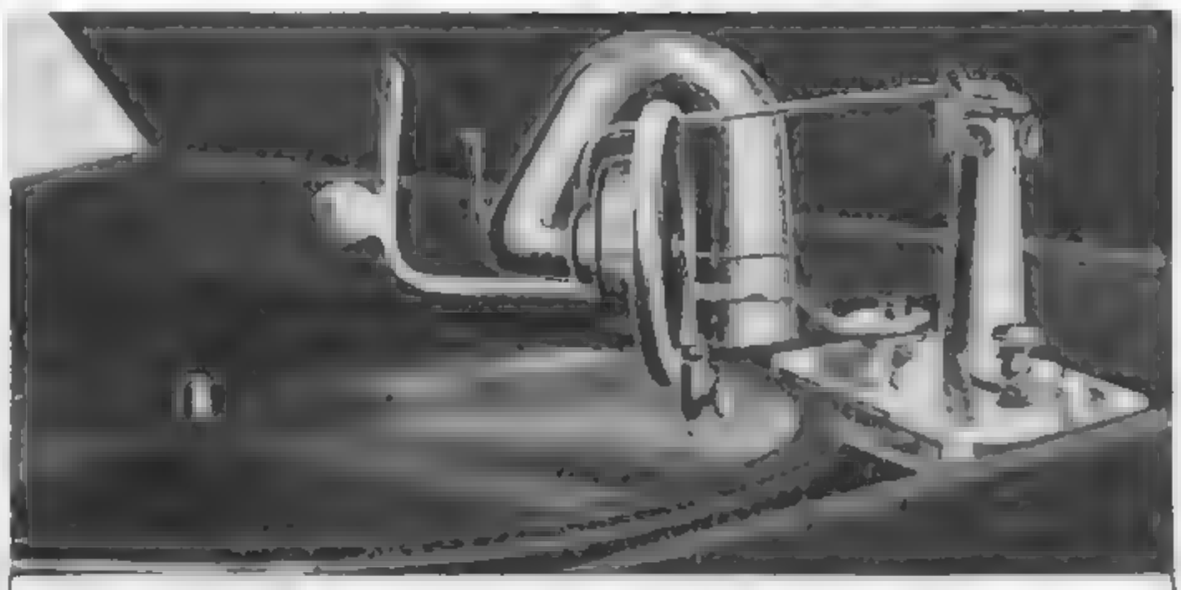
"And the songs?" asked Colhoun gently, with a true instinct.

"Aye!" nodded Captain Jeffrey. "The songs too."

And earnestly, eagerly then, the little faithful group, at a signal from their missionary, lifted their voices in the favorite hymn:

D'o num-' res hosts of mi-dy foes,
D'o 'arth and hell my way op-pose,
'E save-ly leads me still a-lon',
'Es lov'n'-k-ind-'ess, oh, 'ow stron'!
'Es lov'n'-k-ind-'ess, 'Es lov'n'-k-ind-'ess,
'Es lov'n'-k-ind-'ess, oh, 'ow stron'!

"Amen! Amen!" breathed Captain Jonah Jeffrey.



It Automatically Repeats Records

Wonderful invention. Plays any record over and over as often as you wish. Furnishes continuous music for dances, dinners, card parties, kindergartens and entertainments of all kinds. Go to any dealer in phonographs and ask him to demonstrate the

Re-Pla-Stop
TRADE MARK

[illegible] to the value of your phono- [illegible] handsome nickel-plated or gold-plated [illegible] you attach without interfering in [illegible] way with any part of the phonograph. Insert [illegible] record in usual way and the Re-Pla-Stop will repeat the selection from one to five times or continuously as you determine in advance. Stops automatically with needle lifted clear from record. Only perfect stop yet devised. Can not [illegible] No adjustment of tone arm, [illegible] Re-Pla-Stop is in operation. If it or ten does on the maker's guarantee. See for yourself what a wonderful device the Re-Pla-Stop [illegible]

$5.00 is all you pay for the Re-Pla Stop and your money will be refunded if it is not satisfactory after ten days' trial

Almost any dealer in phonographs will gladly demonstrate this wonderful device. Ask your dealer. If he cannot furnish it, write to us for the name of a dealer who can

Dealers Write to us today on your letterhead asking for demonstrating sample Re Pla Stop, stating what phonographs you handle. We will send it to you for free trial, with discounts and terms to the trade. Show your customers what this remarkable device will do

Re-Pla-Stop Company, Cincinnati, Ohio

Frantz Premier

ELECTRIC CLEANER

SELECTION of an electric cleaner oft-times places the housewife in a quandary. The fact, however, that over a quarter million women have chosen the Frantz Premier—and are delighted with their choice—makes this shopping task more simple for those who are informed.

Nine Pounds of Sterling Quality!

We have branches and dealers nearly everywhere. Our price is modest—time payments if desired. Booklet on request

The Frantz Premier Co., Cleveland, O.

The Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., [illegible] Adelaide St. East, Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Genco
RAZORS
Must Make Good or We Will
The Genco name, the trademark Genco the Genco guarantee — all represent a standard of definite, uniform razor quality that has no equal in the field of razor making. Our more than 500 master cutlers have ground the guesswork out of razor buying. There are now many millions of satisfied Genco shavers.
Send $2 to us if your dealer cannot supply you. If your skin is tender or your beard wiry, send $3 for the heavier, extra full concave Genco razor. Ask for our free booklet, "A Real Shave." Of value to all self-shavers.
Geneva Cutlery Co., 30 Gates Ave., Geneva, N.Y.
DEALERS:
We have a profitable selling proposition for you. Write us about it.

All Weather Is Good Weather

WHAT'S the weather—what's the difference—if you wear a "patrick."

The long fibre Northern Wool from which these garments are made, comes from sheep that thrive in the snow. This wool is made into a distinctive cloth, different from ordinary wool which characterizes the genuine and original

Patrick DULUTH TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. Wool Products

Bigger-Than-Weather

The "patrick" is the original Mackinaw and has established a vogue which started in the Northwest and now is recognized as the smart coat for rough weather and all outdoor pastimes. It is especially appreciated for motoring. Besides the "patrick" are "great patricks" (long coats), caps, auto robes and blankets. Of Patrick Wool are also Macka-knit Sweaters and Socks.

Style B-BB

Double-breasted "patrick," shawl collar, two-button belt. All Patrick colors.

For sale at best stores. Write for "The Patrick Book," showing styles for men, women and children, patterns and colors.

PATRICK-DULUTH WOOLEN MILL, 205 Commerce St., Duluth, Minn.

MEXICO—ENEMY OR ALLY?

(Concluded from Page 4)

officer told me that when it is finished it will be powerful enough to communicate with Japan. Though American observers have heard this they consider it improbable.

Six months ago the present government was exceedingly suspicious of Americans and especially of the United States Government. To a great extent Ambassador Fletcher, who speaks Spanish and knows the characteristics of Latin peoples, has been able to reëstablish confidence in many circles, but his task is by no means completed. There is a strong anti-American sentiment here, which is being augmented by the pro-German propaganda. This morning I was told in several places that the Allies were about to be defeated and that Russia was to join with Austria-Hungary and Japan against England, France and the United States. Every time I have passed the big German book store, where German photographs and maps are displayed, the sidewalks have been crowded with people. In one window hangs the same map of Europe that one sees in many shop windows in Berlin. It is a gigantic chart showing the position of the armies of Germany in the occupied territories—a "proof" that Germany is winning the war.

The lack of confidence in the ability of the Allies to defeat Germany and old suspicion of the United States are the two things that hamper the leading Mexicans who are working for a closer relationship between Mexico and the Powers fighting Central Europe. Most intellectual Mexicans, as well as many government officials, realize that the best interests of Mexico are with those of the United States, France and England, but the prejudice of the people is difficult to overcome.

The question of what attitude Mexico should ultimately take regarding the world war is very closely connected with the Mexican puzzle to-day. This problem is: "How can Mexico obtain money?"

The first conclusion that the American experts reached after two months' examination of the Mexican records was that the nation was bankrupt. One of the officials began the dictation of a report beginning with that statement. Then, when he tried to establish his conclusion by facts, the facts failed him. So he finally concluded that if the government is reorganized along scientific business lines it will be able to weather the present storm without financial aid from a foreign country. In coming to this conclusion, however, this authority was compelled to disregard the foreign debt and foreign obligations of this government.

Our Southern Neighbor's Finances

The records of the present government show that President Carranza asked congress to authorize three loans: The first, amounting to a hundred and fifty million pesos, to be used to pay deficits; the second loan that Mr. Carranza sought amounted to fifty million pesos, to be used to rebuild and reconstruct the railroads; the third loan for which the authority of the national congress was asked was for a hundred million pesos, to establish a "bank of issue."

Something of the financial crisis facing Mexico may be gathered from these figures:

Fourteen months ago the estimated revenue of the Constitutionalist government was four million pesos—about two million dollars—a month. To-day the estimated revenue is a hundred and seven million pesos annually; but the present budget calls for an expenditure of eighty million pesos more than the income. The Carranza government is operating on a cash basis now and is spending more than it is making, and government officials are being paid only seventy-five per cent of their salaries in cash. This deficit does not take into consideration any of the foreign obligations.

It is the contention of the American experts and of certain government officials that through governmental economies this deficit can be cut down so that it will not be dangerous and new bonds can be issued to replace bonds held in foreign countries.

The other view of the financial situation, which is the predominant one, is that the present government cannot continue without the aid of foreign capital. This would seem to be the belief of President Carranza too, inasmuch as he asked the federal congress for authority to raise several hundred million pesos.

There are but two sources from which the money might come: Either American bankers will take the bonds and sell them, or the United States Government will loan money to the southern neighbor.

New York bankers will not loan money to Mexico unless very definite guarantees are given by that country that hereafter American citizens and American property in Mexico will be protected. This has been candidly explained to the Mexican authorities.

On the other hand the United States Government cannot loan money to Mexico because it is forbidden by the Constitution unless Congress passes a special act, and it is stated that the Administration will not recommend such a loan and that Congress would not pass such an act. By the terms of the act that enables the United States to loan money to foreign governments during the war it is particularly stipulated that funds can be loaned only to allies. This, too, has been explained to the Mexican Government.

Will Mexico Join the Allies?

The easiest way and perhaps the most successful way out of the present financial difficulties in Mexico would be for this country to break off diplomatic relations with Germany and join the international league of nations that will follow this war to establish the peace of the world.

Should the Carranza government fall there are on the horizon to-day no leaders or group of men who could take hold and do as well as the Carranza government is doing. There are rebel leaders in various parts of the country from Villa in the North to Zapata in the mountains near Mexico City and General Pelaez in the oil fields outside of Tampico. Once this government fails terror will reign again in all parts of the country; and inasmuch as the United States and the Allies are almost wholly dependent upon Mexico for oil and some minerals, a state of anarchy here could not be permitted to interfere with the supply of these valuable war necessities. If the revolution breaks out again the only solution will be American intervention, which not only would be costly but would divert to a certain degree the energy of the United States, which should be concentrated upon the war in Europe.

No one knows this better than the Germans in Mexico, and though they are playing the present government they are also preparing for the time when there may be trouble here, to injure the United States. At present they want to keep Mexico neutral.

The Carranza government has been told officially that as far as the United States Government is concerned it is not in America's interest for Mexico to declare herself an ally, but entirely in the interests of Mexico. Whether President Carranza and his government will realize this, and whether, even if they do, they will be able to carry through a break with Berlin, are unanswerable questions. One must await developments.

The Mexican puzzle to-day really is: "Will Mexico be an ally or an enemy of the United States?"

What Mexico will do not even President Carranza knows, or if he does he is successful in keeping all indications of his intention from his friends and advisers. If an attempt is made to reform the government and put thousands of followers out of office and this fails, then the Carranza government will fall. In this event intervention will undoubtedly follow, at least in the oil districts. Mexico will have to decide between the friendship of the United States and that of Germany.

Upon this decision rests the success of the revolution and the future policy of the United States.

At the end of the rainbow,
I've been told
Thar's a fairy pot
Full of fairy gold,
But I never went thar to see.

I'd ruther sit still,
In my easy chair.
For thar's gold enough
In you chil'en's hair
To make a rich man of me.

An' thar ain't no gold
In that fairy hoard
As bright as the sunshine
The ole sun stored
In Velvet to make it ripe.

An' no gold that ever
I heard about
Is as good as the mellowness
Nature brings out
In the Velvet in my ole pipe.

Velvet Joe

Eternal Vigilance Brought United States Tires Their Supreme Success

Just as only the day and night vigilance at sea can bring the reward of victory over the undersea enemies of commerce,

—so has the same kind of unremitting vigilance already given the *United States Tire Company* the reward of supreme success in tire making.

It is a vigilance so self-critical that every possible source of tire weakness is more than overcome in *United States Tires*,

—with the result that *United States Tires*—the *'Royal Cord'*, the *'Nobby'*, the *'Chain'*, the *'Usco'*, and the *'Plain'*—have demonstrated their supremacy in tiredom,

—supremacy in low mileage cost,

—supremacy in anti-skid service,

—as proved by their steady, persistent sales increases.

The "Five"—
'Royal Cord',
'Nobby','Chain',
'Usco' and
'Plain'

United States Tires Are Good Tires

Also tires for Motor Trucks, Motorcycles, Bicycles and Aëroplanes

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have all the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme.

STANNERTON & SONS

(Continued from Page 13)

"I had a sort of nasty pride in that thing. It was a losing game, but I didn't want even Bradshaw to know it. It was that or close the plant. I could have saved something by just closing up; but there was always the problem of what would become of the men. I got to hoping something would turn up. I tried toys. Toys! Good Lord! That was the last resort. I had to hide my losses from Bradshaw. I hired a one-room office in Chicago and—well, you see the point. I sold to myself and settled the losses out of my own pocket. Sometimes I think Bradshaw has his suspicions. But the old fool is an oyster, anyway."

Layton was watching the old man narrowly. Every statement seemed to be grated out as though between gritted teeth. It came hard, this confession. And yet there was a clear light of sincerity in Stannerton's eyes.

"Yes," the old man concluded, "this is where my folly has landed me. High and dry! Do you know," he rasped out sharply, jumping to his feet, "that I am at the end of my rope! I can't get through another year unless things change! Everything will be gone. Even this house! Yea, even this! I can save nothing out of the wreck ——"

He must have observed the amazed expression on Layton's face, and mistaken it for personal concern, for he immediately said:

"Don't be afraid, Mr. Layton! You'll be taken care of! I've counted on your expense!"

"I wasn't thinking of that, believe me," replied Layton hastily. "I had far different matters in mind."

"Can anything under heaven be done in a mess like this?" was the tremulous inquiry, showing how Stannerton, in his nervous condition, shifted easily from anger to a pathetic desire to lean upon a strong arm. "I have heard great things about the new ideas of efficiency. There are hundreds of leaks perhaps in my methods. No doubt I have wasted money and material. I am an old-fashioned man." He paused and stared gloomily at the dying fire.

Try as he might, Layton could not see in the story he had just heard merely a muddle caused by stupid conservatism, willfulness and inefficiency. He looked far back of that—he couldn't help it—to that partnership that had meant everything to the proud father—and had never been realized. It was for this, he saw, that Samuel Stannerton had slaved, and the door of happiness had been shut in his face! The bitterness of it! And the hopeless years!

Suddenly light crept upon Layton; and he saw why the old man had stumbled toward bankruptcy, trying to keep his little family of workmen together. His son was gone, and in place of that son the father had flung open his paternal heart—though he had assumed an exterior of gall and wormwood—and had tried to father them all. Against his will, refusing even to admit to himself any tender feeling, Samuel Stannerton had given out to his old employees—yes, even to his young ones—that love which had not perished with his own flesh and blood. They were his family—Stannerton & Sons—which he had tried to keep together when the time came to sell the business. He called himself a fool for what he had done, yet even now his one desire was to keep his little flock together. And that was why, in spite of his secretiveness, he could bring a stranger to his home and pour out to him the history of his failure!

The young fellow felt something rising in his throat, something that had nothing to do with business, and that intercepted the words he tried to utter.

"Mr. Stannerton," he managed to say finally, "I have never been honored with a confidence like this. It makes no difference what I think, what anyone thinks, of the wisdom of what you have done; I honor you for it. I want to shake your hand, and I want to help you."

Samuel Stannerton turned swiftly. It was evident that he was struggling against a desire to recant. He craved human sympathy; and yet wanted to resent it. Everything that was thrifty and prudent in him cried out against his sentimental folly. But he detected something greater than sympathy in Layton's face, and that was understanding. A young man who could somehow put himself in the place of an old man was holding out his hand. Their fingers came together. There was an instant of pressure.

Stannerton flung himself wearily into a chair.

"This is foolish nonsense!" he cried. "You'll end by thinking me a madman!" But he knew it was not so. A little later he asked: "Is there any way out?"

"Skillful workmen, with water power, in a country covered with timber," said Layton, talking better than he knew, "is a combination, Mr. Stannerton, that must yield results. Out of that combination are coming, as I see it at this moment, the wrong products. Or if they are the right products, then they are going either in the right way to the wrong market, or the wrong way to the right market. I know all this sounds like nothing but words, but I am sure I am right.

"I could start in the farther end of your factory, and put the whole place upon a scientific basis of production. That is what must finally be done. But it is slow work, and if there is a loss—a heart-leak—that must be stopped first. You know, Mr. Stannerton, there is a tremendous world conflict going on. Values are more liquid than the world ever knew before. There are chances ——"

The old man interrupted him.

"Not war orders!" he protested. "Even if we were equipped I wouldn't do it."

"You are thinking of munitions," went on Layton eagerly. "I am not. Call them war orders if you please; but the work I am thinking of is really peace orders. The farm labor of the world must go on. There is a big need for better farming methods in Europe right in the midst of this frightful killing. Mr. Stannerton, let me go out of this town to-morrow morning with dreams in my head. I'll come back with realities for you. I came here as a production engineer. Let me be a bigger engineer for you. Give me the authority to act and I'll bring you back a business, temporary maybe, but a constructive business that you won't be ashamed of. Then let me get to work and put efficiency into factory and office—and the plant will stay in Hawley!"

Stannerton shook his head. He was weary; his years were telling on him; and even if he had the will he had not the energy to respond. But Layton was not discouraged this time. He had warmed to his own illusions, if illusions they were; and he went away from the Stannerton home glowing, and conjured up a thousand interviews on his way to the hotel.

In the morning Samuel Stannerton startled Layton by greeting him, as he entered the owner's office, with a sharp:

"I have thought it over. I see what's in your mind. You may be right. Let's talk it over right now!"

As the result of their conference Layton left Hawley on the noon train for New York. But he found time before he went to go up to the big house he had left only a few hours before.

Dora Stannerton greeted him with a welcome on her face that sent his blood dancing.

"You made my grandfather almost happy, somehow!" she exclaimed, holding out her hand. "I don't want to know your secrets. You did it, that's all, and I thank you!"

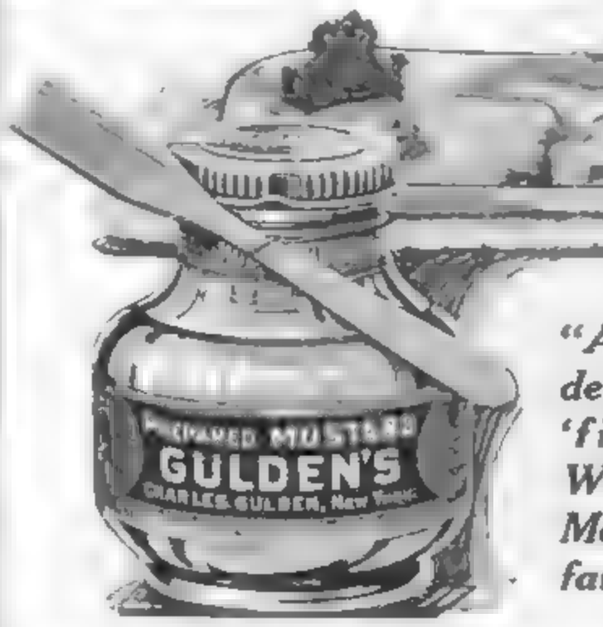
"Don't thank me!" he answered. "It was what you said to me that made it possible for me to understand him. It is you that I must thank. That's what I came up for, that and to say that I'm off for New York with big things in prospect. And to say — "

He hesitated; and suddenly realized that he had nothing to say.

She looked at him a little wistfully, then slowly a light came into her eyes. It was as though in a flash of recognition something had been revealed to the woman within the girl. She had looked him full in the eyes with innocent faith the night before. Now she drew a little back and turned away without speaking.

"And to say—good-by, just good-by, till I come back," murmured Layton in a voice that sounded unlike his own; and the next moment he had touched her hand awkwardly and was speeding down the path to the street.

He stopped as he reached the corner of the big lot, and looked back at the house. Then with a guilty feeling he boyishly



"A teaspoonful of Gulden's Mustard adds the 'finishing flavor' to Welsh Rarebit," says Marion Harris Neil, the famous cooking expert.

GULDEN'S MUSTARD

THE SECRET BLEND GIVES IT THE FLAVOR

GULDEN'S has guarded the blend for over half a century. Ordinary mustard is "flat-tasting"—while Gulden's has a flavor that is spicy, appetizing—the *real* mustard taste. Made from nature's purest materials—no preservative, no adulteration. Always fresh—ready to serve.

Insist on Gulden's.
Look for the Gulden bottle.

CHARLES GULDEN, INC.
40-50 Elizabeth St. New York City, N. Y.
An American Standard Since 1867

Gulden's Mustard Has Many Uses.

Besides being the most economical condiment, Gulden's is also the most useful. Serve Gulden's Mustard with:

Sardines
Cold Meats
Potato Salad
Sandwiches
Meat Loaf
Ham & Cabbage
Fried or Broiled Fish
Frankfurters
In Salad Dressings
To Flavor Sauces

—in fact, Gulden's makes all good foods taste better

"World's Easiest Easy Chair"

Now Yours at $8 Saving

There's real rest for you in one of these famous Royal Easy Chairs. There's solid comfort, welcome relaxation, luxurious *ease*. You can stretch out your whole body at full length while you read or smoke or dream. Now it costs you $8.00 less to

Enjoy Your Evenings

after the busy day, in the way you'd *like* to enjoy them. You just *sink* into a Royal Easy Chair, "push the button" and the back automatically adjusts itself to the position you like and locks until you "push the button" again. Leg rest, out of sight when not in use, gives comfortable support for your limbs.

No. 2 Special

Royal Easy Chairs
"PUSH THE BUTTON—BACK RECLINES"

are durable and artistic. They are examples of top-notch cabinet-craft—a credit to any home. Silent in operation and trouble-proof. Attractive upholstery [illegible] to your weight, retains its resiliency, keeps its shape

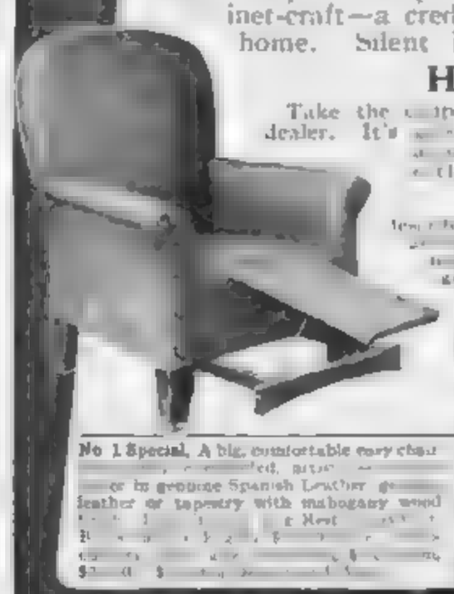
Here's Our Liberal Offer

Take the coupon to your dealer. It's [illegible] for $1.00 [illegible] at the Specials illustrated. It's offered in *addition* to the $7.00 introductory reduction in price. Total saving $8.00 if you *act now*.

Send for Free Book, "Conscious Rest"

[illegible] are guaranteed [illegible] Royal" on push button.

Royal Easy Chair Co.
1105 Chicago St., Sturgis, Mich.

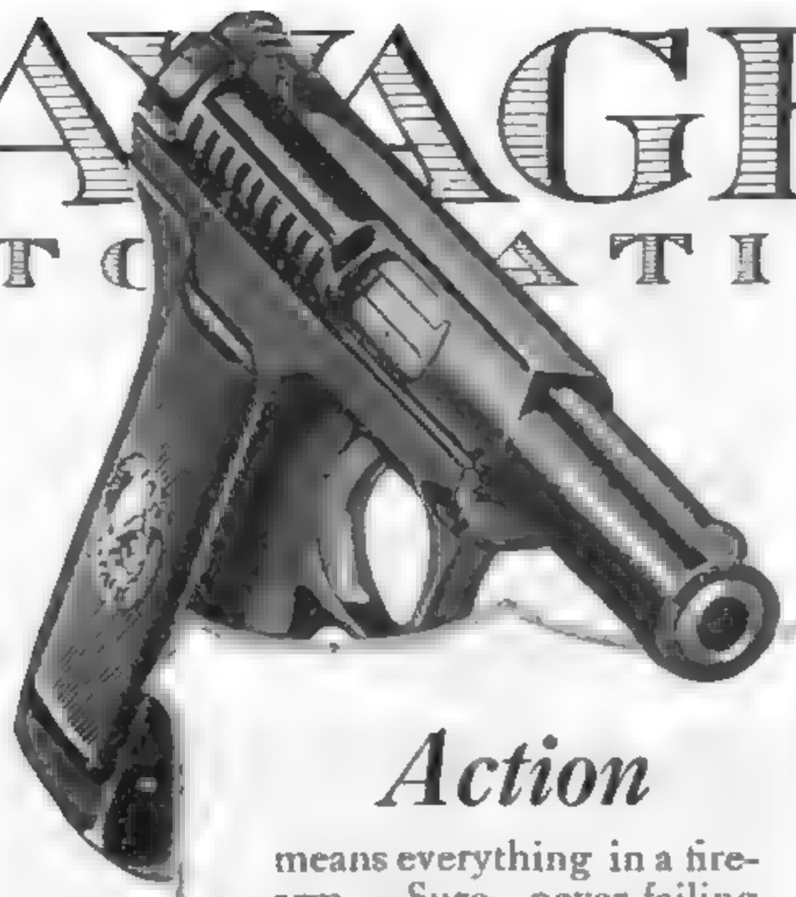


No 1 Special. A big, comfortable easy chair [illegible] or in genuine Spanish Leather [illegible] feather or tapestry with mahogany wood [illegible] Rest [illegible]

This Coupon Good for $1 at Your Dealer's [illegible] This $1 [illegible] Date [illegible] Address [illegible] Note to Dealer [illegible] ROYAL EASY CHAIR COMPANY 1105, Sturgis, Mich.

SAVAGE

AUTOMATIC



Action

means everything in a fire-arm. Sure, never-failing action at the *moment of need* is the supreme test.

You'll always find a Savage product where the service is the hardest.

"Arms as easy as pointing your finger"

SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION

1432 Savage Ave. Utica, N. Y.

Makers of High Power and Small Caliber Sporting Rifles

Sani-Flush

Now You Can Clean the Bowl Easily

An irksome task becomes easy when you sprinkle a little

Sani-Flush

in the toilet bowl every few days. It removes stains, cleans the trap, and puts an end to scrubbing and dipping. Use *Sani-Flush* in toilet bowls only.

25 Cents a Can

Sani-Flush is needed wherever there's a toilet. It cannot harm bowl or connections. Almost every dealer has it. If you do not find it readily, write

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio

Canadian Agents
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto

dodged behind the hedge, for she was still standing at the door, looking after him.

III

FREDERICK LAYTON left the village of Hawley with the full realization that, at the outset of his career as a free-lance, he was violating one of the cardinal principles of business, which was to stick to his specialty. On the other hand, he reasoned, was it not the most urgent task of efficiency to replace a decadent product with a live and profitable one? What was the use of talking about shop practice and production norms just now in a plant like the Zenith? Under the best methods Stannerton would still be producing at a disadvantage, inasmuch as his competitors, enjoying overwhelming advantages, were employing those very same methods.

Layton had put his heart into the quest. Not only did he see the Zenith plant as a sick machine that could be cured; not only had his intelligent sympathy gone out to Samuel Stannerton after that evening of confidence; but, as the train sped along, Layton was also seeing the serious face of a young woman, a face that bravely tried to be joyous under the disheartening confidences which an old man, turning to her from a world he distrusted, poured upon her. He suddenly repictured that last moment when he had looked back at the house and had seen her standing at the door.

"It was as though she expected me to do the impossible," murmured Layton. Then quickly: "By George, I will!"

"Beg pardon, did you address me?" asked a man who was sitting opposite Layton in the Pullman smoking compartment.

"No, sir," replied Layton with an awakening smile. "I was thinking out loud."

The first thing Layton did, when he reached New York, was to telephone the office of Ellis & Hulsman. Mr. Ellis had just left for home. He lived uptown in an apartment hotel, and Layton, after a hasty meal, went to see his old employer.

"Is it all off?" was the grinning inquiry from Ellis as he held out his hand to Layton. "I'm sorry I steered you against that old buccaneer, Freddie. I've got something better for you, anyway."

"No, it isn't all off. It's all on," replied Layton. "Let me tell you!"

Ellis listened with the tolerant attitude of a man who has just finished a good dinner. Then he said:

"Of course, Freddie, the obvious thing for me to say is that you'd better call this off. You are putting yourself in the light of a partner, so to speak, instead of selling professional services. From what you tell me, the old man isn't so bad a scout after all. I don't say, either, that your scheme may not pan out; but it takes you a long way from home, you realize."

Layton assented soberly.

"Besides, not to discourage you, but simply to face facts," went on the older man, "you know about these government contracts. It's true, the Russian Government is placing big contracts with American companies for farm tools; and if you had jumped in at the beginning of the war you might have cleaned up something handsome. But every foreign government agent has been besieged for months by a motley crew of crack-brained inventors, confidence men, job-lot boys and wind-instrument salesmen—and they've just about quit doing business over the counter. The result is you can't get to them. They're simply putting themselves into the hands of the big fiscal agents now, and thesaid financiers are turning the plums over to their own friends and customers, for which you can't blame them.

"There's one thing in your favor, I suppose. You're not after a billion-dollar order and you've got a special field. If it was heavy farm machinery you were selling I'd tell you to quit. But under the circumstances, I say go to it. It's an adventure. I'd do it myself if I were your age. I can give you a letter to Bill Darrant, who can elbow you through to ——" Ellis named one of the big financiers. "They may listen to you down there, and they may not."

"I'm going to see the Russian agent," said Layton.

"You can't get to him, and he probably doesn't speak anything but French and Siberian. Do you even know who he is?"

"Yes; his name is Grumov. The reason I got this idea was that, just before I left New York to go up to Hawley, I read a newspaper interview with this man Grumov, in which he laid down a great plan for introducing American farm tools into Russia. According to the newspaper he talked like a big, far-seeing man. I believe he's the kind of man I could get to."

Ellis shook his head.

"Come into the office to-morrow," he said, "and I'll give you a note to Bill Darrant. Meanwhile, go and try to see your Russian if you want to. But you'll find his anteroom choked with human bugs. It would take you twelve days to get a sight of his whiskers."

It needed the spirit of youth to overcome this good-natured sanding of the gears. If Layton had had ten years' more experience he would probably have smoked one of his old employer's cigars and let the vision pass with the bluish smoke. But he was twenty-six, and he was hounded by an idea.

The next morning early found him being shot up the elevator of a Wall Street office building, toward the suite of the Russian purchasing agent. Layton made fast time from the elevator to the door on which recently had been painted the black eagle. A twist of the knob and he was inside. It was just as Ellis had predicted. The anteroom into which he walked was already filled with the strangest crowd Layton had ever seen. All the chairs were occupied, and a group was standing listening with superior grimaces to an oratorical person with long hair and wild eyes who was expounding the merits of a new explosive which would lift all the Central Empires off the map of Europe and drop them into the Indian Ocean. Another man was studying a blueprint and chewing tobacco. They all looked up as Layton entered, and greeted him with jealous and suspicious glances as though he were a wolf entering a happy fold.

Just as Layton entered, and just as a suggestion of the hopelessness of his errand was flashed into his mind, a glazed door at the back of the antechamber opened, and a thin, ecclesiastical person, who might have been a banker or a middle-aged messenger boy, came out. Layton, without a moment's hesitation, bolted to him. He was breathless with his hurried entrance, and he gasped out, not oblivious to the comedy of the situation:

"Tell Mr. Grumov I'm here! I'm sorry I was delayed these ten minutes. Is he ready to see me?"

The door-keeper blinked at the young fellow. He had seen him coming hastily through the door, and the thing looked reasonable. He took the proffered card, glanced mechanically at it and then said: "Come in!"

The next moment Layton was standing before a big, bushy-haired man, seated behind a magnificent flat mahogany desk, on which the single evidence of immediate business was a steaming cup of black coffee.

Grumov looked inquiringly at the visitor, then at the card, then sighed good-naturedly. He understood how Layton had got in; but he did not seem perturbed about it.

"I am not the man you should see," he began, in excellent English; then, before Layton could speak, the Russian went on, looking earnestly into his youthful visitor's face, as though he distinguished in it something that differentiated him from the mob: "Our contracts for farm machinery are all placed. I am sorry."

"My company specializes in small tools, churns, sprayers, wheelbarrows. We do not make the heavier metal machinery ——" Layton paused for breath.

The big man rose.

"Wait!" he said. "Can you manufacture those big snow shovels with iron edges, such as the American railways use to clean off their station platforms in winter?"

"Yes, sir; just such tools are in our line. We are equipped for just that work. Most of our men are skilled woodworkers."

"Spades? Shovels? Rakes? Hoes? Rakes with wooden teeth?"

"Yes, sir."

Grumov turned suddenly cynical.

"You Americans—pardon me—always speak in terms of millions. It is always 'million-dollar contracts.' My country unfortunately is spending its millions for arms. Later we shall spend millions in the tools of production. But for the present ——"

Layton saw light.

"Mr. Grumov," he said, "ours is not a great plant, as plants go! That is just what I had in mind! We can handle some of the orders on which the big companies,

(Continued on Page 49)

CHASE Plush Motor Car Robes

Made by Sanford Mills

Beautiful—Robes of wonderful fast colorings and original, unique designs.

Comfortable—Shields you like the coat of fur given Arctic animals by Mother Nature.

Durable—Chase Plush Robes will outwear—many times over—other woven fabric robes.

Sanitary—Not easily soiled—the hair being smooth does not attract or hold dust or germs. Clean—a simple shaking removes dust.

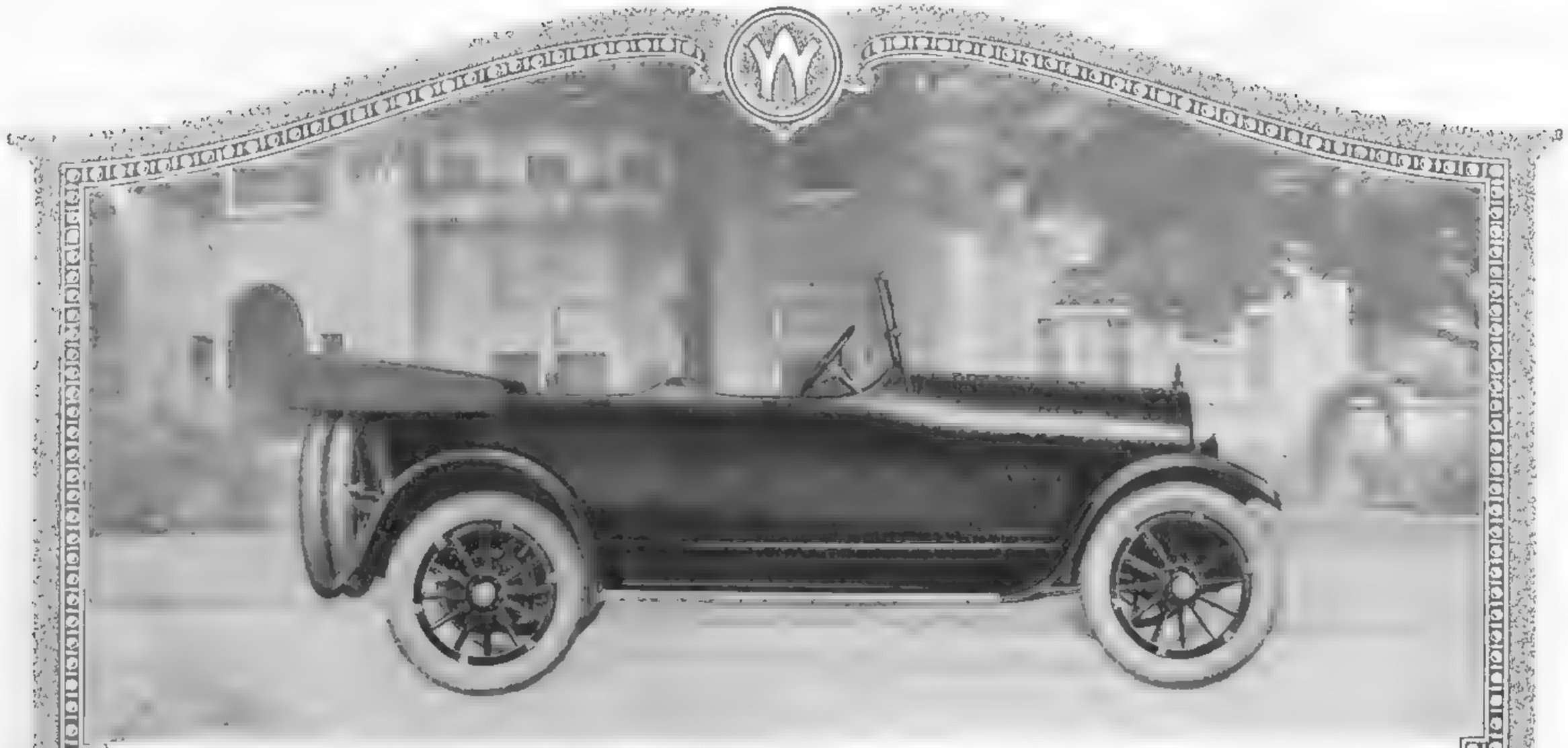
The "ad" girl is under an Exeter Plush Robe—pattern No. 225

SAY "CHASE" TO YOUR MERCHANT

·L·C·CHASE & CO·

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO

Leaders in Manufacturing Since 1847



THE Westcott SIX

Less Costly than a Cheaper Car

Owners who have had experience declare that the Westcott Six is more economical to own and operate than many cars listed at considerably lower prices.

The saving on tires, gasoline, lubricant, depreciation and repairs quickly offsets the difference in first cost.

The third and fourth years of Westcott service consistently maintain the low average cost of operation established by the first ten thousand miles.

Seldom indeed does a Westcott Six require the attention of the service station. Its very simplicity makes it easy to keep in perfect condition.

The low suspension and perfect balance of the car, the scientific spring construction and the manner in which all torquing strains are relieved, result in great economy of tires and in easy riding qualities that save the car as well as the passengers.

The Westcott chassis is lubricated exclusively by motor oil instead of grease. This prevents the depreciation and breakage that result from inefficient grease-cup lubrication. And it spares the time, the patience, and the clothing of the owner.

A thermostat automatically keeps the motor temperature at the point of highest efficiency at all times, regardless of weather conditions. No energy is wasted in heating the water and the lubricant. Every drop of gasoline gives its utmost limit in mileage.

If you care to raise or lower the Westcott top you will find it entirely "self-acting". Merely release it from its fasteners on the wind-shield or on the brackets at the rear and push it lightly, either forward or backward as the case may be. The tension springs concealed in the frame will automatically swing it into position.

That the Westcott gives the utmost in motor car performance is proven by the very names of the standard units that enter into its construction. Continental, Timken, Delco, Rayfield, Gemmer, Spicer, Fedders, Willard require no further comment.

Yes,—there are dozens of reasons why the Westcott is less costly than a cheaper car. Our catalog explains them. A ride in a Westcott demonstrator will make them so clear that you will find it difficult to discover a single reason why you should pay more than the Westcott price for any car.

PRICES F. O. B. SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

Seven or Five Passenger Touring Cars . .	$1790
Four Passenger Touring Roadsters	1790
Seven or Five Passenger Convertible Sedans	2690
Four Passenger Convertible Coupés . . .	2690

The Westcott Motor Car Company

SPRINGFIELD - - OHIO

(Continued from Page 46)

at this moment, would not guarantee deliveries. We should be glad of orders from ten thousand up ——"

"You amaze me!" said Grumov with sarcasm directed not at Layton but at some of his compatriots. "Ten thousand dollars! A mere dinner-party! Mr.—Mr.—I beg your pardon—Layton, is it not? You speak in a language we poor Europeans can understand. You are sure about those snow scoops? You can produce them quickly for export?"

"Yes, sir."

The Russian agent pressed a button on his desk. From a room at the side came a hawk-faced youth, prematurely bald.

"Show this young man in to Mr. Rohn," he said. "And tell the gentlemen outside that I have gone for the day!"

And now, with a celerity that fairly took his breath from him, Layton was shot from one conference to another, until the trail led straight back to the offices of the great financier of whom Ellis had spoken. For a moment Layton was frightened. But there seemed to be no antagonism toward the Hawley plant on this particular order; on the contrary his reception was cordial, even expectant.

The answer, strange as it seemed to the young fellow at the time, was that he had stumbled upon one of those contracts that go a-begging in extra-flush times. But he had stumbled on it because he had intelligently and briskly gone after it; and because he had let nothing interfere with his belief that he could get some such thing. Also it was for a line of goods that called for manual skill in woodwork, not automatic machine work, and this was exactly where the Zenith plant could best compete.

The question of a bond halted Layton for a while. He wired to Samuel Stannerton, not asking him to furnish a bond, but asking permission to deal with a bonding company. The curt answer came back: "Yes."

Altogether Layton was in New York three days. On the third day he wrote a brief letter to the old man, describing, in terms that he tried hard to keep modest, his success. The first order was for one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars, delivery within six months, at New York, or at any point on the Atlantic seaboard which might be later named in substitution. Payment to be made in cash on certification of deliveries by Russian consul general, and so forth, and so forth. A clause provided for renewal of contract, for equal or greater amount, at option of the purchaser.

Then, true to his twenty-six years, Layton, having written and posted the letter, promptly proceeded to the Grand Central Station and beat his letter into Hawley by six hours. He arrived in the village at nine o'clock that night, deposited his grips at the hotel, and went straight to the Stannerton home. There were lights on the lower floor, which relieved him a good deal, as he had learned something about the early-to-bed habits of the old man.

Dora Stannerton opened the door. She held out her hand toward Layton and tried to utter some words of welcome, but her voice failed her, and she turned her head away. In that moment the light from the big living room shone upon her face, and Layton saw tears in her eyes.

His first thought was that something had happened to her grandfather, but as he entered the room he saw the old man seated in his favorite chair, facing the fire, his long legs reaching out toward the andirons. There was nothing in sight to indicate illness.

Layton's enthusiasm burst from him. He had news, he reckoned, that would fill the room with cheer.

"Mr. Stannerton, I've done it!" he cried, advancing toward the old man. "A bona-fide signed contract with the Russian Government for one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars, with more to come! I've made prices that will mean a whaling good profit for you, I know. And this is only the beginning!"

He stopped, for the old man had turned toward him a face filled with hopelessness and bitterness.

"It's too late!" he ground out. "I'm through! Let them all go to the devil, where they belong!"

"Why, what do you mean, Mr. Stannerton?" gasped Layton, at the same time feeling a little clutch at his sleeve.

Dora was at his elbow, looking up imploringly into his face.

"What do I mean?" repeated Stannerton, drawing himself upon his feet wearily. "I mean that the more you try to do for people, the worse they serve you in the end. I mean that the ungrateful villains have left me in the lurch! That's what I mean!"

"The men struck to-day," explained Dora Stannerton.

"Struck! Struck! What for?" cried Layton.

"For a fair share of the profits from my business!" cried Stannerton with a bitter laugh. "They want some of the big money I've been making in the last dozen years!" He flung out his long arm, pointing in the direction of the plant. "You don't know them!" he shouted. "You have to summer and winter those fine fellows to understand them! Maybe you thought, when you were here the other night, that those three men had come to tell me how much they cared for old Stannerton, eh? Maybe you thought it was a loving cup they were bringing up here? Ha! They wanted more money! I was a big capitalist, crushing the life out of them! I was robbing their children of food!

"You saw me talking with them. Like a fool, I wanted to do something for them! You heard me say at the door that I'd try to do what I could? Yes, like a fool that I was, even then I was thinking of sending good money after bad, Mr. Layton, because I knew the prices of everything they eat and wear have gone up. I was going to mortgage the future a little more, and give them what I could!

"Was that enough? Did they take that little—I offered them ten per cent—and thank God for it? Not they! They want a share in my profits! I've been making too much money, it seems, and they've been ground under the heel of Old Man Stannerton all these years. Well, I've decided to give them what they want! I'll give them a share in all the profits I make! Let the plant lie there and rot and see how rich they get!"

"Please, daddy!" cried the girl, going over to the old man and trying to put her arms round him.

"No, no!" he cried, pushing her away, but with a gentleness that spoke volumes in that moment of agitation. "I've made up my mind! I'll show them all! They'll share in my profits from this time forward! Not that I don't appreciate what you've done, Mr. Layton—I ought to have known, long ago, that it's to strangers you have to look for fair treatment. You're a man; and I'll see that you lose nothing out of this. I'll assume that contract, if it means that I lose the roof that's over my head; but parley with those ingrates—never. Open the plant again—never!"

Exhausted, the old man fell into the chair, and began fumbling with his watch chain, and nodding his head in accompaniment to unspoken words.

"Have the office help gone out too?" asked Layton of the young woman in a whisper.

"No; just the factory."

Softly as the words were spoken, the old man heard them. They awakened anew the resentment in him, and he jumped to his feet again.

"I told them what I thought of them!" he cried. "A committee of three, led by Dick Dana! Dick Dana! They've been reading the newspapers, and they think all that's necessary to bulldoze what they want out of you is a committee of three! I told them what I thought of them! I guess they'll remember the conference, as they called it!"

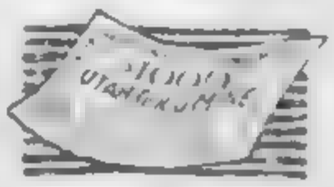
Layton groaned inwardly. He scarcely needed to be assured that the old man had told them what he thought of them. It was only too obvious not only that he had expressed himself clearly, but that he had expressed himself in a way to widen whatever breach had been made in their relations to the point where it would be hard to bridge it. And Layton, naturally considering his own efforts of the past few days, and finding that he had brought a fine contract back to a broken plant, began to feel panicky. He had not only failed to help Stannerton—he had increased the load on the old man's shoulders. And, further, he would look a good deal of a fool in the eyes of the men he had met. They couldn't see behind the scenes. All they would be able to see would be a hare-brained young person trying to run up a little bank account on a shoestring—and a mighty weak and fuzzy shoestring at that.

So Frederick Layton's first thoughts were for himself. But the next moment he glanced at the young woman by his side, and he saw something in her eyes, as she looked earnestly at him, something of

Hydrox
Chocolate
Biscuits
Bonbons in
biscuit form
In Hydrox Chocolate Biscuits there is all the deliciousness of cream and chocolate combined with the high food value and perfect digestibility of biscuits.
Always appropriate, always delightful, Hydrox Chocolate Biscuits are among the daintiest of the hundreds of varieties of
Sunshine Biscuits
Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company
Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits
Branches in Over 100 Cities

Opportunity

IF an aunt of yours, whom you had never met, should die and leave you $1000.00, you'd be some pleased. Anybody would.

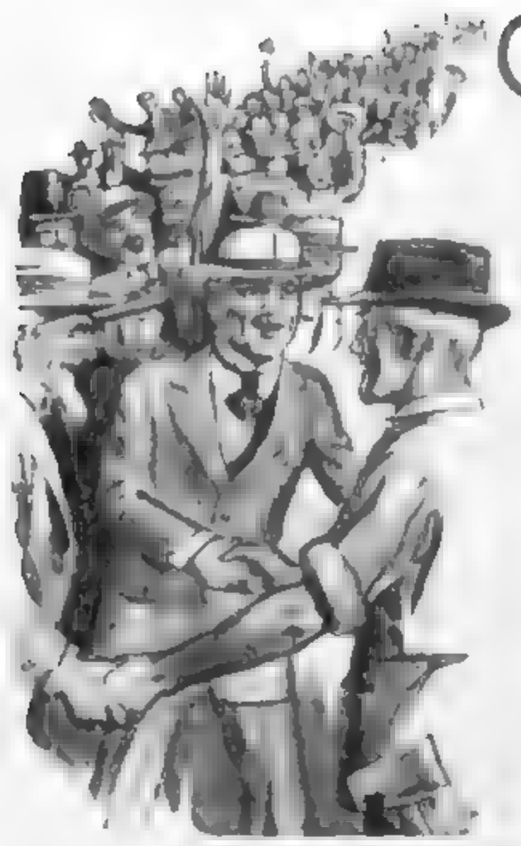


IF a friend gave you stock in a genuine, honest-to-goodness gold mine, worth $1000.00, you'd also be pleased, of course.

And when the world's greatest publishing house offers you an opportunity to pick up $1000.00—or more—in your spare time, without interfering with your regular work, without disturbing your daily pleasures, without a cent of investment or expense, merely by carrying a neat little receipt book and by keeping both eyes and both ears wide open—you have every reason to be equally pleased.

That's the generous offer we will make *you* on request. For complete details of the plan, write today to

AGENCY DIVISION
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
889 Independence Square, Philadelphia



Owners of 20-year-old roofs

Get together and compare notes!

To the original cost of your roof —*labor and material*—add the cost for *repairs*. Divide this by the number of years of service.

You will find that RU-BER-OID costs less per year than imitations.

Genuine RU-BER-OID contains no tar, sand, wood fibre, paper. And, in addition to being leakproof, RU-BER-OID is also sparkproof, rustproof and rotproof.

Many RU-BER-OID roofs have not cost one cent for repairs since they were laid more than 20 years ago.

Made in Slate Gray, Tile Red and Copper Green. Your dealer will show you samples and quote you prices.

BUILDING SUGGESTIONS

Any books you check on this list will be sent you free. We also will be glad to send the name of a dealer who sells the kind of building you are planning.

- ☐ Roofing a Home
- ☐ Building a Poultry House
- ☐ Building a Bungalow
- ☐ Building a Barn
- ☐ Building Your Own Garage
- ☐ Covering Your Factory
- ☐ Artistic Roofs
- ☐ Waterproof Cellars and Stucco

THE STANDARD PAINT CO.
568 Woolworth Building, New York
BOSTON CHICAGO
Also makers of Ru-ber-oid Shingles and Impervite Waterproofing for Concrete
The Paraffine Paint Co., San Francisco, (Under License)
The Standard Paint Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal

Pronounced "RU" as in RUBY

RU-BER-OID ROOFING

COSTS MORE - WEARS LONGER

MADE BY THE STANDARD PAINT COMPANY, New York Boston Chicago

Look for the "Ru-ber-oid Man" on every roll of genuine Ru-ber-oid

Study Dentistry at the INDIANA DENTAL COLLEGE

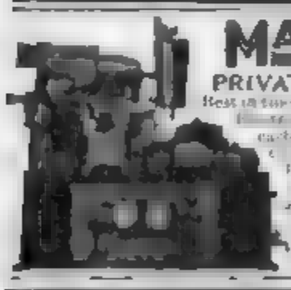
An extensive and thorough course by moderate cost for tuition and living expenses. Your time will be shortened if you enter now. Curriculum begins Oct. 1. All the faculty. Clinical facilities unexcelled. Modern and complete equipment in all departments. For Bulletin address Dean

7 W. North St., Indianapolis, Ind.

SANITOL TOOTH POWDER OR PASTE

not only lessens the accumulation of tartar, but also sweetens the whole mouth by antiseptically cleansing the tissues.

Highest Award
Panama-Pacific Exposition.



MATTHEWS AUTOMATIC PRIVATE LIGHTING PLANT

Best in the world because it embodies General Electric Company generators. Select or exchange. Write Stewart-Matthews Co., Dayton, Ohio. The Matthews Engineering Co., 1 King St., Sandusky, Ohio

Military FITALLS

Are equipped with indispensable articles, for the boys in service. They are the only practical toilet kits. **They have patented adjustable spaces and self-locking straps, which permit the interchange of any toilet article.**

FITALLS are for men and women. Travelers, tourists, motorists, golfers, etc., like the FITALL because it carries outfit, all essentials are handy together, and the FITALL is a wonderful convenience.

FITALLS may be had filled with a standard set of fittings, also empty to fill with fittings you may possess, or new articles of your own selection.

Be sure to look for the FITALL label—refuse to take imitations. They lack essential patented features, and are always unsatisfactory.

FITALLS come in various sizes and a variety of attractive and flexible leathers. Price unfitted, $1.25 up, fitted, $2.75 up.

Your dealer should have FITALLS. If not, write for descriptive booklet.

EISEMAN, KAISER & COMPANY, Ekco Bldg., Chicago
Patented U. S. and Foreign Countries Manufacturers of EKCO Make Leather Goods

Fitall

implicit faith and trust and confidence, that laid a finger on his heart. The thought assailed him that, if the old man's failure meant so much to him, what must it mean to her, after all the years she had struggled upward with him? Impulsively he reached for her hand and held it tight.

"We will work this out together, you and I," he murmured.

She made no reply, but hope returned to her eyes again. Layton saw this and felt rewarded.

Samuel Stannerton rose slowly from his chair. "Mr. Layton," he said, "I hope you won't think me inhospitable; but I'm fagged out and I need rest. Besides, I've always retired early. Good night, and thank you for what you tried to do. I'm sorry it turned out this way. We'll try to settle it to-morrow." He held out a trembling hand, and a moment later they heard him going slowly upstairs. Then all was very quiet.

"I don't know what would have happened if you hadn't come just as you did, Mr. Layton," Dora said. "I mean to-night. I'm not usually hysterical, but I think I was getting so. Somehow you're so cool and collected. You seem to understand it all."

Layton smiled.

"On the contrary, I understand very little of it," he replied; "but I'm a good listener, it happens. Good listeners always seem to be wiser than they really are."

"What do you think about—about my grandfather and the men?" she continued. "I could see by the expression of your face that there was a good deal you might have said. You don't think Mr. Stannerton is altogether right; I can see that." She leaned toward him as they sat face to face before the fireplace. "Please tell me," she urged. "Much as I love my grandfather, I know he isn't perfect. It may be I have thought just such things as you are thinking."

"It doesn't seem quite generous to discuss him just now," said Layton after a moment's thought; "but since you wish me to I'll tell you what I do believe: I believe your grandfather is gathering the fruits of a mistaken attitude toward his men."

"In what way?" she asked anxiously.

"In that he has always regarded them as children, and regards them as children even now. He has tried to be a good father to them; he has sacrificed himself for their welfare as he saw it; but he has never once confided in them or treated them as grown-ups. And, as I see it, this is the result. But I may be wrong."

Dora Stannerton jumped from her chair and stood before him. He was amazed at the clear understanding that showed in her face and words.

"No, you are not wrong!" she said. "You are right. I know you are right. Oh, Mr. Layton, I'm afraid that I have grown old too fast, being so much alone and with my grandfather. For I have thought of all these things, over and over again. You are right. Even now he thinks of the men as naughty children, who have done something so bad that he is going to disown them. And it will kill him! And, oh, he has such a kind heart, and thinks he has done the right thing all along. What a tragedy it all is!"

"It could be a tragedy; but it is for you and me to turn it into a profitable comedy," said Layton. "Do you realize, Miss Stannerton, that the men at the factory think your grandfather is immensely rich? Do you know that to their eyes this big house must seem like a castle? And he has done everything that would keep them deluded. He has gone to quixotic extremes to keep his losses from becoming known. And now, because they want a share of what they think he has made from their labor, it maddens him. But how does he expect them to know the truth?"

"Yes, I know, I know!" she answered. "He has been cold and distant to them, and they think he doesn't care for them. You are right. I know you are right. But what can I do, Mr. Layton? You can do something, I know. I would give anything to help."

"Help? You must do most of what is to be done," replied Layton. "I am a stranger here. In a way that helps. In another way it limits my chances to be of service in this emergency. Miss Stannerton, this contract must be filled! There is money in it, but there is more than money in it! There is a future based on it! And I think there is happiness in it for all of us—at least for all of you here in Hawley. I have a plan. Maybe it's sheer folly, but if it works it will work like a charm. I am basing the whole plan on one premise!"

"And that?" she asked breathlessly.

"That Stannerton's Sons are just as decent, kind, affectionate and sentimental as Stannerton himself!" announced Layton. "Do you believe it?"

"Stannerton's Sons!" she repeated. "You mean the men in the factory!" She hesitated. Then a look of understanding overspread her eager face. "I do believe it!" she replied.

"Will you disobey your grandfather?" flashed Layton. "Will you do what you know he would forbid your doing?"

The question stopped her. She was silent a moment. Then clearly she answered:

"I will do what you believe to be right, Mr. Layton!" The words came so genuinely that the young fellow winced. It was a declaration of faith that brought the color into his face. He was about to speak again when there came three raps on the floor over their heads

The young woman rose immediately with a show of alarm.

"Will you excuse me a moment?" she asked. "No, please don't go yet! That is the way my grandfather calls me when something is the matter. He has a cane near his bed ——"

She was gone but a short time. When she reappeared she said in a low but firm voice:

"Just what I feared has happened, Mr. Layton. I must telephone for a doctor at once. He is ill; there is a fever; I— I ——"

"Let me do it. What is the number?" said Layton, taking the desk telephone from her trembling hands. "You will want a nurse too, won't you?"

"Yes, yes. Never mind the number. Just ask for Doctor Catesby."

Layton remained till the doctor had visited the old man, and had come downstairs again.

"Nothing serious, I believe," said the physician. "He's overwrought and needs a complete rest. I'll call again in the morning."

The young man and the girl stood for a moment at the open door.

"Provided it's nothing more serious than the doctor says," said Layton, "it may be a lucky thing that he stays in bed a few days, Miss Stannerton. May I call you up to-morrow morning, and will you be ready to come, say, to the hotel, if I should need you quickly?"

"I see what you mean," she replied. "Yes; please call me anyway. I don't know how to thank you."

"If you knew how I felt," said Layton gently, "you'd know that I didn't need any thanks to make me—happier than I have ever been."

IV

LAYTON went back to the hotel, but he had no thought of going to bed. It was quarter after eleven, and the lone popcorn man, with his pushcart and flaring gasoline lamp, who stood opposite the hotel every night, had gone home. The common was deserted, and the only lights, besides the street lamps, were a few dim glows in the rears of the stores. Layton had made up his mind that, no matter whether he was already in bed or not, he was going to see the man whom Samuel Stannerton had called Dick Dana, the leader of the committee of three.

The night clerk at the hotel knew where Dana lived, and gave directions, adding:

"It may bother you some to find it at this time of night."

It bothered him a good deal. Incidentally it bothered another family which Layton roused by mistake, and the head of which cursed him roundly for disturbing his slumber. But he kept on till he knocked boldly on the door where a name-plate, in the light of a match, announced "DANA." The house was dark and quiet. Then a dog barked. Layton knocked again.

A window finally went up over his head.

"What do you want down there?"

"Is this Mr. Dana?"

"Yes; wha' d'ye want? Wha's the marrer?" asked a voice fighting against sleep.

"My name is Layton. I want to talk with you about—matters down at the plant. It's important."

There was a masculine growl, and a feminine undertone in the background. Then:

"All right! Wait a while till I get my clothes on."

A man well past middle-age, with a wayward shock of red hair, finally appeared

(Continued on Page 53)

Prepare Now For Winter!

Last Call!

Five Star Points of Round Oak Supremacy

***Health** Only Heating System that automatically ventilates and HUMIDIFIES.

***Comfort** Delivers pure, warm, ever-changing moist air, free from dust, gas, smoke—fitted with gas-tight doors and dampers.

***Economy** Longest fire travel all inside casing; improved hot blast *Ring;* extra deep fire pot; extra large combustion chamber—perfect combustion; most heat on minimum of fuel.

***Convenience** Simple regulator controls entire system. Self-cleaning. Seamless ash pit, has sprinkler—dust proof. Non-leak door frame cast on—not bolted. Easy to operate.

***Durability** Materials used stand highest physical tests. All hinge pieces *drilled,* not cast. Never a bolt where a rivet will do! Tight fittings guaranteed. *Good for generation of service.*

Get a Heating Plant That Banishes the Dangers of Foul, Dry Air!

Now—before raw, North Winds and zero weather make it impossible—invest in this *great heating plant*—that protects health, effects fuel economy and gives quickly *all the heat you want all the time.* For new homes and old, the

ROUND OAK
MOISTAIR HEATING SYSTEM

The Only Heating System That *Automatically* Ventilates and Humidifies

is being given *preference* by architects, builders, contractors and home owners everywhere.

It keeps your home warm and comfortable, regardless of weather or locality.

It eliminates dirt, dust, gas and smoke—saves worry and labor—operates easily—holds fire longest—requires little attention—is durable and trouble-proof—gives years of service without *repairs* and is least expensive in the long run.

In addition, the Round Oak Moistair Heating System fills each room with fresh, *ever-changing* AUTOMATICALLY-HUMIDIFIED AIR—and perpetually safeguards you against the *dangerous disease germs* that find a "happy hunting ground" in nose, throat and lung tissues weakened by constant inhalations of foul, stuffy, dry-as-a-bone air. It therefore helps prevent coughs, colds, headaches, tuberculosis, stupidness and inefficiency.

Saves Tons of Fuel

Properly humidified air at 68° is more comfortable than DRY air at 75°. This and other exclusive features listed in panel at the left mean an actual *fuel*-saving of ONE TON in every NINE, year after year.

More than 60,000 in use—and every user, so far as we know, is more than satisfied with its superior service.
Backed by 48 years' experience and made by the makers of the genuine Round Oak STOVE. Don't wait till winter sets in, investigate *Now!*

Mail Coupon Below for Valuable Book and Heating Plan — FREE

Handsome illustrated book fully describes this modern plant. With book goes a blank, which when filled out and returned to us will shortly bring you a Heating Plan and cost estimate drawn up by expert Round Oak Engineers to meet your exact requirements. With book also goes name of nearest authorized dealer selling and installing the System. Sold by many dealers on easy terms. To get the genuine, insist upon the trade-mark, which shows the Round Oak Indian. Mail the coupon *today.*

Established 1871 **The Beckwith Company** Round Oak Folks
Makers of Good Goods Only
114 Front Street Dowagiac, Michigan

Send Coupon NOW

THE ROUND OAK FOLKS
114 FRONT ST., DOWAGIAC, MICH.
GENTLEMEN: Without obligation, I would appreciate receiving your latest book, which fully explains the advantages of the Round Oak Moistair Heating System.

Name _____

Address _____

In my judgment the most progressive dealer selling Heating Systems in this locality is: _____

Send Coupon NOW

SEVEN YEARS

Seven years of continuous and successful manufacturing have produced this One-Ton Commerce Truck.

We were pioneers in the commercial car industry. More than seven years ago we began studying motor transportation and the transportation problems of the manufacturers and merchants of the country. The 1911 model was the result.

We have made it our creed to build slowly and carefully, to put only the soundest engineering practice, the best materials, the best workmanship into Commerce Trucks.

In these seven years we have built and sold thousands of Commerce Trucks.

They are in operation today in all lines of business, in all parts of the United States.

They are being kept in service and efficient operation by hundreds of successful Commerce Dealers whom in these seven years we have chosen with the same caution and care.

In these seven years there have been no important changes in the Commerce organization—excepting that it has grown consistently and enormously.

We have kept our officers, our engineers, our dealers, our truck-owners, our quality and our policies.

The soundness of the conservative principles upon which this company was organized has been abundantly proven by these seven years of logical development.

These seven years of manufacturing experience and intimate contact with the large business of the country have led us to some interesting conclusions.

We have decided that there is a greater need, a wider market for the one-ton truck than for any other truck.

We believe that in the one-ton truck there center the widest range of utility, the highest efficiency, the greatest economy of time, labor and money.

Therefore, the Commerce designs, builds and sells but one model—the One-Ton Commerce Truck.

Upon that model—to make it the best that money, brains and intensive manufacture can develop—we are concentrating our entire organization.

It is and always has been our policy to make the Commerce the most completely equipped one-ton truck on the market.

With a wide range of body designs, with every feature and detail that means utility and service, the One-Ton Commerce is the one-ton truck best adapted to the greatest diversity of business.

There is a Commerce Dealer in your City or Town. Talk over your delivery problem with him. Commerce Dealers give service.

The country over you will find them successful business men, with an ever-growing demand for Commerce Trucks, good twelve months in the year.

One-ton Chassis - - - -	$1340
With Express Body - - - -	$1375
With Post Top and Storm Curtains	$1450
With Standard Stake Body - -	$1490

All Prices f. o. b. Detroit

A choice of three Bodies; Remy Starting and Lighting system; Willard 80 Ampere storage battery; head lamps with dimmers; Stewart Vacuum system and Pierce automatic Governor; special type truck-bumper; folding wind shield, driver's spotlight, driver's seat for three persons, wheelbase 126 inches; loading space on Express and Top bodies 9 feet 2 inches; on Stake body, 10 feet. Truck Type Motor—24 H. P. Torbenson Internal Gear Drive.

Commerce Motor Car Company
Detroit, Michigan

NOTE TO DEALERS—This advertisement is one of a series which will appear in The Saturday Evening Post and other national magazines. Watch for the Commerce advertisements.

(Continued from Page 50)

with a lamp, rubbing his eyes with his free hand.

"Layton?" he asked. "You the feller Stannerton just hired?"

"Yes," replied Layton, going into the house.

"Well, what's up? Did the old man send you? If you think you can pull the wool over our eyes ——"

"I haven't any wool; and I haven't come as a messenger from Mr. Stannerton," said Layton. "What I've got to say is entirely my own idea. I want to be of service to both you men and Mr. Stannerton. I'm doing this on my own responsibility. I know you have a great influence over the rest of them. I know that what you say goes a good ways."

"Well, I guess they put some stock in what I say," was the satisfied interjection.

"Exactly. That's what I mean. Now, Mr. Dana, as a straight business proposition, will you get a crowd of the most important men—the men like yourself whose notions count for something—the first thing in the morning and meet me at the hotel? I'll get the parlor reserved for us, and we can go at it straight from the shoulder."

"But if you don't come from Stannerton, what good will it do?"

"I'll guarantee that a lot of good will come of it. I take it you fellows don't want to be idle any longer than you can help?"

"We'll be idle till we get what's coming to us! Don't you forget that!"

"All right! Good! But you want that to happen as soon as possible?"

The man scratched his head a moment.

"All right!" he replied. "I'll take a chance. What time?"

"As near nine as you can get the crowd together."

Layton stumbled back through the darkened streets to the hotel, left a call for six-thirty, made arrangements for the use of the parlor, and turned in.

After breakfast the young fellow called the Stannerton home.

"Is that you, Miss Stannerton? How is your grandfather? . . . That's good! No bad symptoms? . . . Fine! Now will you come down to the hotel, please, about quarter to nine? . . . Yes, it's very important. . . . Thank you."

From half past seven until half past eight Layton wandered round with his hands in his pockets, going over to the front windows every now and then, anxiously watching for the appearance of the men. At a little after half past eight he was relieved to see Dana coming up the street with five other men, and they were all talking at once, judging from the gestures. Dana was promptly buttonholed as he came in.

"Mr. Dana," said Layton, "I wish you would wait here near the door, and send the men up to the second-floor parlor as fast as they come. I ——"

He stopped short, for Dora Stannerton appeared at the doorway at the moment. Rather to Layton's surprise the red haired Dana greeted the young woman with great cordiality. He held out a big hand to her.

"Good morning, Miss Dora; glad to see ye! No hard feelings, I hope?"

"Oh, indeed not, Mr. Dana," replied the girl.

"Course you understand we've got to look out for ourselves," added Dana a little uncertainly.

Layton touched the young woman's hand. "Will you please go into the ladies' parlor until I come for you?" he said. "Do you feel full of—of confidence?"

"Now that I'm here I do," she replied, looking at him steadily.

"There's as fine a girl as ever walked," said Dana to Layton after Dora had gone. "She must 'av' took after her mother's side."

Layton nodded gravely. He shot a swift glance at the red-haired man, saying to himself:

"I'm glad you feel that way about it, old chap! It will help a lot!"

By twos and threes the men came, some of them comically overpowered with the prospect of sitting in a real conference in the hotel.

"I guess they're mostly here—all I got word to," said Dana at last. "Now what?"

"Let's get to work," replied Layton briskly.

They went upstairs. The available chairs were filled, and some men were standing. Layton's eyes quickly got the total. There were twenty-nine. He began without a moment's wait, before there could be any possible diversion:

"Mr. Stannerton is very ill ——"

"Yes, he's sick the way a coon is sick when you shake him out of a tree!" interrupted a man over at the window.

"No, not playing 'possum, as we say," replied Layton with an affable disarming smile. "I don't think Mr. Stannerton is the sort of man who would do that, do you really? This thing that has happened has been too much for him. You know better than I whether he is able to stand as much as a younger and stronger man. Now, my good friends, I want to tell you right off what my game is. You have a right to suspect my motives, and I guess you do. I came here to make the Zenith plant more efficient. I came here to make it pay Mr. Stannerton more money—and to make it pay you men more money. If I can do that I'll collect my bit for doing it. Absolutely business with me, believe me. But, understand me now, part of my work is to make it possible for you men to earn more money than you ever earned before in your lives. Now, just as I was getting to work, you strike. You're after more money ——"

"You bet your sweet life we are!" shouted a man. "Do you know what flour is costing? Fifteen dollars a barrel! Do you know that, Mr. What's-your-Name?"

"I do know it. You ought to have more money, and you're going to get more, if I have anything to say about it."

"Yah! A measly ten per cent!"

"Not a measly ten per cent! A good slice more money! No promises—but it may go as high as thirty-five per cent. Now listen! I came back from New York yesterday with a contract that will make the plant boom. It's just a starter. I found, instead of a live plant to put the goods through, a dead one! And what else? I went to Samuel Stannerton, and learned from him that he had decided never to open up the factory doors of the Zenith plant again. He has quit, and quit cold!"

"He's bluffing!"

"Do you know him as little as that, after working for him all these years? I'll tell you, fellows, that, as short a time as I've known him, I know better than that. All right then; you men 've got your backs up; he's got his back up; the plant is closed for keeps; and everything has gone blooey! Where do you fellows get off?"

The men looked at one another dubiously. They knew Samuel Stannerton only too well really to believe that he was bluffing.

"I s'pose he's made enough money out of us, and now we can go to hell!"

Layton seized the opportunity.

"You think he is rich then?"

There was sarcastic laughter.

"He isn't rich any more. He was once, but not now. And I'll tell you why—because he cared so much for you fellows that he has dropped his money, little by little, keeping the plant going at a loss, year after year, in the hope that not a single man who has worked for him would be thrown into the street. I don't say it was a wise thing to do! I do say that he loved you all. He got to be a crabbed old man—but his love didn't change.

"I don't blame you for going after more money, mind you! I don't blame you for striking for it even. You didn't know the truth. You thought he had been holding out on you. But now that you do know what he did, and how he felt, you can see what your strike did to him. It turned him to iron!"

"Tell it to the marines!" shouted an objector.

"Shut up! Let the man go on!" cried another voice.

"He's kidding us! Do you expect us to believe that?"

"Do I expect you to believe that from me?" answered Layton slowly. "I sort of hoped you might, but I see you don't. But if I should bring Miss Stannerton, his granddaughter, in here to tell you that what I have said is God's truth, would you believe it then?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" came the answer. "What Dora Stannerton says is good enough for us!"

"Wait then!" cried Layton. "She's right here."

He ran down to the ladies' parlor, where the young woman was waiting.

"I've told them the whole truth about your grandfather," he told her. "They don't believe it. You must make them believe it!"

She was panic-stricken.

(Continued on Page 55)

Examine Your Window Shades Closely

IF they are streaked, faded, cracked, ravelled or show pin-holes—they are *not* the best shades. You can get thoroughly dependable, long-wearing shades if you ask for Oswego or Chouaguen (Shoo-A-Gen) Shade Cloth.

Made by the Oswego Mills since 1871, by men of ideals, who always manufactured the highest quality of shade cloth that could be produced, and never reduced the quality to meet a cut price. Your dealer will mount these cloths in a wide range of exquisite colors. Ask for them by name.

Send today for "Shade Craft and Harmonious Decoration" a free book which tells how to combine colors—rearrange your furniture—how to make your home more attractive.

STEWART HARTSHORN COMPANY
: Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Stewart Hartshorn

SHADE TRADE MARK *ROLLERS*

with OSWEGO *or* CHOUAGUEN

SHADE TRADE MARK CLOTH

Get Stumps Out With Less Work

Pulling stumps is slow and costly. "An explosive reduces the labor of clearing land to the minimum. It may be used by any intelligent man," says Minnesota Farmers' Bulletin 134. Get any stump out quickly, and at the same time split it into pieces easily handled, by using

Atlas Farm Powder
THE SAFEST EXPLOSIVE
The Original Farm Powder

Atlas Farm Powder is made especially for farm use. It is easy to use—no experience needed. Just bore a hole, load, fire, and work that otherwise would take hours or days is done instantly! Ask your dealer about Atlas Powder today.

You can save money and make money by using Atlas Farm Powder to blast out stumps and shatter boulders, break up hard-pan, do ditching and make beds for trees. It is the cheapest farm hand you can possibly find.

Send for "Better Farming" Book—FREE

Our illustrated book, "Better Farming," tells how to improve the fertility of the soil, how to grow bigger crops, redeem waste land, improve orchards, etc., with Atlas Farm Powder. Valuable to every land owner. Mail the coupon.

ATLAS POWDER COMPANY
General Offices: Wilmington, Del.
Sales Offices: Birmingham, Boston, Chicago, Houghton, Joplin, Knoxville, Kansas City, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis

FREE BOOK COUPON

ATLAS POWDER CO., Wilmington, Del.
Send me your free book, Better Farming. I am interested in the use of explosives for the purpose before which I mark X. S E P 2

☐ Stump Blasting ☐ Ditch Digging
☐ Boulder Blasting ☐ Quarrying
☐ Subsoil Blasting ☐ Mining
☐ Tree Planting ☐ Road Building

Name _____
Address

Belting Is Machinery

BELTING isn't an accessory to machinery—belting *is* machinery. Buy a belt just as you buy a machine. The right belt takes up all the power; carries all the power; delivers all the power.

For every drive there is *one* right belt. For example: Graton & Knight Spartan, an extra-durable belt, is standardized for difficult steel mill work—Graton & Knight Neptune, standardized for damp and wet places—Graton & Knight Heart, GraKnight, and GraKnight Dynamo, the standardized extra-heavy, medium- and light-weight oak-tanned center stock belts, respectively.

And so on, through the whole gamut of power transmission, there is a Graton & Knight Belt that is standardized for each and every belting job.

Don't try to save money by cheapening your belting—the right way, the profitable way is to *standardize* it. A Graton & Knight Belt Expert will show you how to put the right belt to work in the right place. Let us send him to see you—there's no obligation.

The Graton & Knight Mfg. Co., Worcester, Mass.

Oak Leather Tanners, Makers of Leather Belting, Lace Leather, Packings, and Specialties

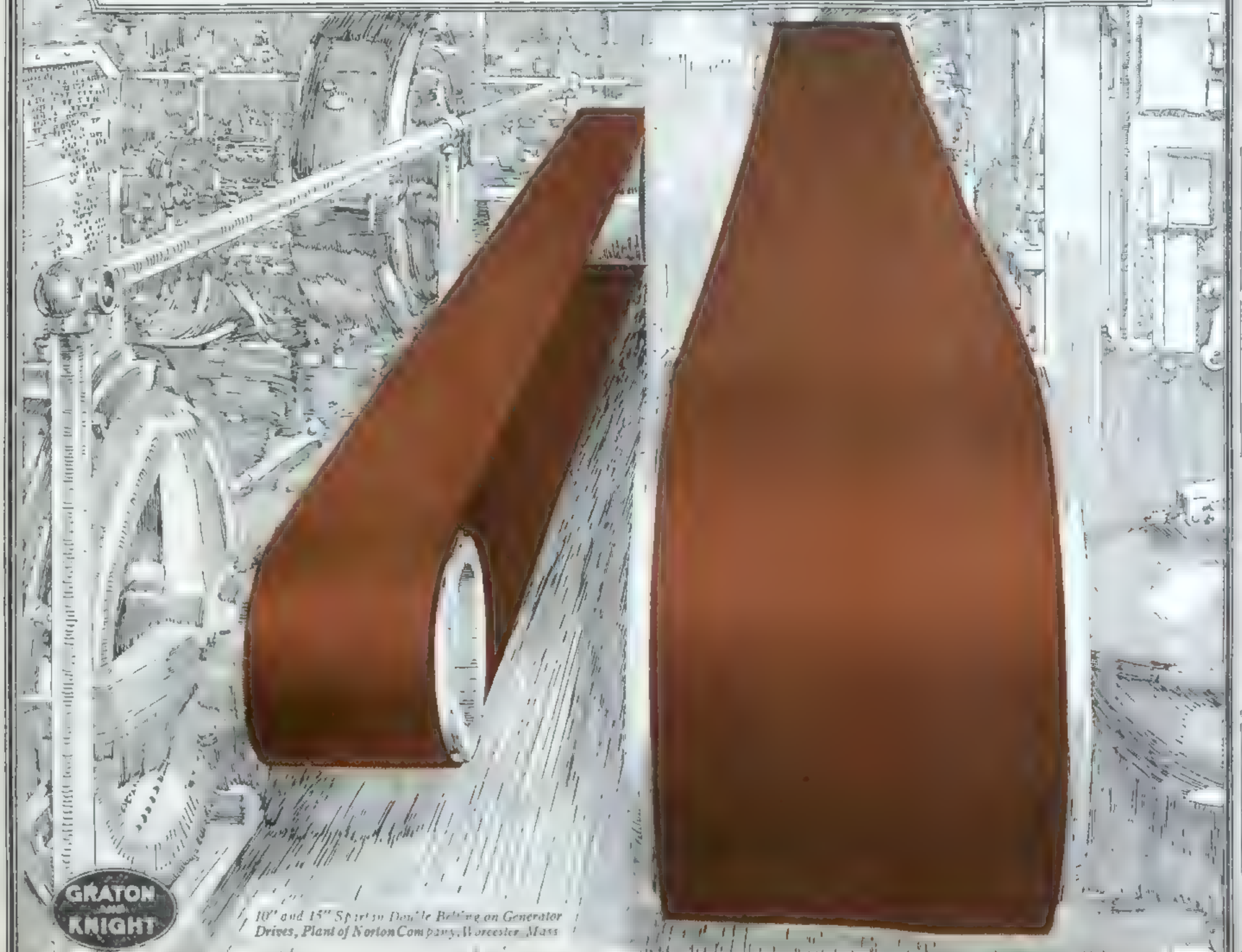
Branches and Distributors in All Principal Cities

GRATON & KNIGHT

Standardized Series

LEATHER BELTING

Tanned by us for belting use



GRATON AND KNIGHT

10" and 15" Spartan Double Belting on Generator Drives, Plant of Norton Company, Worcester, Mass

(Continued from Page 53)

"I can't face all those men!" she gasped.

But she did. With the clear light of truth illumining her face, Dora Stannerton talked to the parlor full of men as she would have spoken to each one of them singly meeting them on the street. There was nothing dramatic about it. She told them simply what she knew of Samuel Stannerton's struggle, of his chances to sell and his reasons for not selling, of the dark and bitter days that followed the crushing of his hopes, when the Son was pitilessly torn from the glorious partnership that was to be. As she spoke her lips trembled and the tears came to her eyes; yet she went bravely on with her story. Layton looked round the room. It was no longer a turbulent-minded, catechizing group of men he was facing. They, too, had begun to understand. The red-haired Dana had walked over to the window and was staring out. Leverett, the old weather-beaten foreman of the packing room, dropped his head and clasped his hands on his knees, and fixed his gaze upon a big faded rose in the carpet.

Dora Stannerton had stopped talking. The room was painfully quiet. A few of the men who were seated creaked and hitched uneasily in their chairs. Then somebody clapped his hands. And, as if eagerly seeking that relief, there came instantly a burst of handclapping from every man present.

It brought the young woman to a realization of the situation. She had told them what she knew; and now, frightened at her own temerity, she turned and fled from the parlor without a word.

"I'll be right back, fellows!" exclaimed Layton and followed the girl. He found her at the door downstairs.

"You weren't going before I could see you?" asked Layton.

"I've been away too long already," she answered nervously. "Oh, Mr. Layton, I'm afraid I shouldn't have told them these things! I'm afraid my grandfather would disown me if he knew I had been telling his private affairs to the men. Are you sure, quite sure, it was right?"

"I am sure it will turn out to be all right," replied Layton. "Mr. Stannerton must know nothing about it yet. The leaven is working upstairs. They're just as fine a bunch of men as ever lived. Did you see their faces? Why on earth couldn't he have confided a little in a crowd like that? They're worthy of it! By to-morrow things will be moving again. I know it!"

There was a low hum of animated conversation when Layton got back upstairs. He stood at the threshold a moment before anyone noticed him. Then Dick Dana came over to him with long strides.

"See here, Mr. Layton," he began; "we want to square ourselves with Mr. Stannerton! Do you suppose he'll see us? Do you suppose he'll turn us down if we should go up there? We never knowed anything about these things! We figured he was putting something over on us, and—and I guess we was putting something over on him! We're ready to work our heads off for Sam Stannerton—tell him that, will you? Tell him we know now he's the whitest man in the country! Will you do that for us?"

"Why not go up and tell him yourself?" replied Layton with a big, broad smile. "No, wait; after dinner will be better. Right after dinner, say?"

"He won't see us!"

"He will see you. I'll be there. I'll arrange it."

LAYTON entered the Stannerton house softly with the question: "Is he awake? Does he seem any better?"

"Awake and a little better, I think," replied Dora Stannerton. The bright smile that Layton had first seen a few days before came back as she added: "We have a saying that when people are getting better they are 'uglier.' I think my grandfather is improving. He nearly took my head off, upstairs, a few minutes ago."

"The men are coming up, some of them, this afternoon," Layton told her.

"Up here? To see—him?"

"Yes."

"Do you think it is wise?"

"Under the circumstances—yes. Please let them come. Things are changed."

"You know best," she said hesitatingly. "But the way he feels ——"

"He will feel better to-night." Layton was silent a moment, thinking hard. Then he added: "I have a feeling that the Zenith plant will be a different place after this week, Miss Stannerton. I have a feeling, too, that I should like, if I dared to think he would accept, to offer my permanent services to your grandfather."

"To stay in Hawley!" she cried with glistening eyes. "You—you don't mean that!" Then she added in confusion: "I mean—I mean ——"

"You mean, I'm not used to living in a small town," he supplied, intentionally misinterpreting. "No, that's true. And I couldn't imagine anyone's being satisfied to live alone in a place like this. The haven, the Happy Valley of bachelorhood, is New York. No doubt about that. But this business really interests me. I feel more a part of it than anything I ever took hold of. I think your grandfather has some faith in me. I've got a lot of faith in him. I want to grow into this thing and grow with it. We don't have to go on making the wrong kind of product. We don't even have to remain here. If necessary we could migrate like a big caravan. I want to be in on it; but I want something else even more than all this." There was a silence. Then he went on, looking at the girl steadily: "What do you want more than anything else in the world?"

She did not reply at once; but at length she said softly:

"Is it selfish to want to be happy more than anything else in the world?"

"If it is, I am selfish," he said, reaching out suddenly and taking her hands in his. "Dora, I want you. That is my idea of happiness now. You—you are not the woman to say the conventional thing, to remind me that I have been in Hawley only a little more than a week; and even if you did I should tell you that we've known each other, and trusted and belonged to each other, for a thousand years! It's as though I had lost you somehow, and had to come to Hawley to find you. It was you who sent me out to do something for us all; and it was you who brought me back with success in my hands. Yes, you have been with me all the time. And now I want to be happy with you. Is—is your idea of happiness anything like mine?"

He drew her toward him. She did not answer, but she let herself go in his arms without resisting.

"Tell me!" he whispered.

"Don't make me answer, please," she murmured; and then immediately answered in the most direct way by meeting his lips.

There was a timorous knock on the door, and the scraping of many boots on the gravel walk outside.

"They've come!" said Layton, pressing the girl to him once more before he let her go. "Will you show them in? And tell them to be very quiet. Your grandfather must hear nothing yet."

"Oh, I'm so happy—and so scared!" whispered Dora. "What will happen when he sees them?"

"I'm blest if I know!" answered Layton with some misgivings now that the moment had come. "But we'll see."

Samuel Stannerton, lying in bed in a half-darkened room, wearing a little black skullcap, was calculating the number of squares in the wall-paper pattern and thinking of other things.

The old man had two pillows under his head; and they propped him up so that he could look directly at the door. He had heard voices and footsteps downstairs. They worried him. He wanted to know the reason. So he reached for the cane near the head of the bed, and thumped three times on the floor.

"Dora, what's that infernal ——" he began as the door opened, and then he stopped short. It was not Dora in the doorway, but Dick Dana, and behind Dick Dana were other frightened faces.

"You!" cried Stannerton. "What are you doing here?"

The leader of the men had prepared a little introductory address. It slid into his shoes as he faced the angry gray eyes. His knees knocked together. He would have turned and jumped down the stairs in one bound if the men behind him had not pushed him, struggling, into the room. He got half way to the bed and stammered:

"Mr. Stannerton—we're sorry! Yes, sir—I can't express it, Mr. Stannerton, but—well, we was hasty. We didn't think. This is how we feel about it, Mr. Stannerton."

The speaker had been concealing a small handbag behind him. Now he reached over and poured the contents on the bed.

(Concluded on Page 57)

Doctor, Merchants We turn larger accounts into cash. If you have a bunch of old and worthless accounts on your books send us the most hopeless case you can find and be surprised. No charge unless successful. Terms and blanks on request.
The Hoosier Mercantile Agency 607 Tribune Building, Warren, Indiana

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. Actual search free. Send sketch or model. 96-page, 1917 Edition Patent Book free.
GEORGE P. KIMMEL, 214 Barrister Bldg. Washington, D. C.

SPRING-STEP
RUBBER HEELS
THE RED PLUG PREVENTS SLIPPING
The heel that provides protection, comfort and long wear, but has no holes to track mud and dirt—Ask for the heel with the Red Plug.
Obtainable in all sizes—black, white or tan. 50c. attached—all Dealers.
2 Packs Playing Cards Tally-ho Quality, sent for 30c (elsewhere 50c) Spring Step, 105 Federal Street, Boston

LYKNU POLISH

IF you wonder what the difference is between LYKNU and the polish you've been using,

JUST DO THIS

Moisten cheesecloth with LYKNU, and go over the surface of a piece of furniture.

Note the cloth—how the dirt has been removed. Note the polish of the furniture—and that it *stays* perfectly clean and dry afterward—that dust does not stick to it.

DO THE SAME

with any other polish and then decide which is the best for the appearance and preservation of your furniture.

LYKNU cleans and polishes at one easy operation. It cleans off the oil and grease and gum and dirt and brings out the first, fine lustrous finish your furniture had the day you bought it—*just like new.* It goes three times as far because its "spreading" quality is three times as great.

Sold by department stores, drug stores, grocery stores and hardware stores.

Three sizes—25c, 50c, $1.00

Lyknu Polish Manufacturing Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

SEND 25 CENTS

COIN OR STAMPS

Lyknu Polish Manufacturing Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Gentlemen:
Enclosed you will find 25c for which please send me immediately, prepaid, a 25c bottle of Lyknu Polish

Name

Address

My Dealer's Name

Address

To have your furniture
"Made Like New"
look to the
"Lyknu Maid"

(Concluded from Page 55)

The old man sat up like a shot. He opened his mouth, and then closed it with a snap. For in that moment his eyes had seen the litter on the counterpane. He stopped, reached down and took the stuff in his hands—savings-bank books, cooperative-bank books, and one or two bonds, deeds, a few certificates of stock, more bank books.

"What—what the devil is all this?" cried the old man. "What does it mean this truck?"

"Mr. Stannerton," replied Dana, "if we'd 'a' come here telling you that we believe in you, and think the world of you, you'd 'a' said it was bunk or something. We wanted to prove it to you. Money talks. And what we want you to know is that the last dollar we men have got is for you to use if you need it. Is that right, fellows?"

There was a timid murmur of assent.

"It ain't the money, understand," went on Dana, "exceptin' just as proof. We don't want any better boss than you, Mr. Stannerton, that's all. We'll back the Zenith plant till we bust. That's all! Er—that's all!"

Stannerton stared. He let the books and papers filter through his hands. He swallowed hard three or four times. Then he said:

"Come in here, all of you. Come in. Gather round, I say!"

They filled the room to overflowing.

"Who—who put you up to this?" snapped the old man. "Was it that young Layton?"

"Nobody put us up to it. He did talk to us. He told us some things we didn't know. But this—this other thing, no, sir. We just figured it was up to us to show you that we're willing to stake our bottom dollar on you. That's all."

The tokens of that simple, awakened faith lay scattered on the bed. There they were, the little nest-eggs which represented the thrift of the Zenith men through the years. And they were blindly, spontaneously placing their future in his hands, just as they had accepted him as the guide of their destinies before.

Something gathered in the stern gray eyes, and broke. Stannerton looked down at the papers and books. Then he looked round at the men, and faltered:

"Boys, I'm an old fool! So are you, darn you all! Wicks, Jones, McAlister, darn your hides, come here! Give me your hands, you old rascals! Wicks, you're older than I am, you old cuss! You gave me my first lesson on a lathe. McAlister, it was you and I that took the contract to build the town hall in Weston! Gosh, we lost money on it too! Dana, you gather up this stuff and get your crowd out of here. God bless you, you varmints, you've got me crying like a woman! But you do have a kindly feeling toward the old man, don't you? Go down to the factory, boys, and chuck the doors wide open. I'll be there in the morning! I will, by jingo! We'll go up or down together—and, by George! I think it'll be up! Go on now—out with you—out with you! Don't you know I'm a sick man? And send that Layton here! I want to see him! Downstairs, is he? Ha, I thought as much!"

The men clattered downstairs like boys let loose from school. Then a little cheer went up outside the window. A few minutes afterward two figures crept cautiously into the room. "Layton," shouted the old man fiercely, "who told you to blab my private affairs all over Hawley? Don't tell me you didn't! Think I'm a fool? I know you did!"

Layton looked down at the floor, overcome by the attack. He made no answer. Dora stood very close to him.

"I'm glad you did, Layton," added Stannerton gently after a moment. "You did for me what I never could have done for myself. What's the next move? Seems to me you've taken charge of things pretty much to suit yourself! What are you going to do now?"

"Fulfill that contract, and then get another bigger one; and then get another bigger one; and when those are done there are going to be about a hundred thousand knock-down wooden houses needed in France and Belgium, and some of them are going to be made in Hawley, where we've got the bulge on the rest of them in raw materials, transportation to the sea, and everything else!" responded Layton without stopping for more than half a breath. "The Zenith plant is going to make stuff that it can make better and cheaper than anyone else, Mr. Stannerton!"

"Layton," said the old man thoughtfully, "those men of mine—God bless them!—I misjudged them. They're all gold. What can I do for them?"

The young fellow thought a moment, wondering how far it was safe to go. Then he ventured:

"Perhaps, Mr. Stannerton, you'll think best to deal with them on the basis of mutual confidence and justice. Believe me, that is all they want. The rest—affection, faith—will follow naturally. Don't you think so?"

The old man looked long at the younger man. Then he said:

"You've got a lot of common sense, you have. And you've got a way of doing what you set out to do too. Hum! Anything else on the program?"

"Yes, Mr. Stannerton; I want to marry Dora. I love her."

Again the old man sat bolt upright in bed.

"You want to take her away from me!" he cried wildly. "My little girl!"

"Unless you wanted me to stay in Hawley," suggested Layton.

"To—stay—in—Hawley!" repeated Samuel Stannerton slowly. "To stay in Hawley! You to help an old codger like me!"

The black-capped head sank back on the pillow. The gray eyes looked up at the ceiling. Then a hand beckoned, and Layton came to the edge of the bed. The old man took Layton's hands in his and held them tightly. "My son! My son!" he murmured.

THE THIRD WOMAN

(Continued from Page 7)

"I do, entirely; and you bring her right here. It will be lots easier for me and much more pleasant for her."

"I will do that same," said Frederick, "if all goes well."

And he went to the hotel and to bed.

Frederick stopped his car before the long, low whitewashed building and waited. No imposing structure it was, and the atmosphere about it reeked with hardship and privation for delicate bodies and refined minds. Frederick waited an hour, asked questions, and waited another hour. There was nothing for it but to wait. Others were there in automobiles, waiting.

Finally they came out through the group of people about the door; came out still militant, with heads high and no sign of weakness. Had Frederick Hamilton known all that he was soon to know he would not have been so trembly inside as he certainly was when he saw Edith Christie. She had changed but little in the seven years since he had seen her. Her figure had the same gentle curves, her face the same color and sweetness. Her eyes alone were different where there had been happiness and good fellowship, he saw courage, waning ever so little; hard-pressed determination; a message, to those who could see, that she was not cowed, that she was still brave, that she was no whit crushed.

And Frederick—whether the wish was father to the thought or not—thought he saw in her eyes a wild call for help and protection. But even so, he went toward her with trepidation. What things these women had done! What would they do? "But a woman must be a woman, for all that!" Such was his hope.

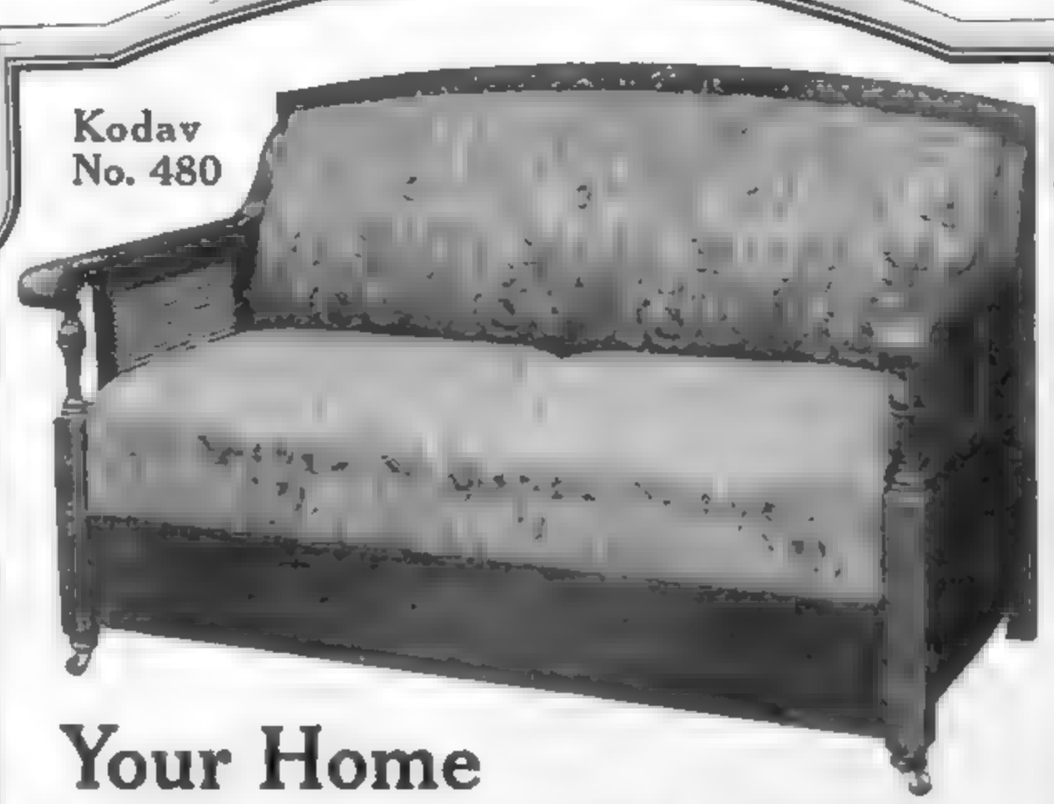
She did not see him as he went toward her and, by chance, turned from him. So that the others might not hear, he said very low:

"Edith!"

He had never called her Edith before; did not know that he had done so then. He thought she had not heard him and was about to speak again when he saw a wonderful change come upon her face. It was as though before her, low in the heavens, she had seen a miraculous thing that held her transfixed; as though there had come a longed-for revelation.

But the expression went as quickly as it had come, and in its place came a coldness that had not been there before. Even then she did not move, but stood gazing before

(Continued on Page 59)



Your Home
Is Not Completely Furnished
Without a

KROEHLER
Bed Davenport

THE *Kroehler* kind—made for large or small rooms—cannot be excelled. Luxurious Upholstery—Rich Covers—Handsome Period Designs—Elegantly finished. Made by skilled craftsmen. Every part of construction keenly inspected.

Provides additional comfortable sleeping room—enables you to live in a smaller home and save rent.

Full size—sanitary—all steel—*sagless* spring bed. Thick, removable cotton felt mattress and all bedding entirely concealed by day. Bed folds and unfolds with slightest effort. Patented folding mechanism is perfect. Bed frame and springs entirely independent of upholstering. Room for circulation of air all around.

Highest Award at Panama-Pacific Exposition

Kroehler Bed Davenports are sold by reliable furniture dealers everywhere. Prices ranging from $40.00 to $150.00, including 35-pound cotton felt mattress. Large variety of coverings in tapestries, damasks, velours, imitation leather and genuine leather to select from.

In imitation leather we recommend only O'Bannon's Moleskin which looks like, and wears better than, genuine leather.

Do Not Accept a Substitute

It is to your interest to buy furniture made by a firm of well-known reputation. Our trade-mark, the name "Kroehler," is on every davenport. Ask to see it before you buy.

Write for interesting booklet and name of dealer.

Kodav No. 480

Kroehler Manufacturing Co.
NAPERVILLE, ILLINOIS

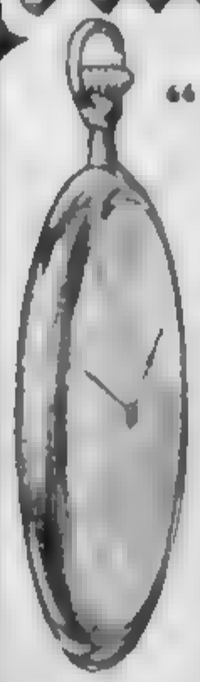
Other factories at
Binghamton, N.Y. Grand Rapids, Mich. Cleveland, Ohio
Kankakee, Ill. New York City

CANADIAN FACTORY, STRATFORD, ONT.

Defender of Your Time

Modern artillery defends you against invasion. Frowning dreadnoughts, eager aircraft, and sullen submarines weave the modern fabric of the national armor of defense. Are you modern in the watch you carry—in your defense against missed trains, fumbled engagements, and those costly hour-errors and minute-misunderstandings that invade and disrupt your days? One distinguished watch attains the apex of modern proficiency—

Hamilton Watch



"The Watch of Railroad Accuracy"

Modern from design to assembly, and from assembly to service. Keyed to the exacting requirements of modern life. Scientifically safeguarded against error, a Hamilton gives you unequaled accuracy along with reliable, dependable, uninterrupted service. Hamilton is the favorite watch of railroads, and is carried by the engineers of America's most famous fliers. The most difficult train schedules are safeguarded by the unfailing protection of this great timepiece.

A gallery of 32 quality models to choose from. Prices, $26.50 to $150; movements $13 ($14 in Canada) and up. Every Hamilton guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction. Railroad accuracy plus a lifetime of service.

Send Today for "The Timekeeper"—
the story of Hamilton supremacy

Hamilton Watch Company, Dept. J, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

(Continued from Page 57)

her, as though disappointment held her fixed. Finally she turned very slowly toward him. When she saw him she looked as though someone was about to strike her, and that when she was struck she would not complain. It could not be he! It could not be he! But as she looked she knew there was no deception.

"You!" she murmured.

"Yes."

"What do you want?"

"You. I want you to come with me."

"Why? Why have you come?"

"Won't you come? People are listening."

She looked about her, not knowing what she should do. Other women were talking: one or two, older, were going away with men they knew.

"You are alone?"

"Yes. Please come! Talk afterward." He put his hand on her arm, but she drew away from him. He saw she was carrying a bag. She let him take it. "Come!"

She followed. In a moment she was in the car beside him and they were off along the road.

"Are you well?"

"Yes. Where are you going?"

"Where do you want to go?"

"I am very hungry."

"I thought you might be; I came prepared for that." He turned from the main road into a lane through a wood. "Thanks to modern inventions," he continued. He stopped the car in the shade. "Eat to your heart's content. It is a little mixed; but perhaps it will do." He gave her hot coffee, hot chicken, bread and butter, and potato salad. "That will have to do till we get back to town."

"How did you know?"

"I guessed, mostly. Anyway, it was being on the safe side. I'm sorry I couldn't bring a tub; but one is waiting."

She looked at him, eating the while and saying nothing, but with wonder in her eyes. She ate as though she were well-nigh starved. He watched her, glad. He did not laugh; no laughing matter was before him or before her. When she had finished she stood up and raised her arms toward the tree tops.

"Lord," she said, "that was good!"

"I am glad; it looked good. Feeling better?"

"Yes; very much."

"You have had a hard time?"

She looked at him inquiringly. "You don't know?"

"I can only guess."

"It has been terrible; I can't tell you how terrible it has been."

"But it is over now."

Again she looked at him, straight in the eyes.

"Over? I don't know." Then, when he said nothing, she asked slowly, as though the question were hard to ask: "Why have you come?"

"The reason is before me."

"I - you came for me — Why? From where?"

"From home. I reached home yesterday, read about you, and came on the chance."

"What chance?"

"That I might be useful."

"You have been."

"And that you might be glad to see me."

She raised her eyebrows, as though the thing were questionable at best.

"Of course I have no right to expect that. I only hoped—I am hoping now that my usefulness is not at an end."

"I suppose you must take me to the city?"

"Of course; and then?"

She did not answer, and they sat quietly for some moments till he gained courage to ask again:

"And then?"

"I do not understand."

"You do not belong here."

"Really!"

"I think not—really."

"I do not agree with you."

"Of course not; but that does not change my opinion. Jails were not built for you."

"That is only a detail; there is work to be done, a fight to fight."

"Perhaps. I do not agree with you; but, of course, I may be wrong. I cannot agree on that point; but I do know ——"

"What?"

"That the fight is not your fight, the struggle not your struggle; just as jails were not made for you."

"It is my fight; it is my cause—the independence of woman, every woman."

"I tell you I will not discuss the cause. There is but one thing that I will discuss, and that is you."

"Yes" as though she pitied his foolishness.

"And I ——"

"There is little room for discussion there, it seems to me."

"I hope not; but I am afraid there is."

"I do not understand why you have come at all."

"Shall I tell you now?"

"As you like."

"I have come to take you home."

"You won't. I shall not go home."

"I do not mean your old home; I mean our home."

She laughed. "A fine tale, if I understand."

"You do understand; but let me make it clear: I am going to marry you to-day, somehow, and carry you off with me."

She laughed again, a long laugh, as though he were mad.

"You think I'm as crazy as that, do you?"

"I hope so."

"A fine courtship it would be! How long is it since I have seen you?"

"Seven years and about nine months."

"You do your wooing at extraordinarily long intervals; quite too long to be efficient, I should say."

"I did not woo you then. I was very young and you were very young. Of course I know now what happened then; but I did not know till yesterday. You remember, I suppose?"

"Of course I remember; we went to a dance together, didn't we?"

"Two."

"Well, two. And that was the end of it."

"No; the end, and the beginning, come to-day if all goes well; if not, some other day."

"And you think that you—you can come like this and make me give up—give up everything that I have worked for, suffered for; give up without a word? If you do you are mistaken—very much mistaken. Please take me back to the city."

There was nothing for it, and they started again. When they were on the highroad he, driving slowly, spoke to her:

"I am going to say a few things, and I want you to listen. I am taking you back to the city. There is a house waiting for you, and a friend of mine, a fine old lady, is waiting for you. Everything is there that you will need, except clothes, and those can be arranged for this afternoon. The old lady will make everything perfectly proper. You can get shined up, spick and span; then we shall have lunch. By that time another friend of mine will be on hand; he is waiting where I can reach him. Then we will be married.

"Please don't interrupt; just listen till I finish and then call me names. Then we will get your trousseau, or enough of it to get you to New York on our way North. Meantime I shall have straightened out about this automobile. We'll spend the rest of the summer where it suits us; somewhere on the sea or in the mountains, as you like. In September we'll come back and build a home; maybe we'll build a house, but we'll start a home in some building in our own town, anyway. Please—please, let me say my say; I'm nearly through.

"That is my plan and my hope. I love you; there is no need to tell you that. I cannot explain why I have been away from you, with no word, for seven years, except that until yesterday I did not know. Since I have been away I have seen a great many women—court beauties, women who were more powerful than all but a few men, good women, bad women, spies—every sort and description of women and girls. Some of them helped me; some of them tried to harm me—one tried to marry me. But I never thought of any of them, as women. Perhaps the woman question had been settled for me without my knowing it. I knew yesterday that it had been.

"I don't pretend to say that I knew I loved you years ago, but I know now that I did; and I can't help feeling, knowing what I know now, that you loved me. I remember how you looked after our first dance. I did not understand then; but I do now. You were wondering whether I could really be your man. But one dance, or because we danced well together, was little to go on. Later, the next time, when you let me kiss you and you kissed me, that should have made me understand. Girls like you don't

(Concluded on Page 63)

THIS YEAR marks a great advance in woolen fabric and dyes; but the price of a Motorweave Robe remains the same—$6.75 everywhere.

Motorweave style and comfort are found on all cars—from costly motor equipages to cars of lesser degree. Motorweave brings the "lap of luxury" to them all.

Your dealer will show you the many attractive patterns—the rich colors. Feel the long, soft, pliant nap that says "warmth and durability" at first touch—further enhanced by the special reinforced double-weave. Observe the extra large size, 60 by 80 inches—plenty of tuck-in.

Then remember that every Motorweave is non-shrinkable because it has been mill-washed and mill-shrunk—and every robe guaranteed to give satisfactory service for automobile use.

Illustrated color-plate catalog sent free on request. Attractive proposition awaits dealers. Ask us about it.

THE WALLACE & SMITH CO.
La Porte, Indiana

MOTOR WEAVE

Trade Mark Registered

Trade Mark Registered

The Full Round of Seasons in Luxurious Comfort

For the winter? A closed car—by all means.

For the summer? An open car—most assuredly.

The Overland Light Six Sedan and Coupé are *both*—closed *and* open cars.

The side windows—all of them—and the uprights that support them—fold away entirely out of sight when you want an open car.

And it's so little trouble that you'll shut the car up tight for even a light shower and have it all open again in a jiffy as soon as it's over.

Then there's the solid comfort all winter long of a perfectly enclosed car with all the protection of a limousine and the richness of closed car upholstery and interior finish.

Mounted on the economical Overland Light Six chassis, these are ideal every-purpose cars.

And you'll be delighted with their luxuriousness.

The unusually comfortable seats of the Sedan are upholstered in a soft, rich, gray, fine striped cloth. Sides and ceiling are lined to match and a thick gray carpet covers the floor.

At the rear window, there is a rich gray silk roll-up curtain. A dome light in the ceiling softly but amply lights the interior at night whenever desired.

Enjoy the full round of the seasons in luxurious comfort.

See the Willys-Overland dealer about one of these cars today.

Willys-Overland Inc., Toledo, Ohio

Willys-Knight and Overland Motor Cars and Light Commercial Cars

Willys-Overland

Closed Cars

Light Six Touring Sedan
(Springfield Type)

$1585

Touring Coupé $1385

f. o. b. Toledo—Subject to change without notice

CLOTHCRAFT CLOTHES

For MEN *and* YOUNG MEN

$15 to $25

SERGE SPECIALS

"5130"—$18.50 Blue
(The largest selling suit in America)
"7130"—$18.50 Gray
"3130"—$22.50 Gray
"4130"—$22.50 Blue

Made by
The Joseph & Feiss Co., *Cleveland*

You pay $25 *and under* for these splendid suits and overcoats, *not* $25 and over. If you've thought you couldn't get a real clothes value at these prices, try Clothcraft! All the basic worth, all the wear-quality, comfort and good looks that can be bought *anywhere* at moderate prices are in Clothcraft Clothes. It is the Clothcraft system of "scientific tailoring" that makes this possible!

The CLOTHCRAFT STORE *in Your Town*

(Concluded from Page 59)

get carried away like that on ordinary occasions. It meant something; but still I did not know. But I know now. So here I am—I—knowing, knowing that I love you; and somehow I believe that you —— But never mind that now.

"I know other things—that I am sure of too. I know that when the good Lord made you he did not make you for this sort of thing; that he made you for something very different. I know that your mother trained you for something very different. In the old days men claimed they could change base metal to gold; but it was never done. Neither can gold be changed to base metal in modern times. I know little of your crusade; but I know much of you. As a leopard cannot change its spots, so cannot you change from the third woman, the last woman, to one of these—change from the girl I knew to a girl in jail. I know your heart isn't in it; I know you are tired and need comforting—need someone to take care of you; someone to take care of.

"Perhaps it is not I; perhaps it is someone more worthy. But, between us, it is as though those seven years had never been; as though you were telling me, as you told me that morning long ago, that I must forget what had happened, knowing that neither of us could forget."

If she heard him she made no sign. Her face was turned from him. He stopped the car at the roadside; but still she did not move or speak until, when he had waited a long time, he said "Edith!"

Then she turned toward him, and he saw that her eyes were bright with tears. Perhaps he saw more than tears, for he drove on again and at the first turn went off the highway. Then, stopping, he went round the car and opened the door.

"Come!" he said.

She shook her head and laughed—a poor, pathetic laugh—at him.

"You really expect me to believe that you want me to marry you?"

"Can I state it more clearly?"

"But you certainly don't expect me to do it."

"Women have married men before, and the day of miracles has not passed."

"You would expect me to love you if I agreed to marry you, wouldn't you?"

"Yes."

"And how on earth do you expect me to love you? It is too absurd for words! Two dances! Then seven years and more! How is it possible that I should love you?"

"Then it must be impossible that I love you."

"I should think so."

"But it is not impossible; for I do."

"Suppose I were to say that I would marry you, that I loved you; think what would be in store for you!"

"You mean that most of the women with you are married?"

"Yes; would you like your wife to do what they have done?"

"My wife, if she were you, wouldn't do it."

"How do you know?"

"In the first place, I wouldn't let her."

"Really!"

"And in the second place, she wouldn't want to."

"If she were I?"

"Exactly."

"How do you know?"

"One of your friends happens to be my cousin. You are not like her."

"How do you know?"

"I know her well."

"And me not at all."

"Well enough to marry you."

"But you don't!"

"On the contrary, I do; it may be a miracle, but it is so."

"Do you believe in Woman Suffrage?"

"I am indifferent. I think it will come, and make little or no difference."

"That is not so. We ——"

"Please don't! I have heard Cousin Ellen on the subject, and her words have not interested me, nor her views."

"You are not willing to be convinced?"

"Not by Cousin Ellen. A woman who assumes a responsibility voluntarily and then evades it for something for which she has no personal responsibility; a woman who talks as fast and with as little respect for facts as she does; a woman who knows more law than her lawyer husband, and more medicine than her doctor father—is not one whose word or doctrine I respect."

"But I admire her immensely!"

"No, you don't. You admire, without thinking much about it, her willingness to sacrifice those things which you think worth while—her comfort, her home, the joy of training her children, her feminine modesty and dignity—for something intangible and in which you have, down deep inside you, very little interest."

"Really! And how do you know it has no interest for me? I should think that if you had an atom of sense you would know that nothing else does interest me."

"I know that is not so."

"And how, pray, have you, with your wonderful masculine mind, discovered that?"

"Simply by watching you. Why you have gone in for it I do not know; but I do know your heart is not in it."

"You believe that I am the gentle female kind, who has no use outside the home; who cannot think for herself; who has no intellect; who must cling to a man for support, for comfort and advice; who must take the first man who asks her, for fear he will be the last—a meek little woman, the fireside kind, who can cook and sew, and does as she is told. Women like that are of the past!"

"Quite so; but how soon do you expect to change the fundamental nature of women—and of men, for that matter?"

"What is your idea of the fundamental nature of women?"

"They are everything that men are not. I am speaking of women in general, not those few who have inherited in some twisted form the wonderful brains of their fathers or grandfathers. The difference between a great mind and a crazy one is very small. The most important thing in the world, the only really important thing, is the home. All other things—art, politics, war, automobiles, candy, religion—are secondary, and important only as they affect the home. If every home in the world were really happy nothing else would matter. A man gives half his life to making a fortune, makes it, and finds that, having neglected to make a home, he has no use for the fortune.

"Oh, yes; I know what you are going to say. If women could vote they would make happy homes; prohibition would come; child labor would go; immorality would be a thing of the past. Personally I do not think women can, by voting, make those things come and go one moment sooner than they will, anyway. There are mighty few women who would not vote as their husbands do, or, failing husbands, as their fathers do. For every good man there is a good woman; for every bad man there is a bad woman."

"It is quite evident you know nothing of the statistics of criminology."

"I am not talking of criminals, but of homes. A woman who leaves the home she has made may be worse than a shoplifter."

"But how few do leave! They simply have expanded. They can take care of their homes and ——"

"Spend a while in jail and make speeches from barrels to jeering crowds!"

"Simply incidents, items—infinitesimal items of the whole great revolution."

"Revolution against the men?"

"Men and the old scheme of society ——"

"That I came here hoping to take advantage of."

"What do you mean?"

"Only as it has been from the beginning, that society is based on the mutual love of one man and one woman. I thought you and I might help society to that extent. I still think so and hope so. Of course I know that I am talking platitudes; that I have not the knowledge or the verbal ability to talk on the subject as you can undoubtedly talk. I can try only to convince you that you and I together have a chance to do good and a chance for happiness which we can never have apart."

"And you expect me to say that I love you; that something about you attracts me strangely; and that I know—something tells me—it is love! A fine state of affairs! You expect me to change from a woman of the world, a woman who has given her life to the fight for woman's rights, to change suddenly to the modest little flower, blushing when a man speaks to her! Then, the change having come about, you expect me suddenly to lose all my gentle bashfulness, not ask for the wooing the old-fashioned woman insisted on, and throw myself into your protecting arms—play ivy to your oak! All that in an hour!"

Hamilton watched her as she spoke; and she was worth while watching. She was as beautiful and as graceful as ever; and as she spoke her face was covered with bewitching smiles.

"What—oh, what could have brought her into this mess?" he thought.

"Honestly," she continued, "tell me the honest truth: What brought you here? Are you amusing yourself? Is it an adventure? What is the joke?"

"I came because I love you. I came to get you, to marry you, and carry you away with me. If you don't believe me it is a very easy thing to prove. I am not asking you to marry me because you have money. I don't know whether you have or not; but if you have, and marry me, we shall not need it—unless you are very extravagant."

"You are a queer man! Are you telling the plain, Simon-pure truth?"

"I am."

The door of the car was open. She stepped to the running board and smiled. Never had he seen such a smile, such a supremely happy smile.

"Then I am all yours, Frederick!" she whispered.

Later, very much later, he said:

"I knew there was something wrong; but I don't know yet why you have been doing all this."

"Guess!"

"I haven't a single solitary guess."

"Then I'll tell you. It's all right to tell you everything now, isn't it?"

"It surely is."

"And you'll never, never tell?"

"I'll never, never tell."

"Then, the thing you knew yesterday ——" She hid her face in his coat.

"Yes; tell me!"

"I knew seven years ago!"

"Oh, Edith!"

"Yes; isn't it terrible to admit it? But I did; and I've been waiting all this time for you to come back. I knew you'd come, and I was afraid people would find out that I knew, and that you didn't; so I hid it by making a fool of myself."

"And to think I didn't know!"

"You're only a man, Frederick! And, Frederick, the third woman is to be the last."

"I expect to obey orders, young lady. I am told it is done."

Mrs. Knox had a wonderful time that day, and old Ty made a fine best man.

THE SUBMARINE CONSCIENCE

(Continued from Page 10)

had been made, and had it not been for my sense of duty I should have become exhausted. That alone kept me up. We never washed and I was oil soaked and dirty, for our water had to be used sparingly. We expected to be gone thirty days, for all our torpedoes had to be used, and it was hoped effectively, before we returned.

The first day after we arrived at our station a torpedo was used. The crew shouted when the captain told of the result—a large English liner destroyed. No one saw this but Captain Kolberg himself, for we remained submerged before and after the attack. I was anxious to see one sink myself—to see those hated English drown, those who wished to starve our beloved Fatherland! But we could not always emerge on the surface, as these boats carried guns and it would mean our destruction. We had to await our chance.

It was not until the sixth torpedo was used that the opportunity presented itself. I, with the rest of the officers and crew that could leave their posts at the time, went on deck. We had just emerged after we had sent on our torpedo.

When going on deck from the dim light of the engine compartment the daylight blinded me for a short while, and one of the officers, seeing this, handed me his binocular with a sun-protecting attachment. This gave me a fine picture of the affair. I was amazed at the rapidity of the vessel's sinking, for it could not have been struck more

(Continued on Page 66)

—"wish I had a Skudder no-dead-center Car"

THAT is what almost every boy and girl between three and twelve years of age is saying and wishing.

The SKUDDER Car goes like the wind—ten to twelve miles an hour—easily operated by very small youngsters, by the shifting of the weight of the body from one foot to the other.

IT WORKS on a double-ratchet, direct drive which cannot get out of order. It is also a coaster. It is ball-bearing with 12 and 10-inch rubber-tired, wire wheels. The steel frame is practically unbreakable and will withstand the hardest kind of service and rough treatment.

PARENTS of boys and girls: The Skudder Car not only means the top limit of fun for your children, but it also means outdoor air, better health, muscle building—robust, good natured youngsters around your home.

The SKUDDER Car is sold by many of the best dealers throughout the United States—toy stores, hardware stores, department stores, etc. There is no successful substitute for the Skudder Car—as any boy who ever rode one can tell you—either in **speed** or hard **wear** or real **fun.**

Write us today for complete particulars.

Janesville Products Co.
Department 96 Janesville, Wisconsin

the BLACKSTONE.
A new flat-top design—roomy comfortable dressy. Comes in snappy plaids and checks in great variety $1.50

Regal

CAPS and Cloth Hats

are exceptional in make style, and value.
Also a great line in
WATERPROOFED MOTORING CAPS, GOLFING NOVELTIES and FEATHERWEIGHTS for TRAVELLING and OFFICE WEAR
FOR SALE BY MOST LIVE DEALERS
If your dealer will not supply you, send us his name and $1.50 for Men's Cap $2.00 for Cloth Hat $1.00 for Boys' Cloth Cap or Hat. State age, size worn, and taste as to pattern. We will send prepaid, the most attractive article of its kind

THE REGAL HAT CO.
Largest Mfg. Distributors of Caps & Hats wear in America
Regal Bldg., 643 to 651 Fifth Ave. Chicago

Copyright 1917 by
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

Grand Circle, with The Columbus Monument, at Fifty-Ninth Street and Eighth Avenue, New York City

GOODYEAR

AKRON

MILE FOR MILE, THEY REALLY COST YOU LESS

Because they prevail on America's finest motor cars, Goodyear Cord Tires are sometimes referred to as luxury tires.

If extreme comfort, higher efficiency and greater freedom from trouble are meant by the term "luxury," the designation is correct.

But if the word is used to include the matter of final cost, Goodyear Cord Tires are not luxury tires at all.

For first of all, Goodyear Cord Tires are *economical* tires—mile for mile they really cost you less to use.

In past advertisements we have reproduced for you letters from everyday users of Goodyear Cords.

You have seen from these letters that mileages ranging from 15,000 to 20,000 are not uncommon.

Your own experience with ordinary tires will verify the economy of this sort of service.

No doubt it will force you to agree with one man's tribute, that, on mileage alone, these are "the cheapest tires in the world."

But the economical advantage of Goodyear Tires is not entirely confined to mileage.

It is so broad and comprehensive it affects almost every phase of car operating expense.

The money saved on gasoline through Goodyear Cords' superior resilience, totals, in a season, a considerable sum.

And the saving effected in car-parts cost, through better cushioning of springs and structure, cannot be overlooked.

Nothing that we can say of economy, however, speaks so eloquently as the performance of Goodyear Cords themselves.

We should fear we were challenging belief did we claim for them such service as is regularly being reported.

A letter from Dr. W. H. Roberts of Pasadena, California, for instance, recites an experience that is astounding.

He writes that one of his Goodyear Cord Tires has gone "a little over 30,000 miles and has never had even a puncture."

Another letter, from Mr. Ed. Carlson of Crookston, Minnesota, says in so many words that "Goodyear Cords are cheapest."

In remarking that two Goodyear Cords had delivered him 16,000 miles each, he writes, "I expect to get at least 2,000 more miles and then I will have them retreaded."

And another letter, one of hundreds of its kind, is from Mr. Perry Swinney of Santa Monica, California.

He writes that his Goodyear Cords "have now made a total of 13,143 miles, and are in condition to run many hundred more."

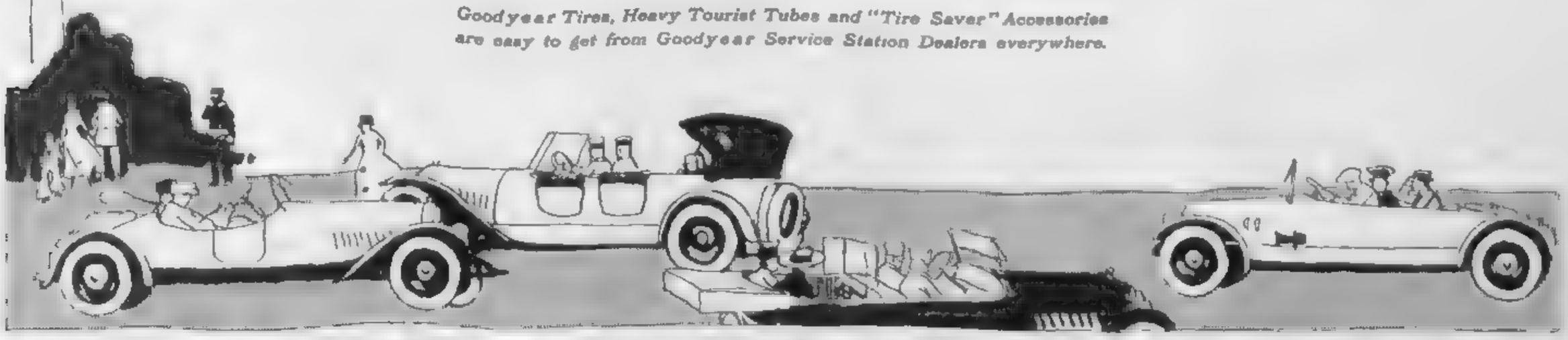
And further, that "through the intense summer heat and constant change of temperature we have not touched these tires. They carry the original air at the same pressure as when they were applied."

Goodyear Cords are luxury tires in point of merit—but they are sternly economical tires in point of final cost.

Their quality makes them higher-priced—and *better*.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.



CORD TIRES

(Continued from Page 63)

than five minutes before I had this view of it. It was sinking bow forward with stern out of the water and was inclined on its side. Dense black smoke was coming from the stacks.

On the deck were a great crowd of people, among them a number of women and a few children. One woman carried a child, and she was attempting to reach one of the boats that was being lowered, but owing to its position she was having considerable difficulty, as she had to use her free hand to pull herself forward, holding to the rail. An elderly man was trying to help by pushing her.

I could see but three boats that had been launched, and they contained a large percentage of women and children. The crew were making frantic efforts to lower more, but in their excitement they seemed to me to lose time. I may have been mistaken in this, for I was hoping they could do quicker work and save more. A number of people were in the water; some were making frantic efforts to keep above, and others, better swimmers, were making attempts to reach the boats. A few were holding to wreckage and floating objects. Not many had on life belts; evidently because of the quickness of the sinking others could not obtain them. The captain was outside the rail, holding on and giving orders to the crew lowering the boats.

Something was wrong with one of the blocks, for one of the boats was tilting, causing some to fall out. They righted it though, and it was launched. One more boat was ready, but that poor woman with her child could not make it; she was struggling frantically, and the old man was no longer with her. The water was up to her knees when the captain noticed her. He evidently gave an order to a sailor, who went to her assistance. He had just time to grab the child and toss it over the rail in the direction of the lowering boat. Someone caught it, but the effort was useless, for almost immediately afterward the ship sank and the boat was carried with it.

Our Mission of Destruction

Nearly all on deck jumped overboard just before it sank; these were drawn under by the suction of the sinking ship. Only four boats got away. How successful they would be was problematical. They were overcrowded and there were many holding to the sides; several hundred must have perished. I felt like jumping overboard to aid them; and I stood on deck, horrified at the catastrophe. It was a neutral ship; there could be no mistake, for its name and the name of the country were only too plainly painted upon its side. So we were again sinking neutrals, and I was in part responsible for scenes such as this.

We could have saved many of those innocent lives, but we left, full speed ahead. The officers and crew waved their caps and shouted when the ship sank, but I remained silent, looking through the binocular at the place where it went down; and I believe I saw a small white object floating, that looked like the child in that mother's arms. I must have stood there a long time, because a brother officer tapped me upon the shoulder, which roused me, and I went below.

The officers and crew were jubilant. I was sad and said nothing. I relieved Max, but recalled him shortly, for I was incapable of duty. The scene of the sinking ship was constantly before me; and why I don't know, but that mother struggling to save her child stood out more prominently than the rest of the scene. It must have been that the mother and child stood out as a typical example of our ruthless destructiveness. What country would stand for this wanton destruction of her citizens! Our enemies would constantly increase, and our cause would suffer through our acts.

True, we had lost many lives, including that of my dear brother, but they were lost in battle. I felt sick and I was nauseated whenever I thought of that ship, but I had to go on. However, my spirit in this conflict was lost. I did not sleep for thirty-six hours, I could not. My thoughts wouldn't let me, and the strain was terrible. I was becoming hateful and disagreeable; Max suffered because of it, but he said nothing and was always obedient. Max was really a fine fellow and did not deserve this treatment. I could not help it. Others of the officers and crew showed the same disposition—there were frequent quarrels among them, occasionally a fight. If we hadn't returned to port shortly there would have been bloodshed among us. Discipline could not be maintained with most of us in this condition of mind.

Some of the officers justified this act, in that the enemy was starving us, but I knew better, for we were far from starving.

Still, I tried to justify our act: They were supplying food and ammunition to the enemy. But how did we know this? Did this ship carry these or was it consigned to a port of the enemy? To all this I could find no answer; and I was sure our commander did not know when he ordered the torpedo discharged. What was worse, no warning was given—and what of the loss of the lives of those innocent of any wrong to our country?

I returned to my post, though still far from fit. Our mission of destruction still went on, and it was always merchantmen that we sank.

Thank God, we had used all our torpedoes at last, and were homeward bound. We reached Kiel, being out in all twenty-four days. Our return was made in three days; that left nearly eighteen days for destruction. All our torpedoes went home—twenty-four ships sunk. Our success was heralded by wireless before our arrival, and when we reached port a crowd was there to greet us with great shouting and waving of arms. We were carried, dirty and greasy as we were, upon the shoulders of the populace. A great victory was proclaimed—but I could see no victory, and I alone carried my head bowed as we were borne aloft upon the shoulders of our admirers. Not one warship sunk, and they called us victors! I felt like something else, for I saw a mother and a child.

I could not tell mother; and still mother might be like the rest—she might proclaim this a victory. Nevertheless, I would not tell her; neither would I ever see another vessel sunk, unless it was a man-of-war. The only mental rest I had was when I was thinking of our engines. I was convinced there was a way to eliminate the vibrations and noise. I had been on the way of a plan when I saw that horrible spectacle, and it was only after our return that I began where I left off.

We had a rest for twelve days. I arrived home, still greasy and dirty—the dirt and grime had penetrated my skin, just as the spectacle of the sinking ship had penetrated my soul.

Mother greeted me with open arms—she must have known the news. I told her of our success and she was happy. I saw that mother, like the others, would see only victory—even if I told her what I had beheld. Had this war turned our hearts to stone? What had caused this perverted reason? What caused this justification of means to the end?

Mother prepared a fine meal and I ate heartily, for I always enjoyed my meals at home. My sisters were at school. I had to sleep, and did so for twenty-four hours, so exhausted was I.

I awoke refreshed, and looked out of my window and saw the peaceful landscape before me. It was like a change into another world—away from the destruction and into the world of construction. Away from the horrors of sight and mind. No, not entirely from the memory of things, for the past still remained. If only I could forget what I had seen, could blot out the sight of those lives unnecessarily sacrificed!

Mother's View of the War

I called upon Theresa. She greeted me affectionately, and I could see love in every expression. She did not talk of war, but of the little interests about her—of the farm, the cows, the chickens, and a lot of small talk; all of which I was deeply interested in—everything so that it was not talk of war and destruction. We went out for a stroll, her little sister, aged four years, accompanying us. Long we walked, across fields that before long would be green with the wheat coming through the ground. God had been kind to us so far, for He had given us abundant crops. Into the forest we went and strolled about. Theresa's sister played about us as we walked along together, enjoying each other's presence silently. I was happy, for my thoughts were upon gentler things. I thought very kindly of Theresa, and pictured to myself how we might live happily together, having our children and our farm, and building future happiness. I told this to Theresa and she was very happy; she looked up at me, and her eyes showed a divinity I had never seen before.

Daily we made these little excursions into the forest, and they were my happiest moments. At home mother constantly talked of war and destruction of the enemy, the vengeance upon those that destroyed brother's life. I did not stay long at home, for when I was not with Theresa I took long walks alone. Whenever I saw a child I stopped and talked to it. An infant in arms I fondled, and talked to the mother about its health and age and all manner of trivial things, and wished the infant all success in life. I was drawn to them as if they were loadstones—trying to do something that would redeem my soul from the torment of that lost mother and her child.

When in silent communion with myself, walking along the road or across the fields, sometimes my thoughts reverted to my engines. During these silent walks I devised a plan to modify at least the vibrations and make the engine more silent. I believed that the idea was practical and determined to investigate more fully when on board.

My leave of absence expired, and how short it seemed—as if only a day had passed, one day of happiness marred only by my conscience, for the unhappiness I was causing! Theresa wept when I was about to leave, but mother did not; she still spoke of duty to our Fatherland, and looked to me as a means to the end for the glory of Germany and the revenge on those who destroyed her happiness. Little did she care how many I caused unhappiness, for I had surely done enough already.

Trying to Forget Our Victims

I questioned the wisdom of our government, and felt as if I was committing a sacrilege when I did so, but the question always returned and I implored God's judgment to guide me.

At port I met my fellow officers and we held a conference. There was a change in plans; we were no longer to go on an expedition alone, but a number of submarines were to travel a short distance apart, with our U-boat as flagship with Captain Kolberg in command. It seemed the enemy was making some progress against us, and we were to travel together to render assistance to each other if necessary. We had invented a subsurface wireless and were able to communicate within a radius of nearly one hundred miles. This again shows the world the wonder of the German minds. The officers were enthusiastic, and looked refreshed from their rest—so different from their appearance when they left the submarine. They expected even greater success on this trip, if that was possible. Some of the officers and crew sang as we walked down the street, admired by the people, who greeted us almost with reverence as the saviors of our country.

For the time I failed to realize that we were about to enter upon another trip of destruction. This was probably because of the enthusiasm of the officers; but on descending into the darkened interior of the U-boat from the tower I experienced a sensation of horror, as if I were entering a pit, and I could see women and children there who were frantically making efforts to save themselves from drowning, grasping and trying to hold to the sides to keep themselves afloat, only to sink and disappear. Plainly I could see that woman and her child there; she was holding her child out of the water and attempting to get hold on the smooth surface that lined the pit. I stood there upon a ladder that descended into this pit, but out of their reach. I could have saved them easily by having the ladder lowered, but did not; and silently I watched them drown. Suddenly I was roused by a fellow officer shouting "Hurry on below!" and the vision passed, but the horror remained.

Max was in the engine room filling and tightening the many grease cups when I entered. He did not look well. I inquired about his health and he answered that he had just recovered from a sore throat. I felt that he should have reported ill, but did not because he wished to make the voyage.

I personally made a complete inspection of the engines, motors, generators and batteries and found them perfect. Our provisions were increased for this trip, for with the fleet of submarines we expected to stay away from port longer.

We left first and the rest followed, one hour apart. The fleet was to work over a radius of many miles, in a crescentic arrangement if possible, our U-boat to be in the center of the crescent. In this manner the greatest efficiency could be established, for thus the enemy could not evade us.

We had been out of port only a few days when I noticed that Max was incapable of duty. I ordered him to his bunk and informed the captain. Captain Kolberg examined him and gave him some medicine. The captain acted as our physician and surgeon, as we could not spare any from the Front. I noticed that Max's face was pale and swollen. He showed me his ankles and they also were swollen; my finger pressed on to them left a pit. He appeared very sick to me.

We met with great success; four of the enemy's ships were sunk in the four days after we reached the zone, and some of the others of the fleet had been equally successful. We felt that soon we should strip the seas of the commerce of the enemy, and then victory would be ours—and it would not be long, at that rate. The weather had been good, so there had been less of that frightful seasickness than on the preceding trip.

We were compelled to remain submerged for longer periods though, during the second trip. Captain Kolberg and I conferred frequently on the ability of our batteries to hold under this strain. We tried short periods of surface speeding to replenish the batteries, with some success. The enemy was very alert and we were obliged to submerge repeatedly to escape detection. Sometimes we rested on the bottom for hours, for our microphones warned us of the presence of destroyers above.

Again we sank a neutral. Lieutenant Marburg, of whom I inquired with some concern whether any got away safe, remonstrated about my concern, saying, "They were warned to keep out of the zone; what difference does a few lives make, when our Fatherland is at stake?" The emphasis he placed upon "a few lives" made me feel how little a life really meant to him. I experienced a hatred toward the man because of this expression, but I said nothing.

This hatred of man for man was again appearing—the more we destroyed and the longer we were in close association with each other the more strongly this feeling was shown. It seemed as if we wished to destroy each other. I felt that I could kill Marburg when he so callously ignored the value of human life.

I went over to rouse Max and give him some medicine. He had been sleeping almost constantly at that time and it took some time to rouse him. This did not seem natural to me and I informed Captain Kolberg. He went below with me and examined him, noting his swollen ankles and face. He said his conditon was serious and that he had nephritis. About three hours later Max developed a convulsive seizure, and Captain Kolberg administered chloroform to allay the severity of the spasms.

Illness Among the Crew

Max was quiet for about an hour after that and became unconscious, for we could not rouse him. Gradually he developed another convulsion, beginning with twitching of certain muscles. These movements became more and more severe, until all the muscles were involved in spasmodic movements. His face had a horrible grin. It was a pitiful sight to see, and chloroform seemed to be the only thing that would allay these spasms. I administered it from time to time, under direction of Captain Kolberg. The quiet intervals became shorter and the convulsions even more intense, so that he had to be under the influence of chloroform at all times.

Surely this could not last long, and I wished for the end to relieve this poor man of his suffering. Fortunately we were resting at the bottom of the sea during that time, so I could devote myself entirely to Max and give what aid I could, for he was a good man and faithful. If only I could have roused him I would have asked forgiveness for the harsh and brutal manner in which I had frequently treated him.

The end came during one of his severest convulsions. I was administering chloroform in rather large amounts as Captain Kolberg was directing me, when Max suddenly became quiet, his muscles relaxed and he ceased breathing. All this occurred in a few seconds, so, though expecting death, the suddenness of it rather shocked me. We placed Max's body in the torpedo compartment, laying him upon one of the empty torpedo racks.

Following the death the officers and crew became very quiet and grave. It was evident that most of us were ill. There was

(Continued on Page 69)

Pennsylvania VACUUM CUP TIRES

THE non-skid efficacy of Vacuum Cups is absolute. They reduce to practice the *only* principle by which rubber can grip the smooth wet surface of a slippery pavement—*suction*. If they fail to convince you, you can return the tires after a reasonable trial.

The service guarantee, per warranty tag attached to each Vacuum Cup Tire, is for

6,000 MILES

The prices are about the same as ordinary tires are sold for.

Behind the Product —The Pennsylvania Policy

SUCH QUALITY as goes into Vacuum Cup Tires would be impossible without the Pennsylvania policy behind it. The cardinal features of our policy are to give the actual user buyer:

First—The utmost quality that men, machines and materials can be made to produce—and

Second—The most liberal price schedules that the most highly organized and best equipped factory in the industry can make possible through manufacturing economy and efficiency.

Under this policy we cannot make special prices to obtain the large tire contracts of automobile manufacturers. Our entire enormous production has to be sold on the one basis of our prices to the retail buyer—the actual user.

Believing that one conscientious, interested, service-giving dealer is better than two "just dealers," we grant liberal territory arrangements and secure the best possible concerns to sell Vacuum Cup Tires, which means much to the customer.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY, JEANNETTE, PA.

Direct factory branches and Service Agencies throughout the United States and Canada

Mallory Hats

"Cravenette" Finish

Mallory Hats have seen active service since 1823 and their style is as good as their quality. The "Cravenette" Finish resists the weather and insures good service. Made and fashioned for American gentlemen by American hatters—the most skilful in the world. Dealers—identified by the Mallory sign are showing the new Fall styles. Prices $3.50, $4.00, $5.00 and upward. Mallory Velour, the *aristocrat* of hats, $8.00 to $12.00.

E. A. MALLORY & SONS, Inc.

234 Fifth Avenue, New York — Factory, Danbury, Connecticut

COLES PHILLIPS

(Continued from Page 66)

some complaint about sore throat among the men, and Captain Kolberg made an examination of their throats and gave them medicine. It was natural for us to have fever when the boat was submerged for any length of time, but evidently Max had carried contagion on board, so that an epidemic of sore throat was developing.

We had been submerged for twenty-four hours, most of which time we had been resting on the bottom of the sea, to conserve our batteries, which, however, were becoming weak. To save them we turned off nearly all lights. My engine room I kept in total darkness. This encouraged me to think, and I could devote my entire time to the improvement of the engines. I believed I had in part solved the problem of vibration, through a principle of nonconduction, for I could see no improvement upon the engine itself. The principle was in the building of the engine compartment walls and the engine base, which would in themselves take care of the vibrations and minimize the sound.

Thirty-six hours, and still our microphones told us the enemies were above us. Our fate seemed to be the fate of the other U-boats of our squadron; the enemy must have had a great number of destroyers above to patrol so great a radius.

Fight at the Bottom of the Sea

The condition of the men was becoming worse; many of them were confined to their hammocks and bunks. Captain Kolberg and I consulted on the advisability of going to the surface and using our brass-rod extension periscope for observation. This could have been done with safety if it had not been for the weakness of our batteries; but they would have become completely exhausted in a short time, so we concluded to remain resting at the bottom until such time as we could emerge.

Personally I felt that we should show ourselves and give fight with our guns. That had always appealed to me, whereas this sneaking way of sinking ships unseen I had abhorred. I suggested the open method to Captain Kolberg, who dismissed the suggestion with one word, "Suicidal!" Surely the destroyers would have given us a greater chance than we gave merchantmen.

The crew and officers were becoming ugly and sullen, quarreling on the least provocation, and some blows had been struck. I could not blame them, for they were all ill in mind and body. As for myself, I confined myself mostly to the engine compartment and my thoughts, away from the rest, so as not to be brought into any discussion, for after Max was gone I did not quarrel.

Poor Max—lying there in the torpedo compartment! The stench was horrible; it permeated all the compartments, even though the torpedo compartment was closed. In twelve hours after death Max's features were terribly swollen and discolored—a purplish black. This rapid decomposition was due to the intense heat, and it was a wonder we didn't decompose, even though alive. We couldn't stand it much longer—we must go to the surface for fresh air. If only our air purifier could have destroyed the stench as well as it did carbonic oxide our living would have been at least bearable. I really believe the stench was poisonous, for I was feeling quite ill.

At last it came—as I knew it would. I was roused from my thoughts while in the engine room by the noise of men scuffling. I hurried into the crew's quarters, and in the dim light I saw Franz Koenig, the big gunner, and my little battery assistant, Johann Metz, fighting ferociously. Koenig had Metz by the collar trying to pull his head away, and with his right fist was attempting to strike the side of Metz' face, while Metz had his teeth buried in Koenig's right shoulder and his hands upon the other's throat. The officers and crew were standing round in a circle, making no attempt to interfere. I tried to get through to separate them, but I was held by Lieutenant Marburg and one of the crew, while the rest cried "Let them fight it out!"

I shouted for Captain Kolberg, and he started to descend the ladder from the tower just as Koenig stumbled and fell over a chair. Koenig was up and at Metz again in an instant, who was backing away toward the table near the center of the compartment, and with his right hand was feeling over the table. Before Koenig could protect himself Metz had found the long thin carving knife that was lying on the table and had stabbed him in the left side of the neck. Koenig stood upright an instant, his face looked puzzled and astonished, and then he dropped in a heap. The knife had entered and was withdrawn instantly, as if not wishing to inflict mortal injury, but with it came a spurt of blood that struck the side of the compartment.

Captain Kolberg was beside the bleeding man and had turned him over and immediately placed his thumb in the wound in the neck to control the hemorrhage, and at the same time called for the surgical case, which I brought him. We sorted out hæmostatic forceps and ligatures, and he pushed a hæmostatic forceps into the wound and attempted to grasp the carotid artery, but was unsuccessful, and had to resort to his thumb again for compression to control the hemorrhage. He then selected a lancet and enlarged the wound above and below his thumb down to the artery and was able to place hæmostatic forceps below and above his thumb on the artery, controlling the hemorrhage.

Koenig during this operation lay quiet and was breathing in gasps, his face white, and he was attempting to mutter something that we could not understand. Gradually the gasps ceased and Koenig lay dead, his head surrounded by a pool of blood. Both Captain Kolberg and I were covered with blood, for Koenig was a big man and full blooded.

Without moving the body Captain Kolberg held court. He inquired of Metz the cause of the trouble. Metz stood there dazed, his small frame shaking under the physical and nervous strain. He talked in a tremulous voice. The cause leading up to the murder was insignificant—the bread was soggy. Metz, besides his duties as battery assistant, was cook, for such cooking as occurs on a submarine—which is really the preparation of coffee and the opening of cans. He had, however, charge of the supplies and he was blamed for the sogginess of the bread; which really was no fault of his, but due to the ever-present moisture when we were submerged, which permeated everything, even the wax-papered bread. I myself had frequently heard the officers and crew complain, but as everyone complained about most everything I never thought that so insignificant a matter would lead to such terrible results.

It was really the condition of the minds of the men, and the slightest provocation produced malignancy of thought. So, little wonder the big good-natured Franz Koenig struck my timid battery assistant, Metz, after Metz, who had been abused and accused of negligence because of the condition of the bread by nearly all, retaliated with an oath when Koenig complained of the bread. This had precipitated the fight. The officers and crew had not interfered, but rather relished it; and even then they did not seem much concerned at the outcome, but rather glorified the fight in their answers to questions asked by Captain Kolberg.

Martyrs of Our Warfare

The inquiry was short, and at the conclusion Captain Kolberg said to Metz, who stood now in the center of the compartment, with lowered head, facing his accuser: "Do you know the punishment for the crime you have committed upon one of your countrymen, who was valuable to rid your country of her base enemies?"

"Yes—death," almost inaudibly answered Metz.

"Have you anything to say?" inquired Captain Kolberg.

For a moment Metz was quiet and then he raised his head and looked above him, as if looking at the sky, but his eyes could see only the ceiling dimly lit by the solitary electric bulb, whose dimness told us of our probable fate, and that we should probably follow him in a matter of hours. Slowly he spoke: "I pray to God that our Fatherland is victorious."

That was all. Captain Kolberg waited, but he said no more. He lowered his head and looked squarely at the captain, who gradually raised his automatic pistol, which, when his arm was outstretched, was but two feet from Metz' head. When it was on a level with his head Metz closed his eyes and the shot was fired. He fell back as if a force had pushed him and lay prone as blood flowed from his ears, nose and mouth. He also gaped, as Koenig had, mouth wide open, with frothy blood welling up and running down the sides of his cheeks upon the floor, so that both of their heads lay in a pool of blood, as if surrounded by a halo. It was a halo, for they were martyrs of our submarine warfare.

We carried the dripping bodies to the torpedo compartment; the door was opened and the stench almost stifled us. We laid them in the empty torpedo racks, beside poor Max's body. We left the compartment quickly. Three of the six empty torpedo racks were now filled with our dead. How many more innocent souls had passed from this earth by those torpedoes that formerly occupied the resting places of our unfortunate countrymen?

I went into my silent engine room and fell upon my knees and prayed to God for the lost souls, lost upon this earth, but entering the Kingdom of Peace. It was only then that I experienced the sublime comfort of prayer and the communion with God. Formerly I had prayed as others had—for the victory of our Fatherland; but now I prayed for the individual, for those about me and for my own guidance; for I wished for the truth and wanted to see.

Submerged for Seventy-Two Hours

We could not last much longer, but still our microphones warned us. Nearly seventy hours, and still we remained at the bottom! Two of the fleet had escaped; also our subsurface wireless informed us of the loss of three submarines of the fleet, which had attempted to emerge and escape; therefore we had to remain—but how could we much longer? I wished I had been on one of those that had gone to the surface and that I had died fighting as man to man. That was glory, this was hell.

Seventy-one hours—and I again consulted with Captain Kolberg. We said little, but we both watched our microphone operator intently. He seemed on the verge of collapse. No sleep for seventy-two hours, but he would not trust anyone to his post. Suddenly he straightened up in his chair and smiled and said "No sound!" Then he collapsed. Captain Kolberg, paying no attention to the stricken man, loosened the receiver from his ear and listened to satisfy himself as to the correctness of the information. Probably it was only a few minutes but it surely seemed longer before he verified the information by saying: "Emerge slowly."

It was slow, though I did not wish it, but our batteries were almost exhausted. A few hours more and we should have lain on the bottom of the ocean, slowly dying. Our light would have gone out, and then the food would have been exhausted, and then death would have come; and one by one we would have dropped over and expired, until there would have been no more.

We emerged. I smelt something peculiar. It was fresh air, and as such I failed to recognize it, for it was so different from what I was accustomed to breathing. I started my engine and the lights became brighter and we were going full speed ahead. The crew were going up the ladders. Some of them could scarcely climb up. No one offered them assistance; the others climbed over them and they had to get there as best they could. I was obliged to stay with the engines until relieved, for I no longer had a helper. Captain Kolberg relieved me and I saw daylight and breathed fresh air.

How beautiful the sea and sky looked! I had never seen them so beautiful before. I was dazzled by the brilliancy of the sun as it was reflected upon the water. I closed my eyes to the beautiful sight, for from exhaustion I sank to the deck and held to the rail for support, as many of the crew and officers were doing; and I fell asleep.

When I woke the bodies of our dead comrades were lying on the deck. Two of the crew were upon the deck, evidently the ones who had carried the bodies from below, for they were sweating from exertion. Strange as it may seem, they were laughing. One was at the head and the other at the feet of Max. The one at the head was giving the word "Together!" Both stooped and lifted the body, and then both counted "One—two—three!"—and with the word "three" the final swing was made and the body thrown into the sea away from the boat, where it floated upon the surface, owing to the decomposition. The other bodies were cast away in the same manner. The two men then returned below, wiping their hands upon their clothing as they walked toward the hatch. The whole proceeding reminded me of a piece of labor performed, and with the same ceremony.

What had become of the hearts of these men? What had brutalized them? They were no longer human, for they had lost the higher attributes that distinguish man from the animal. They were not alone; we all seemed to have lost our sense of humanity.

Soon we were homeward bound, and the sight of port could not come too soon for me. I was near exhaustion when we reached port, for I had been on duty practically all the time since we emerged.

There was no crowd there to greet us that time, for the report of our voyage had preceded us. So different from our first return! Still, we had suffered more on this trip, our efforts were greater, but we had not the success. Effort counts for nothing in this war—only success counts.

Taking everything into consideration, the people were right—our voyage was a failure, for the loss of the submarines was greater to us than the loss of the merchantmen was to the enemy.

Silently the officers and crew walked along, taking the narrow unfrequented streets. They felt the disgrace. They did not expect this cold reception. Personally I felt in better mental spirits than on the first return, for I had seen no victory even then.

As I walked along almost tottering from exhaustion my mind was active and I was almost cheerful at the prospect of the failure of our submarines. My thoughts were coming very fast, and I reviewed the entire submarine situation, past and future, and I saw gleefully the coming of some new monster of destruction that would destroy our submarines; I laughed aloud and held to the side of a house to keep myself from falling. Two of the officers following came up to me and supported and carried me, holding me up under the arms while I dragged my feet along. I was laughing constantly. They put me in bed in a hotel, and in a short time I was asleep.

I awoke and found myself lying in a clean bed, fully dressed with my grease-covered leather clothes, my face and hands black with carbon grease. I sat on the side of the bed and reviewed my actions of the day before. I could not understand my thoughts; I must have been mad to wish the destruction of our submarines, for that would mean the loss of the war to our country! It was a sacrilege to think as I did; still my thoughts were clear, and though I must have laughed hysterically the laugh nevertheless was real and I felt joyous at the prospect of defeat. Was it possible they were my real thoughts, unrestrained by my sense of duty—the soul speaking, gaining the supremacy over the tutored mind? A dormant conscience crying out to be heard?

Losing Faith in the Fatherland

What was I thinking of! I must dispel those thoughts, for they were treasonable. I could not think of defeat, for our country must be victorious. My mind was chaotic and I had to leave this place and go to Theresa, where all was quiet and I could dispel those thoughts by thinking of pleasant things.

I went by train to the Diesel Engine Works and placed before the superintendent my plan for the lessening of the vibration of the engines. I was there the entire day, and my plans were considered practical. The company officials were greatly encouraged at the prospect and praised me highly to the men, whom they called together. The general manager made a very patriotic speech and lauded me as a great benefactor of our country.

Many of the men I knew personally, and they came up to me and cordially shook my hand. They made a hero of me. August Frankel, a young man of twenty, told me joyously he was to take the next voyage as assistant engineer. He hoped to be my assistant.

I shook him by the hand and said, "I am sorry."

He looked astonished and said, "Why?"

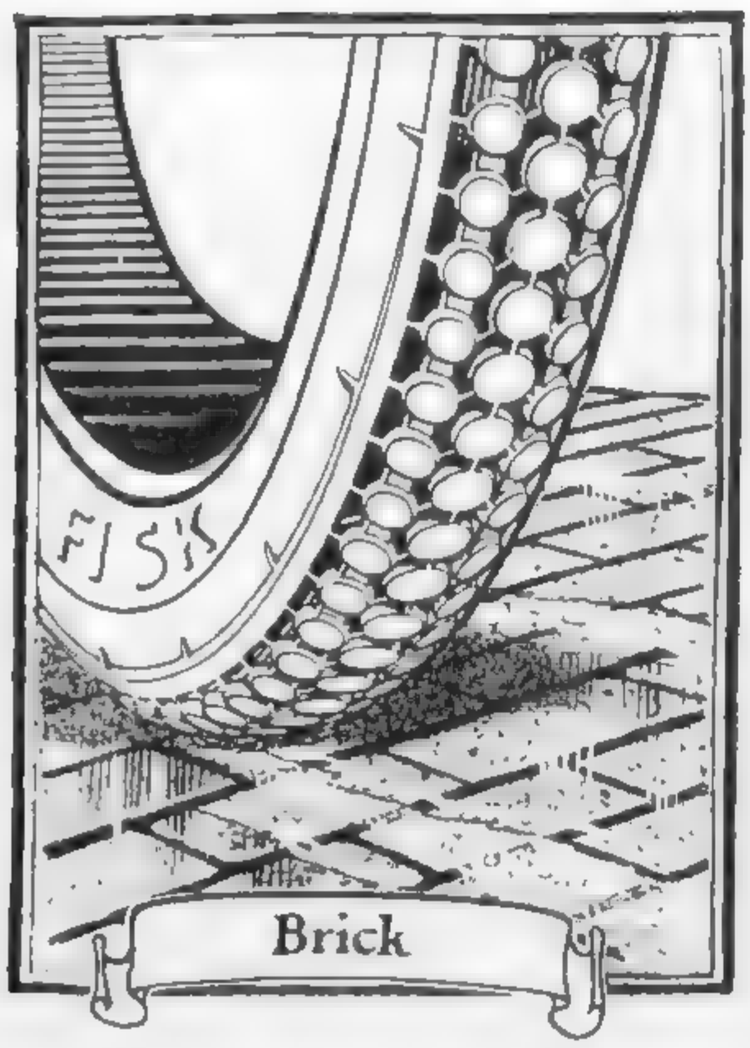
"Nothing; only it is so much nicer here in the shop," I replied.

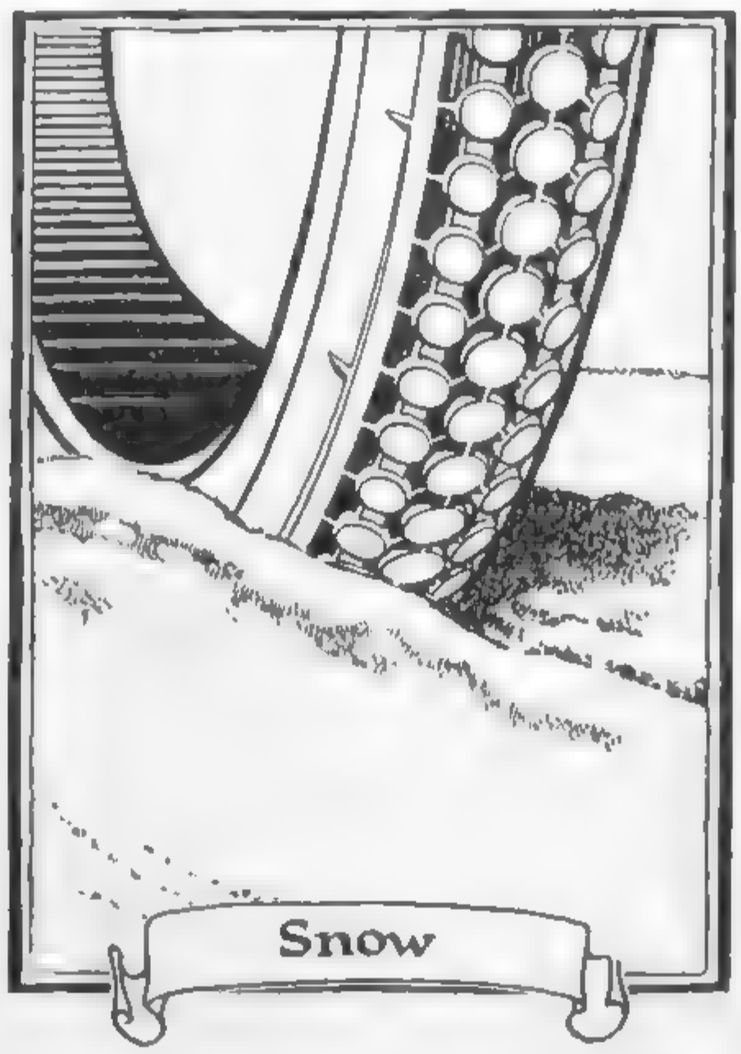
"I don't care for that," he said; "I shall be of much more help to my country on board the U-boat than here."

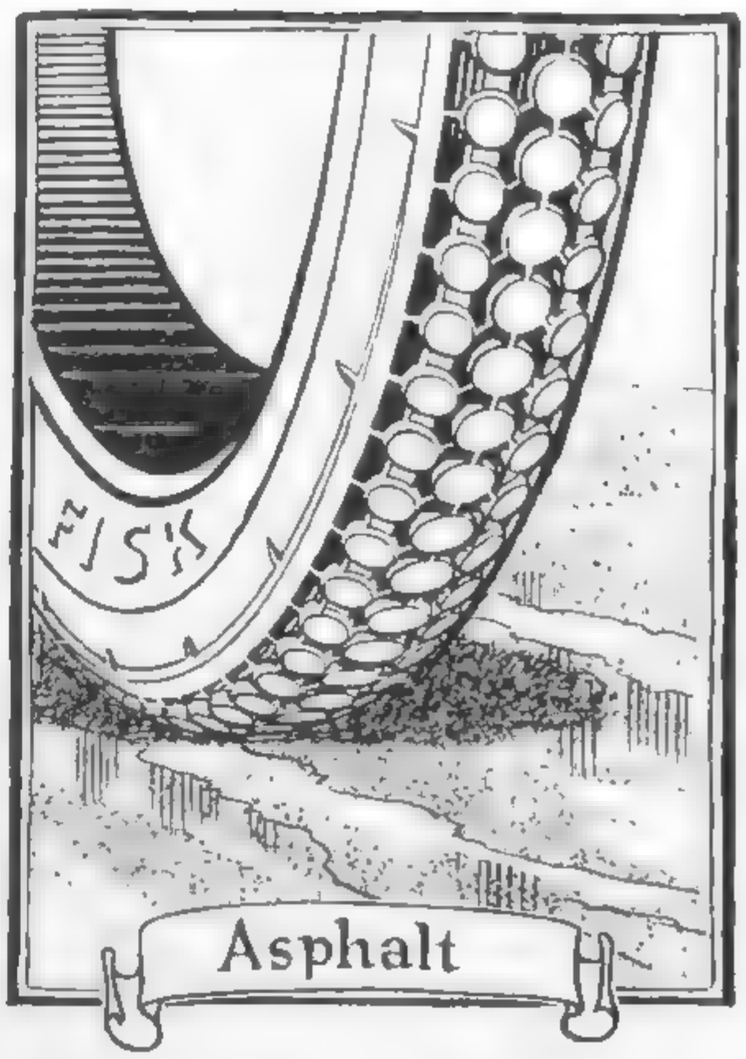
How much like my thoughts when I first heard of my promotion! I felt sorry for him. What kind of brute would he be changed into? I wondered.

Before leaving, I told the superintendent that I should like to supervise the construction of the new compartment and engine base, according to my plan. He assured me that would be my privilege and that he would notify me immediately when they were ready to begin work.

(Concluded on Page 73)







FISK

Non-Skid on All roads

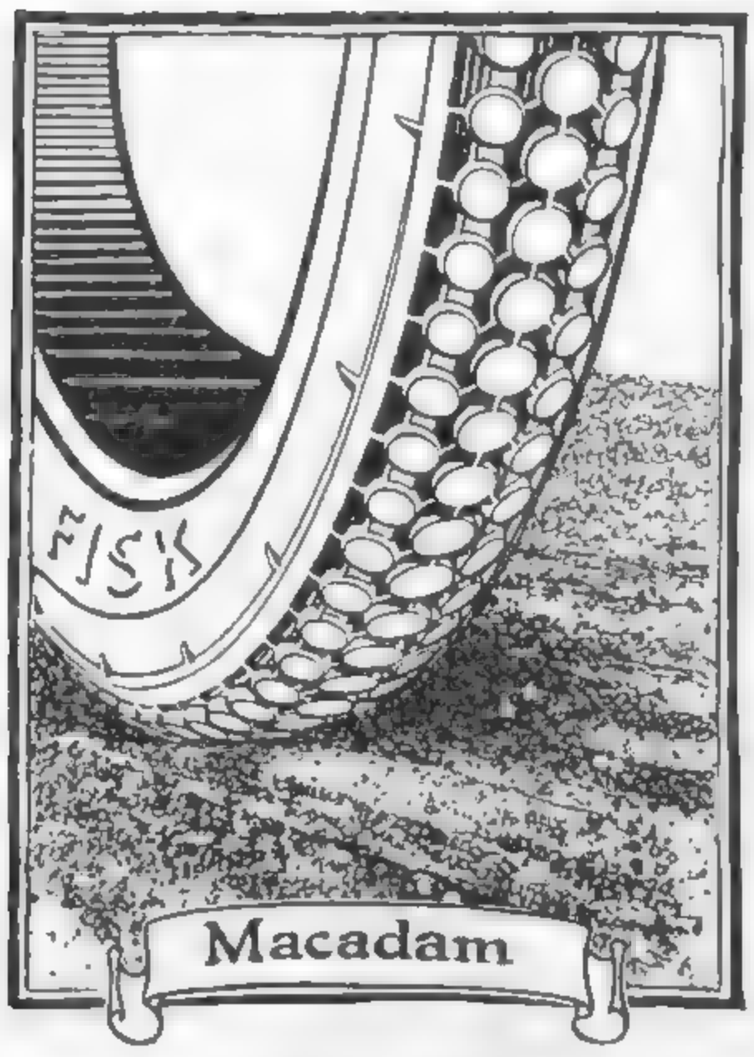
IT'S the tread! The rains of autumn are just ahead and the snows of winter are not far off—the period of the year when your safety and peace of mind must be assured by tires that *actually* prevent side slipping.

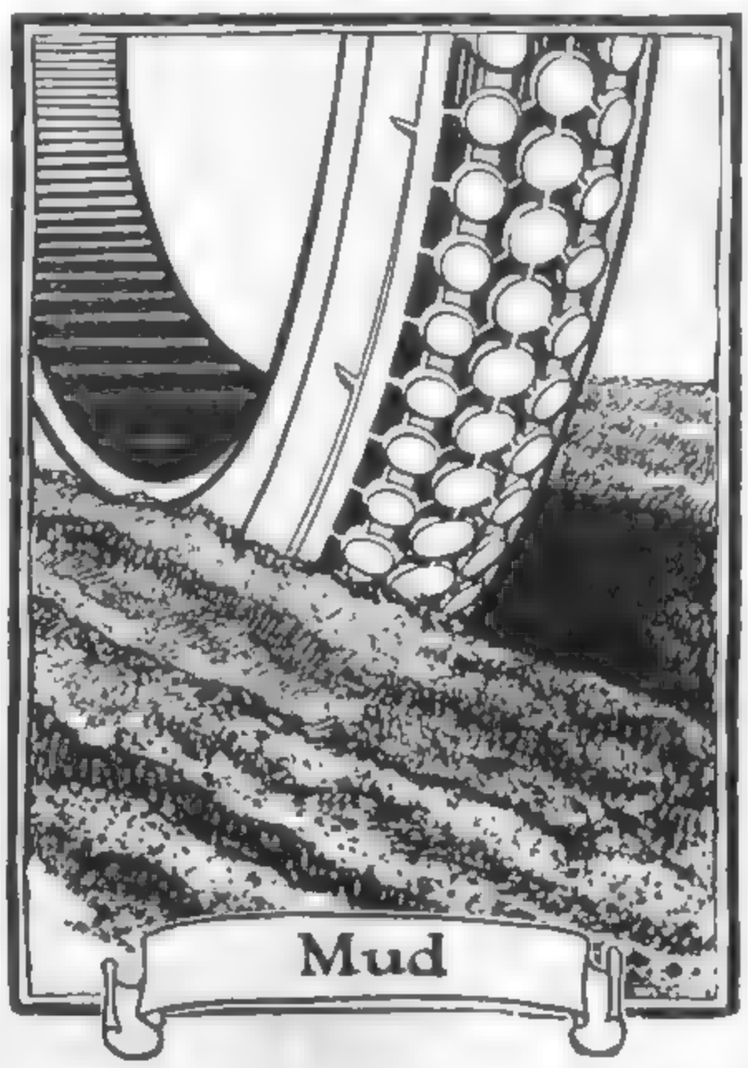
Fisk Non-Skid Tires give this surety on all roads. They hold fast on hard, wet, slippery surfaces, and take a firm grip for the pull ahead on softer road beds. They are the ideal all-year-round tire.

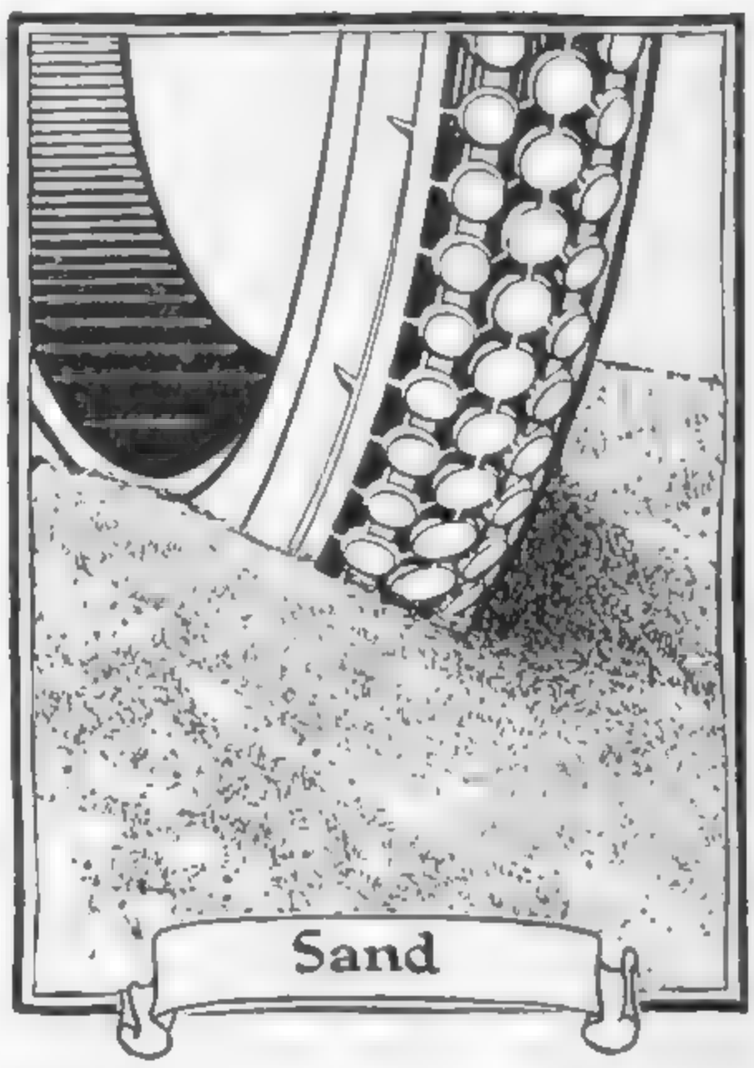
When you buy a Fisk Non-Skid you are getting more than temporary anti-skid protection. The buttons *wear*—they preserve the non-skid character of the tire through month after month of usage.

There is an extraordinary amount of mileage in the buttons alone, and throughout their entire long life you have the perfect protection which makes Fisk the safest non-skid tire you can buy.

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Time to Re-tire?
(Buy Fisk)







TIRES
—in All seasons

Examine this illustration

The basic principle of Fisk Non-Skid protection is perfectly simple. When you understand it you will realize why Fisk Non-Skid Tires are the only auto tires that furnish such complete protection.

Fig. 1 is the outside rib that makes an uninterrupted counter against side slipping or skidding—Fig. 5 is the same protection on the other side of the tread.

Fig. 2 is the outside row of buttons, connected by a second rib of solid rubber. The buttons, which are slightly higher than the connecting rib, offer perfect resistance against skidding and, because they grip the road so firmly, make the pull forward in soft ground ever so much more positive and certain—Fig. 4 has these identical qualities, but from the opposite directions

Fig. 3 is the master button around which the Fisk Non-Skid tread is constructed. It supplies resistance against slipping in any direction—no matter which way there is a tendency to skid there is always a flat resisting surface to prevent that skidding, and to assist the sure forward movement of the wheel.

The company behind the tire, its ability and eagerness to make the best product it knows how to build, the Fisk policy of insisting that users shall have full satisfaction and the product itself which embodies and justifies the policy—these explain why Fisk is the best dollar-for-dollar tire value now for the motorist.

Trade Mark Reg U S Pat Off

Time to Re-tire?
(Buy Fisk)

For Sale by Dealers Everywhere

and by 130 direct Fisk Branches in principal cities Wholesale distributors in Texas, The Fisk Company of Texas—Houston, San Antonio and Dallas. In Canada, James Walker Hardware Co., Montreal; Breen Motor Co., Ltd., Winnipeg; Fisk Tire Agency, Calgary; John Millen & Son, Ltd., Vancouver, and Dominion Automobile Company, Ltd., Toronto. In Porto Rico, The Fisk Tire Store, San Juan. In Hawaii, E O Hall & Son, Honolulu. In the Philippines, Yangco, Rosenstock & Co., Inc., Manila. In Cuba, Cuba Importation Company, Havana.

ITALY Comes to WALTHAM for TIME

THE kingdom of Italy has adopted the Waltham as the official watch for all Italian railroads. By comparative tests she proved the Vanguard to be the most accurate watch in the world.

Italy matched Waltham against the best watches manufactured in London, Geneva and Paris, then selected Vanguard for her railroads.

Dependability—that is the reason for Italy's choice. That is why the world's greatest railroads use more Waltham watches than all other makes combined. Especially is this true in the United States and Canada.

Italy's splendid tribute to Waltham supremacy is the tribute you will pay, once you have played and worked to the tick of Waltham accuracy.

The Vanguard

The World's Finest Railroad Watch

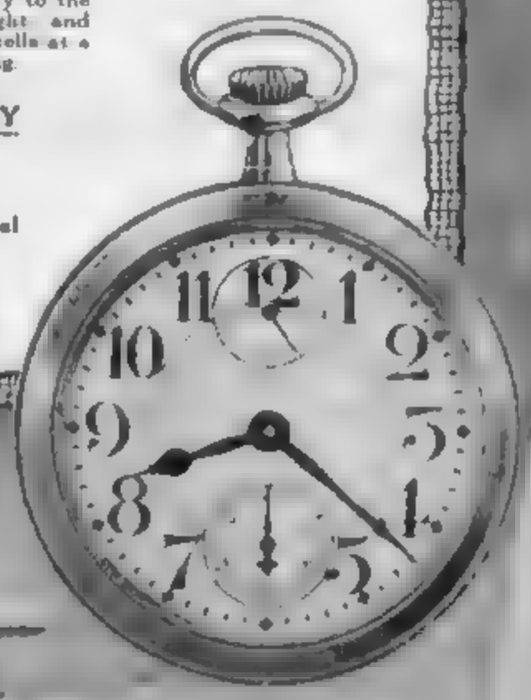
23 and 19 jewels

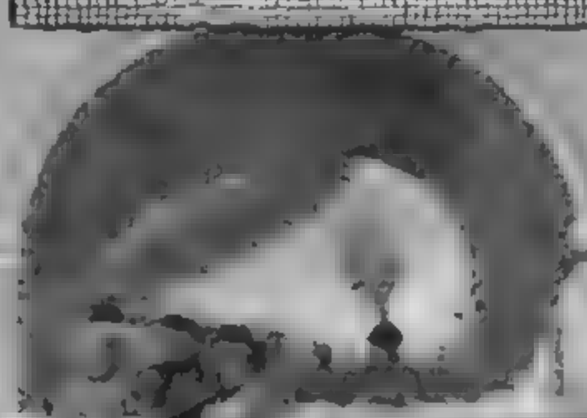
Ask your jeweler to point out the advantages of the Waltham *jeweled main wheel* which makes a Waltham so easy to wind and set; also the *diamond end stones* and the *Breguet hairspring* which make it impossible for the hairspring to catch in the regulator; the *recoiling click* which prevents injury to the time keeping qualities if the watch is wound too tight; and the exclusive *winding indicator* on the dial which tells at a glance whether or not your Waltham needs winding.

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY
WALTHAM, MASS.

CANADA: 189 St. James Street, Montreal

Manufacturers of the Waltham Speedometer and Automobile Clocks





WALTHAM

There is Nothing in the World
So Watchful Over Time as the WALTHAM Watch

(Concluded from Page 69)

I arrived home at the supper hour. Mother and my sisters were at the table. Mother's greeting had a coldness that reminded me of our entrance into Kiel. As she said nothing of my voyage I realized our failure was known to her. She had read; and I was to her a part of that failure. Somehow she believed I had not done my duty—that I could see.

All this did not hinder my relishing my meal, for the return to the food of my youth was a return to the thoughts of childhood. In the morning, when I was about to go to see Theresa, mother called me. We talked for a long time. I could not understand mother; she proposed that I marry Theresa then. That I would not consent to, for it would be an injustice to her; and I told mother so, explaining the possibility of my death. This I dread to mention, but mother urged the matter strongly, stating "The Fatherland demands offspring."

I knew mother was mad. I had heard this before, but I could not conceive mother's asking that. Germany was mad; our reason was becoming perverted.

Theresa and I went to our usual place in the woods. Her little sister searched for wild flowers about us while we sat together and talked. I had to have someone to whom I could confide my thoughts, and why not to Theresa, for she was about the only human I could confide in, and she had wisdom. I told her of my doubts as to the rights and actions of the Fatherland, and I was surprised that these same thoughts had entered her mind. She was more outspoken than I, though she confessed she had never expressed herself before.

She believed we were barbaric, and that our actions had hurt our cause, and that there had been no cause for war in the first place. Our army was a menace to our neighbors, and Germany wished to use it to increase her greatness at the expense of the happiness of other countries. What of the end? There could be no victory with this tremendous sacrifice in lives. And what Germany expected to do would fail, for the integrity of the land of our neighbors was as dear to them as ours was to us. For how different would we feel if our land had been invaded instead of theirs! This she said in a voice louder than was usual for her, and her manner showed her sincere conviction.

In all this I could not agree with her, for it was my conviction that Germany was forced into this war, and I so expressed myself. Theresa was impatient with me and said that I could see only the one side. That may have been so, for a year before such doubts as I then had would have been impossible. Theresa may have been right, but I wanted something to hold to—to justify our cause.

We sat there in silence for a long time, and I believe Theresa was somewhat angry and impatient with me, but early convictions could not be overcome so easily.

Her little sister found a few early flowers. She ran up and placed them in my lap and then ran away, and I after her. I caught her and held her in my arms, and Theresa came up to us smiling, and I kissed her and was immediately forgiven. I told her of the prospect of my entering the shop again and the success of my scheme for lessening the vibration of the engine. She was very happy at the prospect and we planned together for the future.

The United States Declares War

When I arrived home mother showed me the weekly paper: "The United States of America has declared war on Germany." I could hardly believe that. The great country that Uncle Frederick had written of to us. The country in which he is so prosperous, born a poor peasant, and has been made mayor of a large town. How good he has been to all of us! What should we have done without his help when my father died?

Mother said that they declared war on us because of money, and that they thought only of money there. They had no patriotism for their country—money was their patriotism. Mother as usual was very bitter and was confident of victory against all odds. I could not have that impression of those people, from what Uncle Frederick had written us; but that was the reason stated in the paper. Why was our Fatherland so hated?

Daily I looked for a letter from the engine works, and every day Theresa asked me whether I had heard, but still no word. We both were disappointed but were still hopeful until the last day; and then our hopes were shattered, for no word came to me, and I had to return to that nightmare on board the submarine. It was with a heavy heart that I left, knowing that I left happiness behind, and for never a day or an hour should I know of happiness until I returned.

I arrived at Kiel, and August Frankel was waiting for me at the train shed. He was very impatient; he wished to go aboard immediately for instruction. I told him to go ahead and I would follow later, for I wished to be alone until the last minute, and especially away from this boy and his chatter of his service to his country—as if the success of the war depended upon him. Probably I had been as arrogant and impatient as he, but by that time I was content to report when the time came.

I was informed we were to change our tactics. No longer a fleet of U-boats. We were to travel in pairs. Captain Kolberg was more sullen, if that was possible; and he had been criticized for the failure by the admiral, which probably accounted for it. He was also more severe in his criticism of the officers and crew.

Cutting Through a Steel Net

I gave Frankel his instructions. He was quite adept. He lacked the placid good nature of Max, but I could get along with him. We sailed as usual, and I felt no elation. Frankel had enough for us both. We arrived at our zone without mishap, though we had been very cautious. So often were we submerged that I had to caution Captain Kolberg to save our batteries. We enlarged our territory of operation so as to keep the destroyers off our track. If we sank a boat we immediately changed our course and lay in wait for our prey a considerable distance away from the last attack. In that way we were successful, though we could not sink more than one boat in two days, unless we were particularly favored in running into steamers.

Frankel was very anxious to see a ship sink. So far our attacks and retreats had been unseen by the enemy. His opportunity came in our eighth attack. All the new members of the crew seemed anxious and went on deck. They returned below in high spirits. Frankel was greatly excited and enthusiastic. It was a liner of our new enemy.

"They will see how we shall punish them, the money makers!" he said.

I inquired whether any women and children were on board.

"A few," he said.

"Any saved?" I inquired.

"Some boats got away, but she sank very fast," he answered.

He looked at me rather queerly, and later said, "You don't seem enthusiastic."

"No," I answered; "it has become commonplace with me."

Shortly after that we remained submerged, resting for twenty-four hours, which as usual had its bad effect upon us. Frankel was very ugly at times, making cutting remarks to me. They ended when I slapped his face and he was sent sprawling against the side of the compartment. He looked rather astounded, sitting there holding his face. I did use more force than I should, but he questioned my patriotism and said that I was more concerned about the loss of lives of our enemy than in the success of our country. He may have said the truth—sometimes the truth hurts.

It was when we were about to emerge shortly after this that we were caught by a steel net. This was our first experience, and I immediately knew the cause by the action of our engine. This meant quick work, and I was able to cut the submarine loose with the acetylene torch in less than thirty minutes. It was perilous work, but I accomplished it. Frankel thereafter had little talk about my patriotism. I had always hoped to be able to do this, and I had some ideas as to how to accomplish this best. Captain Kolberg congratulated me, which was very unusual for him. I was able to bunch many of the wires by forcing them together with iron cables, thus lessening the time greatly in cutting them.

It was fortunate for us we did quick work, as our microphones warned us of the approach of destroyers, which were notified through wireless the instant we were caught, as the nets were all connected with stations.

I shall never know how it happened, for I was in the engine compartment; but the next day when we were about to submerge to attack a ship a strange vibration was transmitted through the U-boat. This I immediately recognized as the recoil from one of the guns in the tower. We had evidently been surprised by a destroyer in our attempted attack upon a merchantman. At last we were fighting—we were fighting as man to man. I knew this by movements of the U-boat, for we were maneuvering for the advantage, with our guns going in beautiful rhythm. If I could only have seen this! But my place was then more than ever with my engines. How the old Goth spirit in Captain Kolberg must have glorified in this conflict. In my imagination I saw him standing in the conning tower, cool and calm, observing and giving orders, watching for the advantage and sending telling shots at the enemy, as his ancestors did before him—brave and fearless, honored and feared for their individual fighting qualities.

It was glorious to fight this way, so different from the sneaking torpedo attacks. I was smiling and happy; our engines were working wonderfully well, responding perfectly to the strain of rapid changes in speed.

Twice we were struck by shells; this I could tell by the shock sustained by the boat. Evidently we had not been very seriously injured, for the fighting continued as before.

Frankel was white and his hands trembled as he attempted to fill the oil cup on the propeller shaft. I was amused at this, for this method of warfare was as displeasing to him as it was pleasant to me.

Our Last Duties on Board

Suddenly the boat sustained a tremendous shock and our speed was checked. We seemed to be lifted from the sea and then plunged forward, but the boat righted itself almost immediately. Water was, however, entering my compartment quickly and I knew the boat was doomed. We had been rammed by a destroyer. Without orders I began to wreck my beloved engines with a sledge. This seemed a pity, but the secrets of our engines must never fall into the hands of the enemy. The officers and crew below seemed stupefied by this sudden change of events and did not realize their duty, but the noise of my sledge awakened them, and quickly the secrets of our U-boat were safe from the enemy.

Captain Kolberg appeared descending from the conning tower and ordered the men on deck. Some of the men had evidently anticipated this order, for they had the hatch partly open, and almost immediately ascended to the deck. They ascended quickly but in good order until Frankel in his terror attempted to crowd past the other men. His terror affected others of the crew, and disorder would have resulted had not Captain Kolberg shouted orders, which quieted all but Frankel, who would continue to wriggle himself between the men to reach the ladder.

Captain Kolberg ordered the men to make way for him, and he reached Frankel as he was about to ascend the ladder and dragged him by the collar to the rear. He let him go and again Frankel attempted the same tactics. This time Captain Kolberg stopped him with a blow on the jaw and Frankel fell back unconscious in the water, which entered his open mouth as he lay upon his back. He was a victim of his own cowardice.

At the time I paid little attention to these incidents, for I was engrossed with my own thoughts. I had always been a firm believer in the hereafter, and the approach of death was pleasurable. I found myself smiling, for I was strangely happy. Death in action was my desire, and now I was to have my secret wish granted, leaving all this terrible conflict behind to become a subject of the Kingdom of Peace. My family gave me little concern, for I knew Uncle Frederick would see that they did not want. My only regret was Theresa, but later she would come to me and our souls would be united in love.

The last man had left the hatch, and still I stood beside Captain Kolberg, who, like myself, was engrossed in his thoughts. Water was entering the hatch from the waves that were sweeping over the deck, and we were sinking slowly.

Rescued by the British

Captain Kolberg suddenly observed me, for he said quickly, "Thorwald, why don't you go up?"

"I was waiting for you, sir," I replied, not wishing him to discern my motive for remaining behind.

"Go immediately; I will follow," he said.

Slowly I mounted the ladder and reached the deck, while the water was starting to pour into the hatch, making the boat sink more rapidly. Captain Kolberg did not come up, and I knew then he had had no such intention, even though he said so. He would die as he evidently wished to, and as I had hoped to do.

I stood on the deck and noticed two boats of the destroyer leaving the scene. The crew of one of the boats had evidently seen me standing there, for they were stopping their boat and were going to return for me. They would be too late, and my wish for death was to be gratified. The end would be soon, for then I could barely feel the deck beneath me, as I stood there with uplifted hands praying to God to save Germany from herself. I was entirely in the water, and I closed my eyes and instinctively held my breath. My ears buzzed and I attempted to breathe, but the water strangled me and I lost consciousness.

I knew no more until I was wakened by shouting, and opening my eyes I saw the crew of the destroyer looking down at me as I lay prone in the boat that had rescued me and others of our crew.

It was a British destroyer and the triumphant shouting had roused me to consciousness. I was carried on deck, where I slowly regained my strength, but my constant coughing was very distressing, and I expectorated considerable thin mucus. I felt melancholy, for my cherished hope had been denied me.

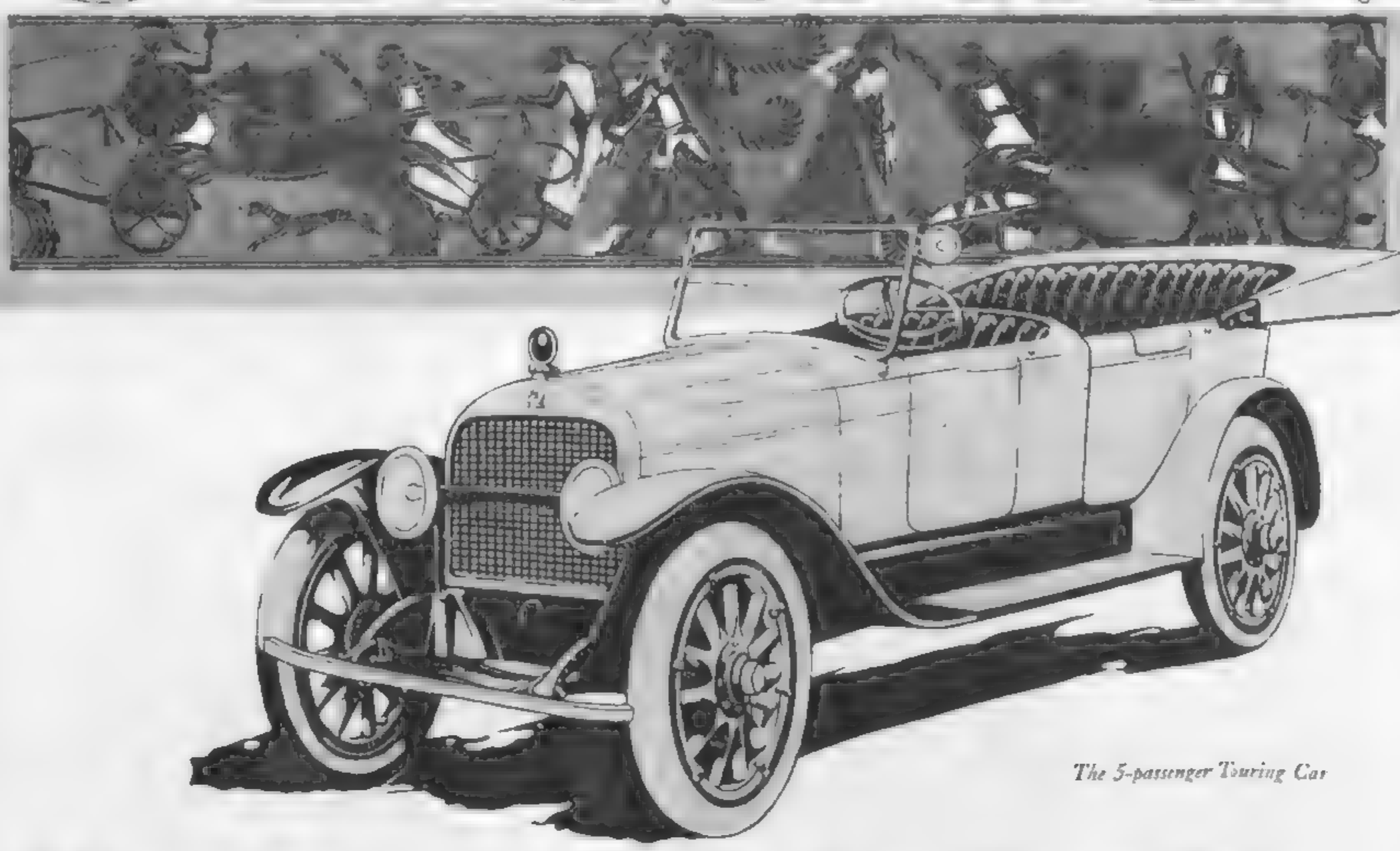
They searched me before I was sent below and they retained my precious notes. I was huddled together with the rest of the crew, and our guards looked at us with expressions of fear and hate, as if we were some human-devouring animals caged for the present, but likely to escape and repeat our human destruction.

The next day we were transferred to another ship, which took us to port, where I was separated from the rest of the officers and crew and sent away. I arrived in a prison camp entirely occupied by officers of a high rank. They mostly bore the title of Herr Von, and I could see that I was rather ostracized because of my humble station in private life.

On the second day of my internment my possessions were returned to me, and with them my precious notes. I am thankful, for now I can complete my narrative at my leisure, as the rest of the officers play cards almost incessantly and talk of the glory of Germany; and though I have played cards with them, at times their unsportsmanlike manner does not appeal to me and I shall confine myself to writing.

Lieutenant Ayres, who has charge of this camp, has noticed this ostracism and has asked me if I wished to be transferred. To this I have readily consented, and I understand I am to be transferred to a camp situated in an agricultural district.

OLYMPIAN



The 5-passenger Touring Car

Dealers – This is For You

The object of this advertisement is to interest automobile dealers,

—*not to sell cars.*

We want high grade Olympian dealers in every city and town in the United States. And we have a real car to offer them.

Ours is exactly the kind of a proposition to attract the kind of dealers we want.

Listen—

The Olympian is a 4 cylinder car.

It has beauty, finish, speed, power, endurance, equipment—everything a car should have.

It is built in one of the finest factories in Michigan, the home of fine motor car plants.

It is backed by a wide-awake, progressive organization with brains, experience and plenty of good, hard cash.

We are now building 60 Olympian cars a week—*and selling many more.*

And remember—we are just getting started—just whipping our facilities and our organization into shape for the big drive that will put Olympian right up with the leaders.

We want dealers who have ability and stability—men capable of handling a big business and handling it well.

Such men should make money—*big money*—by selling Olympian cars.

We pay a discount as high—if not higher—than that paid by any other manufacturer of cars in the Olympian class.

Read the brief description of the Olympian on the next page.

Then ask us about the Olympian organization—and the Olympian plans.

Let us explain how our unique system enables us to furnish *an unusually large number of sales prospects to our dealers.*

$965

f. o. b. factory

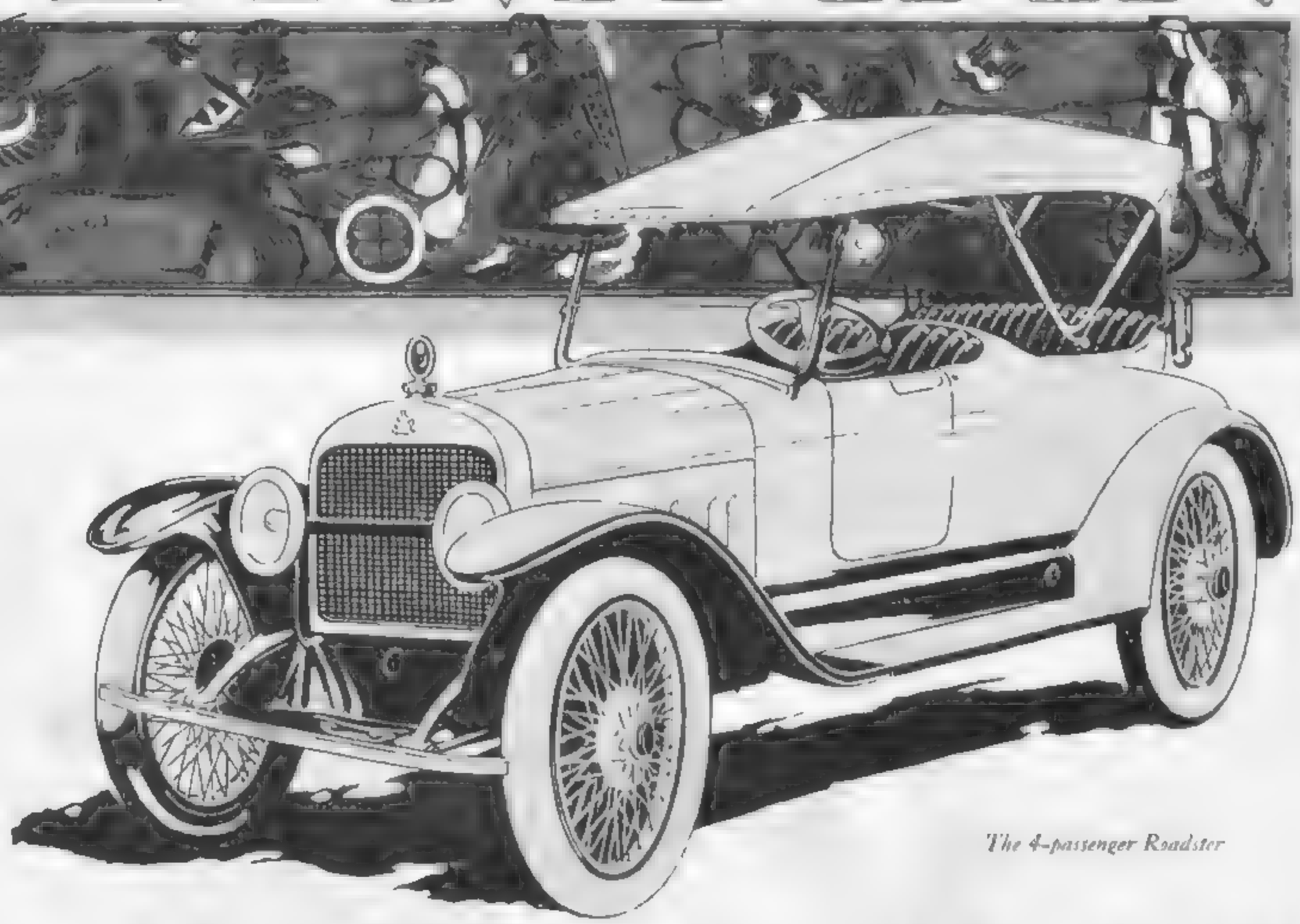
If you are a real live wire—a business getter—a keen, substantial business man—there's probably room for you in the Olympian organization.

Let's talk business—*right away.*

OLYMPIAN MOTORS COMPANY

Pontiac, Michigan

OLYMPIAN



The 4-passenger Roadster

A Car You'd be Proud to Sell

The Olympian has won immediate and lasting popularity wherever introduced.

It is a beautiful car. In appearance, finish and riding comfort it ranks with cars selling at a much higher price.

It has handsome, distinctive double cowl lines and a hand painted finish that preserves its original lustre the lifetime of the car.

Mechanically, the Olympian meets your highest ideals—114-inch wheelbase, cantilever rear springs, full floating rear axle, vacuum gasoline system and factory equipment that includes a spotlight, a bumper, a motometer, an ignition lock and an extra rim.

Also, we give Olympian owners choice of a wide variety of colors.

Think of such selling points in a car for $965!

The Olympian motor has plenty of pep and power. It is a wonder on the hills—proved by over three years of road service. Develops 37 horsepower—smooth-running and quiet. Its high gear ability ranges from 5 to 50 miles. *It consistently gives 18 miles on a gallon of gas.*

$965

f. o. b. factory

These are big vital points—important advantages that no car buyer can overlook. And that's just what dealers want—and must have.

Dealers who have seen the Olympian and have ridden in it—those who have looked into the Olympian organization and have heard the Olympian plans—have been eager to talk business.

A. P. Brush of the Brush Engineering Association, Detroit, one of the most progressive and best known engineers in the automobile field, has been retained as consulting engineer and designer for the Olympian.

We have already contracted with a number of successful dealers—leaders in their respective territories. Their demands for Olympian cars are pushing up our production by jumps.

But our plans call for even faster growth. So we must have more dealers.

The Olympian is the kind of a car you'd be proud to sell. The company is the kind you want to tie to. *Write or wire us today.* Let us tell you our proposition and our plans. We advise immediate action. Territory is going quickly. *Better wire now.*

OLYMPIAN MOTORS COMPANY

Pontiac, Michigan

Society Brand Clothes

FOR YOUNG MEN AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG

Society Brand Clothes are invariably correct for all ages. They express the mid-to-best forward youthfulness, in business, in thought and in dress

OUR organization, fully developed, works in harmony to complete every operation to a fixed standard so that the finished garment matches the perfect model which we set as our ideal.

No garment is a genuine Society Brand model unless the inside pocket bears the label. Go to Style Headquarters—the store that sells Society Brand Clothes

ALFRED DECKER & COHN, Makers, Chicago

THE PASSING OF GERMAN INDUSTRY

(Concluded from Page 18)

greatest triumph of the war," a Greiz manufacturer of dress goods told me one night at dinner. "It shows the soundness and solidity of the foundations upon which the fabric of German business has been reared."

In other words, he pointed out that the most severe strain Germany had been called upon to sustain, with the outbreak of the war, was the strain of the British blockade. He spoke of this strain as an emergency; whereas, in truth it was and is a condition progressively destroying—pulling apart, so to speak—the powerful machinery of Germany's real strength, the great industry upon whose shield the War Gods themselves are carried.

The British blockade and the labor disturbance fell like a blow from the hammer of Thor upon the German industrial world. Hundreds of thousands of skilled operatives marched away and many factories closed their doors on account of lack of labor. True, training schools for the wives and sisters of the mobilized workmen were opened all over the empire. That work has gone forward without rest until to-day a race of women laborers and mechanics—frowzy, roughened Amazons—peoples Central Europe. The labor shortage, however, grows and grows.

And, with the closing of the sea lanes, many flourishing firms among those almost entirely dependent upon their export business for their incomes went into bankruptcy. Government subsidies tided other firms over the first period of stress. Thus Claviez, known in the trade of the world as the manufacturer of fine wood-pulp fabrics, was saved by government intervention.

The wheels of Saxon industry almost ceased to turn; for this German state manufactures wares chiefly for foreign markets. It sent its fancy dress goods to France, England and America. It sent its staple weaves to Russia and to the Orient. It sold its fancy porcelains to England and the Americas. It sold its cheap cottons to India, China and South America. It distributed its machine-made laces and embroideries throughout the world, sending about four-fifths of these products abroad. Likewise, it sold the greater part of its leather goods and notions abroad. In plain American parlance, every country of the world was Saxony's meal ticket, except the home country. The appearance of the English fleet in the ranks of the enemy threw this rich industry into a chaos of confusion.

And the blockade denied sorely needed supplies. Modern Germany must have vast supplies of ores and fibers to insure her existence. The German foreign policy of the past generation has been characterized by a frantic search for a safe German supply of iron and cotton. Iron mines caused the Morocco crisis. Iron and possible cotton drew the Kaiser's disturbing proclamation of himself as the Defender of Islam; for there is iron in Anatolia, and cotton may one day be grown in the basins of the Tigris and the Euphrates. Possession of iron and cotton sources meant for Germany "her place in the sun"; but she had possession of only few and scant such sources. Thus the great mansion of the parvenu nation was built without supports.

A Nation Without Supports

The blockade cut imports down to dangerous minimums. The iron mines of the North Lands and of France assured a sufficient supply of this material. However, dangerous shortages of cotton, leather, wool, rubber, gutta-percha, nickel and copper developed. It was recognized that Germany must keep house most economically with such stores as she had on hand or face disaster. The necessities brought about by the cutting off of normal imports reacted powerfully upon industry. As these shortages have become more and more serious other industries have gone to the wall, with resulting fresh losses of capital, of skill and of organization.

Thus, the flourishing artificial silk industry has been totally destroyed. The rich carpet-and-rug industry has fallen into decay, from which it will take years of painstaking effort to revive it. The production of artistic porcelains, rich in coloring and design and as fragile in texture as rose petals, has been given over. The famed Meissen shops now devote themselves to the production of the heavy cheap war porcelains and the splendid art of before the war is being forgotten through disuse. The skilled artists are falling victims on the battle fronts. The manufacture of leather gloves and other leather goods not for army use has stopped. The manufacture of bronzeware has been outlawed. So also has the manufacture of chocolate bonbons. The Germans consume a great part of their sugar production in the manufacture of glycerin, and there remains not enough sugar for table use, even with the manufacture of candy denied and that of cake severely restricted.

With all building at a standstill and with thé people practicing a Spartan retrenchment in every possible direction, the largest German furniture factories are running but a fraction of normal time, while the small factories have long since failed. Hundreds of lace and embroidery firms have failed, and nearly all of them have closed their doors until the dawn of peace. There is not sufficient textile material to waste in fripperies; and so this industry is being lost. The manufacture of German torchon laces has been almost given up, and the women in the forest villages, who formerly turned out exquisite lace patterns, are now doing sweaty labor in munition factories.

Dresses and Hats of Paper

The manufacture of fancy dress goods—before the war the Germans led the world in the creation of novelty patterns every season—has ceased. The men wear mostly field-gray now and the people back home have become indifferent in matters of style and dress. Moreover, it is now three years since the foreign buyer brought a stream of foreign wealth into the life of the mills.

All these industries I have named, and many that I have not mentioned, have passed, in their decay, into almost helpless states of disorganization. There need be little fear that they will take up the old keen competition where it was left off before the great war began.

Germany has been forced to concentrate her energies upon the creation of necessities and upon war business. She has abandoned the production of luxuries. This has played havoc with many of the leading lines of German export. It has disorganized much of the home trade remaining. For example, Germany had a lively home and foreign market for her output of pleasure motor cars before the war. To-day the manufacture of these cars has given way to the manufacture of fleet plain dispatch cars, cumbersome busses for the transportation of troops, ambulances and heavy supply trucks. Rarely now one sees a pleasure motor in use in Germany. This means that the German automobile industry has not advanced since the declaration of war in 1914; that this industry in Germany is just three years behind its sister industries in the United States and Great Britain. This is a random example out of numerous possible examples.

"We are a decade behind the styles in everything except war machinery," was the subject of a plaintive discourse to me by Kommerzienrat Wolff, of Zwickau, shortly before I left Germany. The Herr Kommerzienrat was frank; but, then, the Herr Kommerzienrat is one of the few prominent Germans who have been opposed to war all along. Kommerzienrat Wolff, in the days of Germany's prosperity, sold safety lamps in every part of the globe.

Intimately in touch with the commercial situation, a thoughtful and unusually capable student of affairs, it was Herr Wolff's opinion that a loss of originality, a loss of creative ability, would be found going hand in hand with Germany's enforced backwardness in style and pattern. It was his opinion that the German people have already lost more through the stagnation of their peace industries than any possible indemnities or annexations can ever make up to them. He pointed out that the wonderful textile-designing business in my district had been in a moribund state for three years, and insisted that sleeping talent decays, and even dies.

Textiles and steel are the backbone of modern economic life. Germany's textile industry was probably the most highly developed in the world. It proved its efficiency during those years when it successfully competed in the American market over our prohibitive textile tariff. Germany's dress goods, woolens, cotton stuffs, embroideries, laces and mixed goods were carried in her argosies all over the world, bringing in rich annual returns to the *Vaterland*. They made the keenest kind of keen competition for the mills of Great Britain and of this country.

To-day, however, the artificial silk industry is dead; the dress-goods mills are stagnant, with plainest patterns; the woolen manufacture is dying; the machine lace and embroidery factories have lost their grip and inspiration; and the important sister industry of dyeing and finishing is losing its cunning through disuse. The sorry condition of the textile industry is one of the things that is giving the German warriors pause.

German mills consumed regularly enormous quantities of cotton and wool, and shortages in these two materials were among the earliest war pinches felt. It is true that Germany was able to import a large amount of cotton in 1915, and that she captured other quantities upon the fall of Antwerp and of Lille. These stores, nevertheless, were unimportant when compared with the demand. The Germans early understood the necessity for the discovery of some makeshift. They turned to the fiber of the nettle and to paper. Claviez, a manufacturer in my district, was allowed five million marks by the government at the beginning of the war to save him from bankruptcy. His mills turned out a paper fabric that was used in the manufacture of sacking and rugs. The government directed him to begin the manufacture of paper dress goods; and, as the war went on, the German poor donned paper suits, paper shirts, paper waists and paper skirts. They wore, also, papier-mâché shoes and paper hats!

This widespread consumption of paper garments made up part of the index of the great war loss to the regular textile mills. It meant idle machines by thousands; the deterioration of hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of machinery that was not replaced. It meant a vital weakening of German industry. It was one of the striking features of the gradual sapping of the strength of industry, a gradual unfitting of it for competition in the world market in the days of peace to come. The mills gave up the manufacture of their rich patterns and of their novelty patterns. The style books of the German mills have remained practically the same since the outbreak of the war, with a consequent immeasurable loss to the industry of the old tense drive of the mills' organization that caused the working out of new style books, from cover to cover, for each succeeding season.

Startling German Makeshifts

From the effects of this slackening up it will take many years to recover. Just the plainest patterns, in the most simple and cheapest weaves, are now turned out in Germany, for the dire needs of the war have put this industry a generation behind the times, and have further weakened it in capital, skilled labor and equipment. It is a groundless fear to-day—the German textile industry!

In passing it is worth noting other German expedients for doing without things. The absorbent cotton used for the dressing of wounds has been replaced by a preparation from spruce wood pulp. The wood is imported from Sweden. And the finished product is said to be more advantageous for the dressing of wounds than is cotton. It is lighter and more fluffy, and is easier to change. From a similar cellulose base the Germans get a cloth for the binding of the dressings and for the manufacture of piece goods.

Then there is a synthetic rubber, which is used chiefly for tires. It has some of the characteristics of rubber, with the exceptions of resiliency and elasticity. But probably the most startling of the German makeshifts was the bacteria-bred fat, which has been put on the market by an enterprising brewing firm. Food substitutes are innumerable; but all of them are sad, unsatisfactory, gruesome imitations of the real thing.

The steel industry has become a thoroughgoing war industry, one feature of which is the continued manufacture of imperatively needed staples. This industry has been so terribly pushed by the primary demands of the gigantic war business of Central Europe and Turkey that it has not been found possible to produce sufficient rails and rolling stock for the railroads, important as these battle nerves of Germany are in her efficient game of war.

The Krupp people have established branch furnaces and forges in all parts of the country, likely with the idea of minimizing enemy opportunity for crippling the shell and cannon production. Furnaces have been operated for the Krupp Works in France, Belgium and Asia Minor. Asia Minor is being developed into a metal treasure-trove for Germany, and many millions of marks have been and are being expended in the building up of mining properties there.

There is no longer a scarcity of metals in Germany. Copper is plentiful. Nickel mines in Anatolia were in the first stages of development when I left Germany; but in a year or two they will yield considerable outputs. Serbia, Rumania and Anatolia are now furnishing large supplies of copper. Before the conquest of Serbia the metal outlook for the Germans was dark and dreary. They stripped the roofs of the large buildings and factories of their copper and conducted a painful house-to-house survey of the copper and nickel stores of the empire. Ornaments, kitchen utensils, heirlooms, statues and bells all went into the munition melting pots; and the kitchenware, at least, was replaced by coarse pottery. This saved many of the porcelain people from going to the wall.

War Monopolizes All Industry

The difficulty in the munitions industry is not want of material, but want of labor. All available labor has been drawn into this industry, and there is a hungry cry, steadily growing in volume, for more, ever more hands. The whole metal industry of Germany is concentrated on war, on the output of shells, bullets, armor plate, cannon, submarine parts; and the tempo is a frantic one. Every other business interest of the empire is subservient to the demands of this industry. It is maintaining an atmosphere of hopeless hectic rush, and its activity and prosperity are surely ruining the country.

The building trades are dead. There is practically no new construction throughout the empire; and even repairs are perforce postponed, on account of lack of labor and lack of capital. The Germany of yesterday has grown very dingy and dilapidated. It will take hundreds of millions of marks to bring it into repair again. Public buildings, private houses, streets, public parks and the peacetime factories are all running to decay. I have sometimes wondered on my wartime journeys through Germany whether the heartless devastations of France have wrought a greater loss to the Sunny Republic than those German losses that have resulted from internal weakness and from neglect.

The manufacture of woodworking machinery for the work of peacetime is being neglected; and so a whole industry is falling into decay. The manufacture of an innumerable list of machine tools is being slighted; and thus other industries are gradually going by the board. The manufacture of rails and railroad equipment is below requirements; and so the magnificent net of German railroads is going into a state of inefficient ill repair. The fabrication of shrapnel has replaced the manufacture of lace and machines and looms. The fabrication of submarine parts has replaced the manufacture of locomotives, typewriters and sewing machines. The fabrication of shells and cannon has cut down the manufacture of agricultural implements. All the strength of factory and forge is being sucked into the never-satisfied munitions business, the tentacles of which, furthermore, are continually drawing away the lifeblood of many other industries.

All these industries must be slowly and painfully reorganized, when peace comes, before the German will again be in a position to sally forth and fight for the trade of the world. Will he have sufficient energy left for this stupendous and saddening undertaking? Sometimes, on my trips through his topsy-turvy war world, I have very much doubted that the German of to-morrow will have sufficient stout-born courage to begin the old life anew.

"Don't Forget the Things that Didn't Cause Trouble"

The Driver: "When I get my *next* car, you bet I'm going to see that I don't run into some of the big and little things I've had trouble with in this one."

The Friend: "That's right, old chap; but remember it's the wheel that needs grease that squeaks loudest."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you're all worked up over a few things that went wrong just *because they called attention to themselves.* How about the parts that have worked so perfectly that you didn't even know

TIMKEN

you had 'em in the car? Better list them, too, and be sure you get the same next time."

* * * * *

The advice this man gave his friend should be heeded by every motorist.

We're all so apt to concentrate our attention on defects and difficulties, whether big or little, that we may jump from the frying pan into the fire.

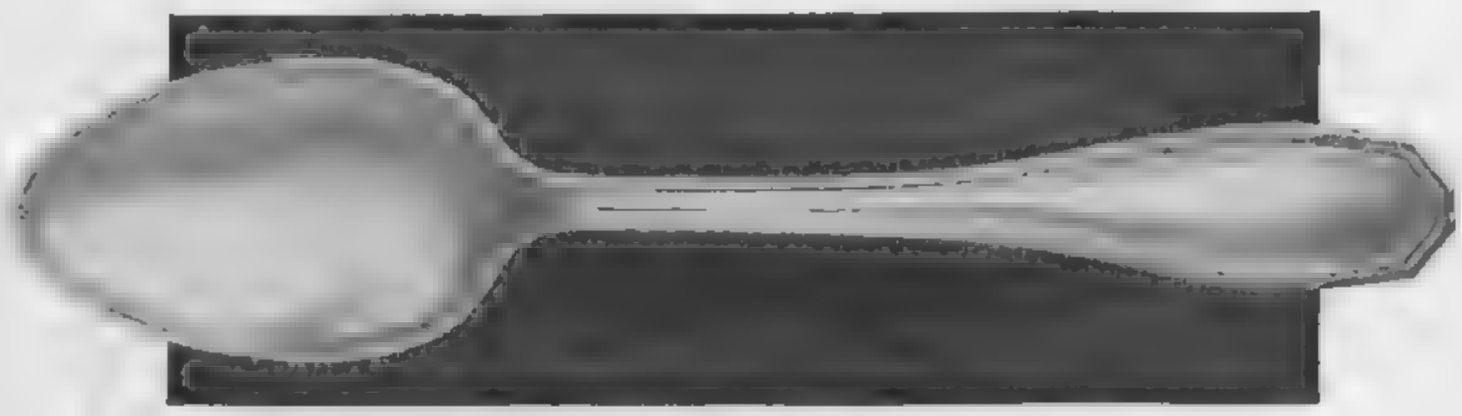
In getting rid of motor trouble we may neglect to secure something that has already proven its worth and reliability by silence and perfect operation.

No parts of your car are more fundamental than good bearings—yet the owner who has Timken Bearings in his car often doesn't know where they are. He never sees them, he may not even know they're Timken, because they don't get out of order and attract his attention.

If you want to post yourself thoroughly on one of the important parts of your car that has *not* given trouble write, as soon as you finish reading this publication, for copies of the Timken Bearing Booklets, A 15, "How Can I Tell" explaining the construction principles of motor car bearings and A 16, "The Companies Timken Keeps" listing all the cars equipped with Timken Bearings with their location in each car. Sent free, post-paid, at your request.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio

BEARINGS



THE CLINTON. A PATTERN OF ENDURING BEAUTY, IN EVERY WAY WORTHY OF WILLIAM ROGERS AND HIS SON—TRUE TO ALL THE CRAFT IDEALS INSPIRED BY THIS HONORED NAME

—a TEASPOON of rare Colonial mold, bearing the mark of the generations-old ideals of craftsmanship of

William Rogers and his Son

You who love the beauties of the silver of olden days, note well that name: William Rogers and his Son! For William Rogers himself was one of the three brothers who generations ago became the fathers of the silver-plating craft in this land of ours. Several companies they formed, and so successful were they that others began to sell "Rogers" silver plate side by side with the original brothers' wares. Yet all the while, down through the passing years there came the ideals and traditions of the three brothers, molding, influencing the latter-day wares—and at this day just as the "1847 Rogers Bros." silver is of the highest grade of the heavier plate, so in the lighter ware such as the old craftsmen loved, "the best at the price" is marked with this name of the third brother.

WM. ROGERS & SON

In Canada made by Wm. Rogers Mfg. Co., Ltd.
Niagara Falls, Ont.

WILLIAM ROGERS & SON BEARS THE GUARANTEE of THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO. of MERIDEN, Conn.

THE WAGE-EARNERS

(Concluded from Page 5)

"You've seen it?" he said. "How much has he got?"

"He's got a lot of it," she replied. "He's got a whole lot of it! He keeps it hid."

February came over and took the girl by the arm.

"Look here, Bella!" he said. "You are not lying? You are telling the truth about this?"

"Yes; I'm telling the truth about it," replied the girl. "He's got a lot of money; he's got it hid in the bedtick. I saw it. I was helping mother red-up the house. Mother was sweeping and I was making the bed. Mother didn't see it and I didn't tell her. I didn't ever tell anybody. But I would have told him. . . . I would have told ——"

"Yes, yes," said February with directness. "I know whom you would have told; he kissed you once. Now, how much money is there in the bedtick?"

The girl began to explain with the accuracy of a simple person.

She made the recital vivid with exact details. It was impossible to doubt any item of her story. She described the packages of bills; she gave the dimensions of their bulk, measuring it in space with her two hands. She gave the depth, the width.

February at once understood that the bedtick contained large packages of bank notes.

The girl added the current gossip of the neighborhood—that Pickens was a miser; that he had never spent anything; and that through the accumulations of a long life he had amassed a treasure. This, however, was merely a legend; no one but herself had ever seen this treasure. She alone had seen it; she alone of all persons in the neighborhood knew that it actually existed; and she had never told anybody till to-day.

During the whole recital February questioned her shrewdly; he located everything in the room and about the house with the accuracy of an expert. He got precisely the habits of the old man, the ways of entrance to the house, the exits. He learned that Pickens lived alone and that he had no weapons except a pistol on the wall. He wished to know about this weapon—was it a modern arm? And he was pleased to discover that it was old-fashioned and rusty.

Finally, when he got every detail, he stood out of the way.

His manner had now completely changed. The element of banter had vanished. His indirectness was gone. He was now a person of affairs and vigor, engaged with a matter in which he was interested—and his speech revealed it.

"Now, Bella," he said, "I want you to do exactly what I tell you. You are to keep your mouth shut; and when you come up here to-morrow we will go away to the city, and you will have everything you have ever dreamed about."

He stepped up close before the girl and counted the items off on his fingers:

"You will have a gold bracelet. And you will have a necklace with a gold cross to it. And you will have a ring with a real diamond in it. And you will be a lady and live in a grand house."

Then he took her by the two shoulders and looked her in the face.

"But remember what I tell you: You are not to say a word to anybody, and you are not to bring anything with you when you come up except the dinner pail. Do you understand that?"

"Yes," said the girl; "I understand it."

"Then you will do exactly what I say?"

"Yes."

The man stood out of the way and the girl went down the stairs, across the terrace, into the path leading to the village.

She walked rapidly and she no longer sang.

One has a certain fear before good fortune. One perceives an inexplicable query: Wherefore have the immense tranquil forces of the world troubled themselves for our benefit? It is our experience that events are indifferent or hostile. How, then, can the gilded dream come true unless some god or some devil presses for it? And these, our mysterious religions teach, must be paid a wage for their activities. It is the dim concept of the wage, menacing in the background, that keeps us grave before good fortune.

February took his companion by the arm and led him over by the window. He indicated the house lying below in the valley. The dinner pail remained on the floor unopened, and for a long time the men talked.

They talked in a whisper, though there was no human creature within a mile.

One could not have told the second morning from the first. Everything seemed minted on the same die. The substance of things had not changed. The great casement windows, reaching to the floor of the bedchamber, were open. Through the frames of them one saw the same pictured country.

The two painters were at work. About them were their implements, scattered over the cloths that had been put down to protect the floor from the paint. But the work was only a pretense. There were two wooden horses in the room, with a board across for a scaffold. The lighted torch sat unused on this scaffold, almost at the height of a man's head. A bucket of paint was on the floor with some brushes in it. The men, heretofore moving through the room at their pretended labor, had now ceased and gone over to the window.

They were waiting for the girl to arrive.

It would not be possible for her to get out of the village until noon. The dinner pail was the only excuse she had.

During the morning the two men had been almost entirely silent. Both were nervous. February was picking at his face, always for the invisible cobwebs. The other man opened and closed his fingers and shuffled his feet. And the perspiration stood on him in tiny drops.

Finally they saw the girl coming out of the village with her tin pail, on which the sun glistened; and suddenly the little man turned to his companion.

"You've made a mess," he said; "you've made a damned pretty mess! It's a hanging job now."

Shore began to stammer. "It's your fault," he said. "You got me into it."

"It's your own fault," said February. "What did you hit the old man for? It was of no use to hit him; we could have tied him in the bed."

The big man seemed to reflect.

"I got mad," he said. "I always slug somebody when I get mad."

"You are an infernal fool!" said February. "We could have slipped out with the money just as well; there was no sense in hitting the old man. We would have got three years on the burglary—or five years, maybe—if they got us. But it's a hanging job now."

The big young man said nothing. He began to look at the girl as she came up over the stone terrace lying below the window. He listened to the sound of her feet on the stairs, and when she entered he continued to regard her.

The simple primitive nature of the man seemed incapable of entertaining two potent ideas; even the fear, the uneasiness with which he had been consumed while the older man was speaking of the danger, gave way and made place for the emotion that took possession of him upon the appearance of the girl. She had a wealth of color; her wonderful hair was again held in a great coil round the top of her head, with the big celluloid comb thrust down deeply into it.

The younger man did not cease to look at her.

He went carefully over her; he seemed to appraise and value the elements that affected him. He had the appearance of an expert looking at a jewel—an expert to whom a jewel is passion and romance. For the time everything else was removed and blended into background.

The voice of February seemed to reach him as from a distance.

"Well," he said, "we have no time to lose; let's divide the stuff and get out."

Suddenly the big man turned and looked at him.

"How are you going to divide it?" he said.

"Fifty-fifty," replied February. "You don't want more because you croaked the old man, do you?"

Shore continued to regard him. His aspect was primitive; it was elemental. Some determining simple impulse moved behind it.

"It's all right about the money," he said; "but who gets the girl?"

There came a sudden energy into February's face. He made a quick step in front of the girl, active, lithe, like a cat.

"I get her," he said; "she belonged to me before you showed up."

The big man turned slowly and looked at February. "You are going to take her away?"

"Sure!" replied the little man. "What the hell have you got to do with it?"

There was no further word spoken. Shore struck out with his right arm, his huge fist doubled. February evaded the blow by bending his body slightly; but he was not able to avoid the lurch forward of the younger man, and a moment later he felt himself caught up and turned about. He struggled, using methods that he knew and tricks that he had picked up. They availed him to some degree, but not wholly.

He was forced to give way.

Shore endeavored to inclose him in his arms, but he avoided this; and, with a sudden swift effort, he wrenched himself loose and staggered back. The casement window behind him was open. His foot struck the threshold; he caught with his hand. His fingers slipped along the glass door without finding anything they could take hold of. He hung a moment; then he fell. He did not cry out and there was no sound. His head struck the stone coping of the terrace, and his body doubled over and lay there. It lay lightly and without motion, as though it were a man's clothing stuffed with feathers.

Shore turned and advanced toward the girl. He did not say anything, and his attitude and the tragic accident that had happened filled her with terror. It was a terror that seemed to deprive the girl of volition—almost of motion; the primitive terror that one sees in a startled, amazed animal. She stepped back slowly, her eyes on the man. No one saw the peril behind her until the thing happened.

The back of her head touched the torch burning on the scaffold. The celluloid comb flashed, and immediately her whole head was enveloped in flames.

Instantly, with inconceivable quickness, the man seized one of the great cloths that had been laid down to protect the floor from paint and flung it over the girl. He smothered out the flame, kneading the head under the folds of the cloth. The drab paint-stained cloth covered the figure of the woman to the floor.

And all at once the scene became something in a theater—a magician at a work of transformation; a human body changing under the hands of a sorcerer. And it changed in travail, shuddering, and with smothered cries.

Not easily was this new thing, wonder or horror, shaped in the womb of the cloth.

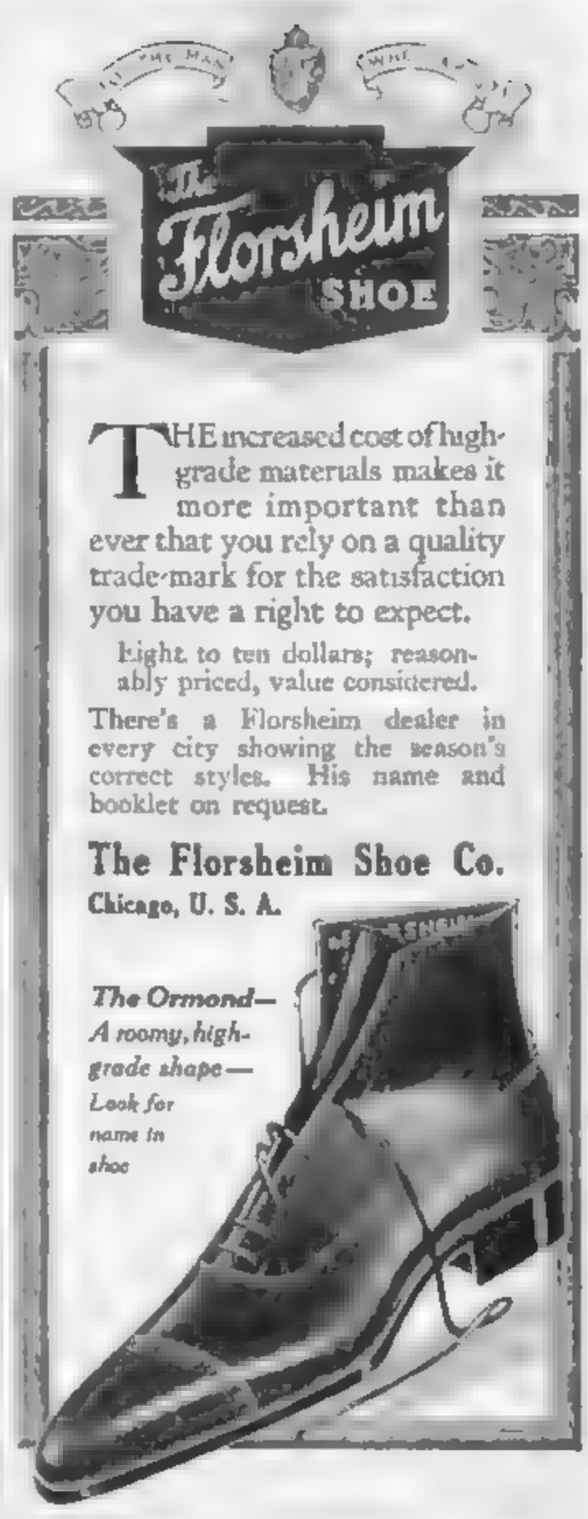
It was ended in a moment. But when the man threw his sheet of crash on the floor the woman under it had, in truth, changed. The great wealth of straw-colored hair, heavy as an armful of silk, was wholly gone; there remained only a blackened mass that bristled over the girl's head like a singed copse. She was otherwise uninjured; but the glory that had distinguished her had vanished. She stood whimpering like a flayed thing, raw and ugly.

The man did not move; but his face took on that strained immobile perplexity with which a child sees a sweetmeat in its hand made foul by some inexplicable accident.

There was silence. Then suddenly, far off in the village, a bell began to ring. It rang fiercely, violently, as though the inorganic metal had gone mad. The sharp sound seemed to awaken the man. And the great primitive instincts, which consider one's self only, moved him to a decision. He no longer wanted the girl. The girl had been an illusion unfrocked of her allurements by the sorcery of chance. But the money hidden in the cupboard in the corner of the room was no illusion. It was a reality beyond the perils of transmutation.

He hurried over to the cupboard, opened it and began to stuff the packages of notes into his blouse. The money was in the sack in which the two men had placed it when they took it out of the bedtick. It was dark, and they had not been able to see it clearly; but they knew it was a large sum from its bulk. Now as Shore thrust the bills into the bosom of his shirt, packing them round his body, he caught the legend on the faces of the money. He stopped, his eyes distended, his mouth gaping, and reread the words printed on the notes:

The Confederate States of America Will Pay to the Bearer Five Hundred Dollars.



THE increased cost of high-grade materials makes it more important than ever that you rely on a quality trade-mark for the satisfaction you have a right to expect.

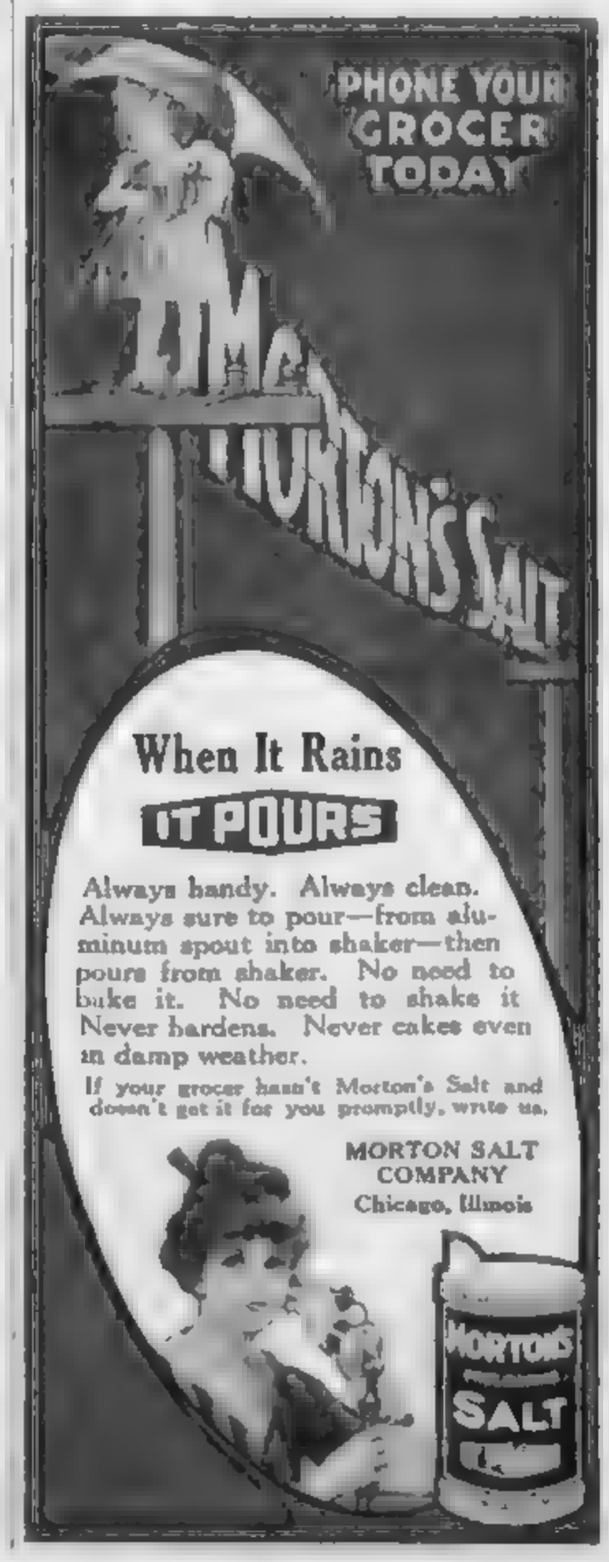
Eight to ten dollars; reasonably priced, value considered.

There's a Florsheim dealer in every city showing the season's correct styles. His name and booklet on request.

The Florsheim Shoe Co.

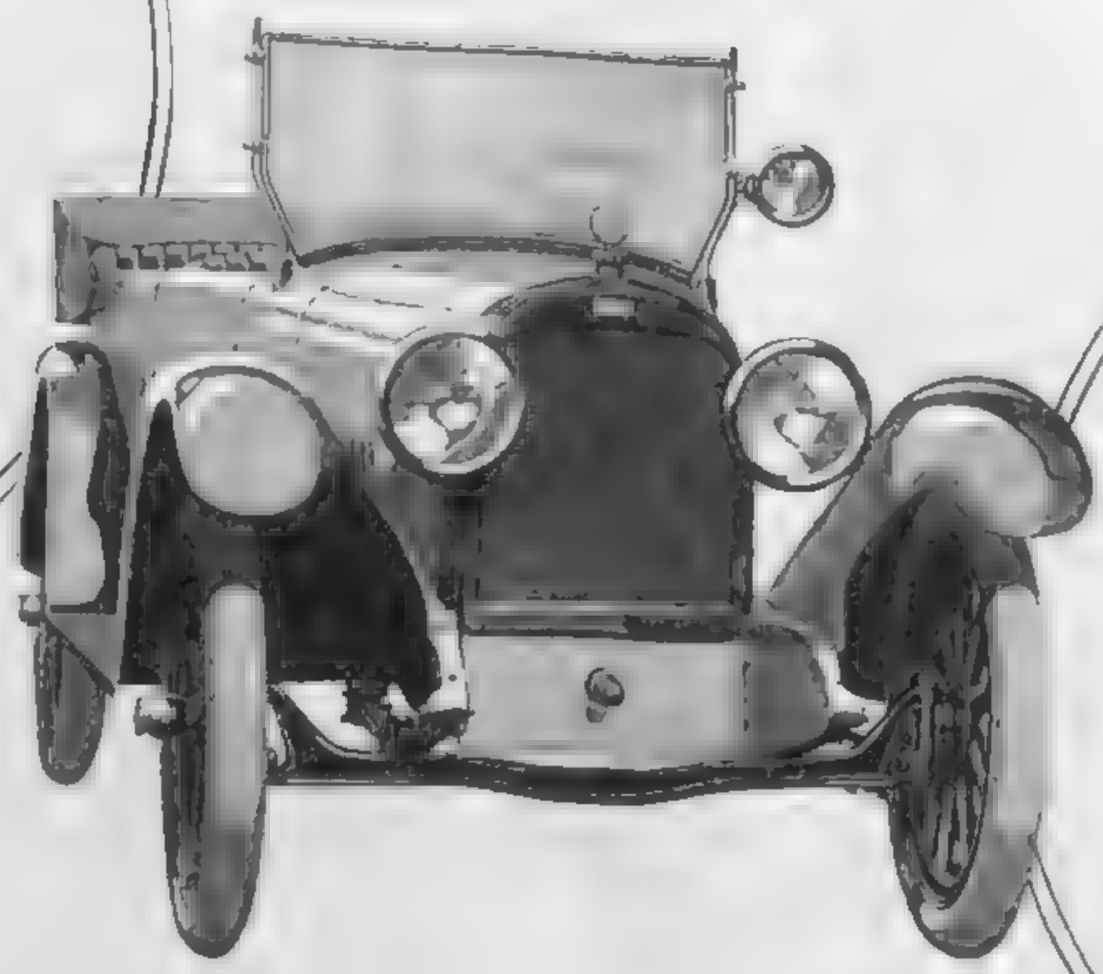
Chicago, U. S. A.

The Ormond—
A roomy, high-grade shape—
Look for name in shoe


PHONE YOUR GROCER TODAY
MORTON'S SALT
When It Rains
IT POURS
Always handy. Always clean. Always sure to pour—from aluminum spout into shaker—then pours from shaker. No need to bake it. No need to shake it Never hardens. Never cakes even in damp weather.
If your grocer hasn't Morton's Salt and doesn't get it for you promptly, write us.
MORTON SALT COMPANY
Chicago, Illinois
MORTON'S
SALT

Lexington

MINUTE MAN SIX



Introducing a Greater Six

In introducing the latest Lexington Minute Man Six we wish to first take the public behind the scenes explaining the many fundamentally sound factors that have contributed to our secure success.

The position of the Lexington is quite unique. Few probably realize that behind it and affiliated with it is a whole chain of individual manufacturing parts plants.

Ten separate factories contribute to the Lexington car—one makes bodies; one makes tops; one makes springs; one makes lamps; axles are built in still another plant; castings in still another; and so on.

Each one of these plants is supervised by an expert plus his staff. The entire group is controlled by the same board of men. This makes for efficiency and economy in the highest and most practical sense of the term.

Thus with our operating organization firmly established, thoroughly seasoned and well manned plus an aggressive initiative of always keeping a notch or two ahead of the others—success was bound to follow.

Lexington sales have increased 1000% in the last three years.

More Lexington cars were sold during the last three months than in any other quarter during the ten years of Lexington history.

Our 1918 program calls for a greatly increased production, while we have still larger plans in view for the year to follow that.

This brings us to the main issue: The introduction of the latest Lexington.

Of this new model we are justly proud.

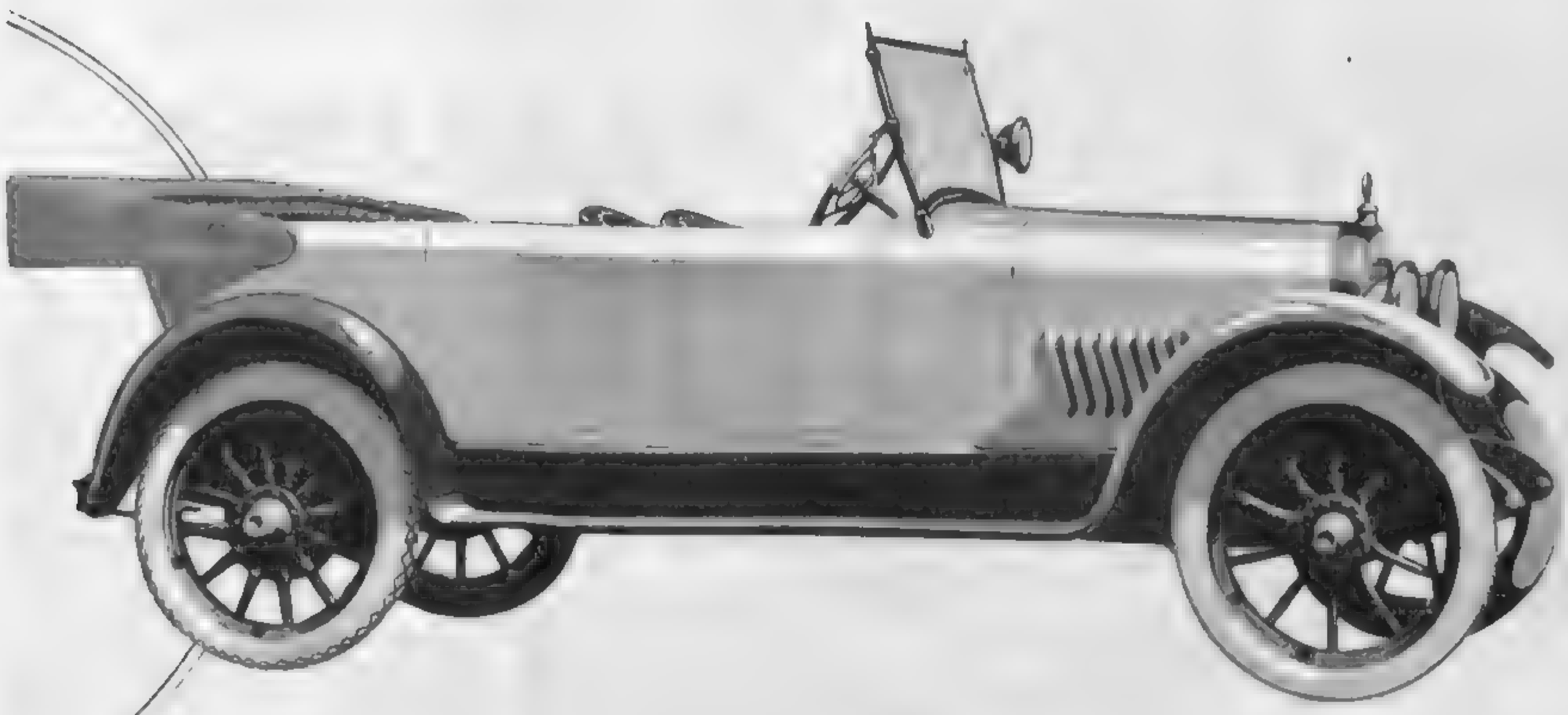
For years people have looked for a moderately priced car that had good looks, finish and refinement; that was a little more *chic* than the average run of commonplace jobs.

In this new Lexington with its long, low, beautiful body; its special radiator; its finer upholstery—we have achieved the ultimate.

Ton

$1585

f. o. b. factory



The Lexington was the first to introduce and is the only car authorized to use the Moore Multiple Exhaust System.

This is a wonderful additional power developer and a great fuel economizer. The principle is simple. It makes use of *two* exhaust lines instead of the customary *one*. No two cylinders exhaust in the same pipe at the same time. Each puff of dead gas has a clear track. There is no back pressure.

Hence there is 22.8% more power developed plus a very substantial saving in fuel

Another big improvement is the new Lexington frame. This design eliminates 126 separate parts. All these parts instead of being bolted on are welded to and are an integral part of the frame.

You can see what a tight, snug, non-rattle, non-squeak job this new, beautiful Lexington is.

Here is another new feature:

The new easy-to-handle Lexington emergency brake. It engages on the propeller shaft directly behind the transmission. It can be operated with just the slightest pressure of the little finger.

The motor is 40 horsepower.

The wheel base is 122 inches.

In what other car at or near the Lexington price will you get a spotlight, power tire pump, motometer and many other conveniences without paying extra for them? In the Lexington you do.

Only the tremendous manufacturing facilities of the Lexington plant make possible such a generous value at such a modest price.

The Lexington is known throughout the world as the Minute Man Six—it is the world's foremost up-to-the-minute car.

Our dealers have demonstrators now of all models listed below.

New Lexington

Touring Car $1585

5 Passenger with two auxiliary seats

Five and Four Passenger Models

Touring Car	$1345
Cluster	$1345
Convertible Sedan	$1510
Convertible Coupé	$1510

All prices f. o. b. factory and subject to change without notice

Lexington Motor Company, Mfrs., Connersville, Ind., U. S. A.

The Miracle of the Ball Bearing

ON earth, sea and clouds man masters Nature by harnessing her own forces. He takes her own power and thereby rules her. Whatever saves power, increases its effect. The conquest of friction is a prime engineering victory.

No other form of matter rolls as easily as a sphere. New Departure inventors have applied this principle so ingeniously and successfully that great mammoths of stationary power plants and also the fastest of "far-darting" machines employ the supreme economy of

NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS

New Departure Ball Bearings are remarkable not only for their saving of power, but also because of their strength under stress and for their long life. A single one-inch New Departure ball will support a load of 40,000 pounds without being damaged.

Your machine, whether it is a great tractor or a fine electrical instrument, would ask you for New Departure Ball Bearings if it could talk. The evidence in our free book *does* talk. Please write for it.

The New Departure Manufacturing Company

Bristol, Conn., U. S. A.

Conrad Patent Licensee

THE SON OF HEAVEN COMES BACK—AND GOES BACK

(Concluded from Page 15)

with high anticipations, which may yet be fulfilled. "I should like to know what is behind those wooden faces and underneath those unkempt pigtails," I remarked to the friend with whom I was riding round the streets. "Heavens, man; nothing but chow!" responded this old China hand.

The boy, who has been lifted to an insecure seat by the bayonets of a bandit's braves, has appointed a council of regency, with General Chang Hsun, who has also been made a prince and duke and pillar of state, as High Minister of the Council of Regency, by whom all mandates are signed—even if he can scarcely write his own name. Not a single Manchu has been appointed to high office. Liang Tung Yen, a brilliant Yale alumnus, and long a resident of Washington, has been made Minister of Foreign Affairs. His American friends will be interested to know that by special imperial decree he has been granted the high honor of riding in a two-carrier chair in the Purple Forbidden City. A perfect shower of decrees of this sort, including appointments, has descended upon the city, attesting to the literary activity of the boy and his high minister, who is also made Viceroy of Chili, the province in which Peking is situated, and given a few other odd jobs.

What good ears courtiers possess is indicated by the fact that, though General Chang Hsun had not decided upon the coup until midnight and it was not actually effected until three o'clock in the morning, when I made my way to the general's residence, shortly before seven, I found a train of messengers bearing gifts to the king-maker. I caught a glimpse of precious jade vases and carved cups, and other gifts incased in elaborate wrappings and ornate boxes. Sycophancy is a fine art among the old order of Chinese, and it thrives best in the enervating atmosphere of the capital. Tragic stories could be told, were this the place to do so, of brilliant American-trained young men who have succumbed to this influence.

Behind the story of the Restoration is another story, even more dramatic than this attempt to sweep back the tides of the time. Its central figure is Kang Yu Wei, the reformer of 1898, who then got hold of the reigning emperor, a young man, and persuaded him that China should adopt the ways of the West and become a constitutional monarchy. In bewildering succession reform decree followed reform decree, while the world wondered and China rubbed her sleepy eyes. Kang Yu Wei had abandoned the good old Chinese way of making haste slowly, and was bent on bringing China up to date overnight. As a result, the Empress Dowager seized the throne, made the progressive young emperor a prisoner, inaugurated the reign of reaction that resulted in the Boxer massacres, and sent Kang Yu Wei fleeing for his life, with a big round sum on his head. He remained an exile for many years, and when China became a republic moralists beyond count pointed out how the years had vindicated the reformer.

The Return of Kang Yu Wei

As a matter of fact, the cause of progress got ahead of its pioneer. Kang Yu Wei became an ardent champion of Confucianism and of Yuan Shih Kai's schemes for the restoration of the monarchy. The reformer of yesterday had become the reactionary of to-day. Now Kang Yu Wei is a power behind the man who is the power behind the throne. Recently he sneaked back to Peking, traveling third class from Tientsin and hiding his face behind a fan. He went straight to Chang Hsun's house, where he has made his home ever since, working like a Trojan. He was one of the first men received in audience by the young Emperor, and he has been given the right to wear the official button of the first class, and to ride in a two-carrier chair within the Purple Forbidden City.

His ascendency promises a new vogue of Confucianism; in fact, Chang Hsun's circular to the viceroys indicted the Republican leaders in that "they invited the displeasure of the gods by abolishing the Confucian religion. They violated established principles, thus reducing themselves to brute beasts." The hand to this is the hand of soldier Chang Hsun, but the voice is the voice of reformer Kang Yu Wei. He has been the means of dethroning one emperor, and now of enthroning another.

Chinese names confuse Americans; so I have used only the most outstanding ones. Probably only two living Chinese enjoy the distinction of being well known among the people of the United States—Dr. Wu Ting Fang and Sun Yat Sen. The latter is in Shanghai, where most of the Young China leaders have refugeed, and he is busy counseling with the men who are planning a revolution that will not end in a compromise; but his real leadership is gone.

Dr. Wu Ting Fang, after playing safe for years in the foreign settlement of Shanghai, has recently been a prominent figure in the welter of political upheaval in Peking. He is the one man of recent months who has shown courage and loyalty to the principles of democracy. He has been an outstanding figure of fearlessness and constancy. He refused to sign the decree dissolving Parliament, and he has been outspoken in condemnation of the reactionaries. If Young China had displayed his fearlessness the city of Peking would not have turned yellow in a day. But Parliament scooted out the back door as soon as a demonstration of hired coolies, with banners, was made in front of the building. More than she needs any particular form of government, China needs an infusion of real patriotism and sacrificial conviction on the part of her people. No nation deserves democracy that is not willing to fight for it. China reformers will have to exhibit more of the genius of democracy than has been on display in Peking during the past six years. Petty politics and party strife have played into the hands of the Man on Horseback.

A Bull Market in Pigtails

Between the pictorial human interest of the Restoration and the larger political issues involved, the observer is tempted to choose the former. When the boy was hoisted back on his throne *nolens volens*, there came forth from hiding many evidences of the old days besides the yellow dragon flags now displayed from every shop in the Chinese city. Red-tasseled official hats, with blue buttons, red buttons and white buttons, at once began to make their appearance on the streets. Everybody who had hair enough to fasten a pigtail to put on a switch. The market for human hair manifested a strong bullish tendency. The old-fashioned perambulating barbers, with their stools, reappeared as if by magic. Horn and tortoise-shell glasses became as common as on the streets of Boston. I saw one Confucian scholar wearing the full old regalia, and he was more pictorial than the ancient paintings dealers thrust upon tourists.

Peking carts seem to have a new vogue—though one may see on the same street varieties of ancient carts, mule litters, automobiles, rickshas, passenger wheelbarrows and big-horned bicycles. Yesterday has telescoped to-morrow. The dim past rules the living present—for to-day. The most significant fact of all is that, for the moment and to all outward seeming, Peking is pleased. There is no mistaking the gratification on the faces of the multitude. Under the Emperor business throve in the capital and there were no taxes for the city. Conditions have been disturbed ever since the inauguration of the Republic. Now the capital of the courtiers is having its day.

My room boy gave me a worm's-eye view of Peking sentiment when he gleefully declared: "Young Emperor come back. Everything all right now. No more troubles. Three hundred years, Emperor he make very good business. Republic bring much trouble. All mans he take squeeze!"—this with the Oriental's expressive twiddling motion of the fingers that represents the passing of money. Ricksha coolies, waiters, and other servants with a few words of English at their command, echoed the city's rejoicing over the Restoration.

Foreigners, on the other hand, who see things in their larger relationships, say: "What stupid folly! This poor little Manchu puppet cannot last. China is through with the Manchus. The Republic has made countless blunders, but none so egregious as this. However, the Restoration is the best thing that could possibly have happened for the cause of democracy, since it may unite all parties and give the country a clear, unmistakable issue. Both North and South may now get together and bury the party differences that were wrecking China, and overwhelm old Chang Hsun and his pigtails. But there will probably be big killing and looting."

China's Grapevine Telegraph

Thoughtful Manchus are greatly distressed, saying that the step is ill-advised, and that it means trouble for all Manchus, whose pensions will probably be cut off and the allowance to the royal family stopped. They emphatically disclaim any complicity in the plot, declaring that Chang Hsun plans ultimately to enthrone himself.

Heedless of international agreements, old Chang Hsun has censored communications with the outer world; so Peking is shut off once more from mankind, except that the Japanese seem to have some sort of contact with Tokio. We wonder how the big outside is viewing this latest phase of China's muddle, and how much it is learning. Questions of loans and governmental recognition, and of a responsible government, are involved, making work for the legations.

An American is rather proud to see how many and powerful are the lines connecting his own legation with Chinese sources. Dr. C. D. Tenney, the Chinese secretary of the legation, was one of the first foreigners to learn the news; and he and Minister Reinsch spent a strenuous Sunday. One is amazed at the many underground sources of information available in Peking; China seems a fertile soil for the grapevine telegraph.

Meantime a new dragon flag blossoms somewhere every second, while in solitary defiance the flag of the Republic floats from the high mast in the grounds of the President's palace. China is having a bloodless Restoration; but this is only the second of July, and the Fourth is coming. I rather anticipate danger to the boy from fireworks.

One week later. The circus has left Peking. Its big white tent had been pitched opposite the British Legation, and for two weeks it had done a fine business, showing all the latest American forms of entertainment under canvas. But on the second day of the Restoration of the Boy Emperor it sneaked out of town. It could not stand the competition. What had begun as a wonderful *coup d'état*, affecting the welfare of four hundred million human beings in the oldest of nations, quickly became dominated by the comic element. It might have inspired philosophical thoughts concerning the ingrained loyalty of a conservative people to a form of government that had lasted for more than four thousand years. Instead, it stirred only feelings of amazement and amusement, for it became predominantly only a performance at which the Western spectators in Peking alternately chuckled and gnashed their teeth. It was human nature on exhibition in some of its least praiseworthy aspects. And every hour the comic has been present in the tragedy.

As a school for scandal—to touch first upon an incidental aspect of an intricate situation—the events following the Restoration were hugely diverting. Everybody seemed to have his own crop of tales to tell concerning the persons affected by the coup. Gossip gathering was literally the entire occupation of many persons, both foreigners and Chinese. Some men spent most of their waking time in rickshas, chasing rumors and scraps of news, thinking they were engaged in affairs of state. The acts and motives of every person involved were discussed from every angle. No report was too wild to have credence. President Li had committed suicide; Prince Pu and a gang of Manchus had been killed by the Man on Horseback or sacrificed to appease the spirits of their ancestors and their perfidy in recognizing Yuan Shih Kai's assumption of the monarchy; Chang Hsun himself had fled into the Forbidden City for safety, and later he had taken refuge in the British Legation; Kang Yu Wei had skedaddled as soon as he felt the first breath of adverse wind; Liang Tung Yen had gone about whimpering that he had been misled, and he, too, had made his feet his friends; the Vice President was in the Restoration plot; the Vice President was raising an army at Nanking to attack Peking and restore the Republic; the late premier, Tuan Chi Jui, had a perfect understanding with Chang—also, he was already marching against the usurper; there had been a great battle at Hsuchowfu and the pigtails had turned against their chief when defeated; the tujun of Mukden was hastening to Peking to support the Monarchy and, also, to restore the Republic. Sections of the foreign community almost died of thirst under the stress of the excitement—*vide* the chits signed at the Sleeping Car Hotel in the Legation Quarter.

In all the thronged days of the week following the Restoration there was not a single personality in Peking, figuring in the news, who did not excite a shrug or a smile among foreigners. Events of a different sort were afoot elsewhere; but I am writing of the capital. Of heroism, idealism, self-forgetfulness or sacrifice there was none. It is a story without a hero. Within the palace, when the failure of the coup early became apparent there was unrestrained panic and whining. Everybody began to scheme to save his own life and interests. The President, though he kept the flag of the Republic flying for two days, on Monday night, after a visit from the Japanese military adviser, fled out of a back door. He went first to the French Hospital, where, unrecognized, he was refused admittance because he had with him no physician's certificate.

A Story Without a Hero

Then, passing by the American Legation, he went to the Japanese Legation, where he has since been. The reason he did not take refuge with the Americans, his first secretary told me, was that their legation is in too exposed a position! He sent the seal of state to the Vice President and ordered him to do what was necessary to preserve the Republic. His wives are refugees in the French Legation, and he seems to have passed from consideration as a vital figure in China's future history. When offered the opportunity to come out to neutral ground, where he would be safe, and at the same time free to take action upon political affairs, he refused. An assortment of generals and statesmen sought refuge, quite unashamed, upon soil protected by international flags. So many Chinese leaders are in Shanghai, including most of the members of Parliament, that it is seriously proposed to make that city the seat of national government!

Manifestly until certain new qualities, now absent, are introduced into the Chinese character there will never be a true republic or any other stable form of government. A scared individualism, which puts self above the state and makes grafting politicians out of the men who should be the national statesmen, is clearly China's greatest curse. The people will follow any real leadership, and that they even make brave soldiers has been proved; but passionate, pulsing patriotism, as a dominant life motive, is unknown in this land of sages. No disinterested figure is on the horizon.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr Ellis. The second will appear in an early issue.

GOODRICH

KEEPING HUMANITY ON ITS FEET

PAIN is the horror of MAN and BEAST. There is ONE universal language, voiced and understood down to the lowest warm-blooded animal. It is the squeak — the whine — the howl — the scream — the shriek of PAIN.

The hero rushes into drum fire with a smile, but he *cringes* and *whimpers* like a puppy at a *twinge* of neuralgia or rheumatism.

"Spare us pain," is the prayer of ALL humanity. By *corollary* its hope is HEALTH. Therefore, whatever wards off sickness, rights disease, and tempers the PAIN of mankind is a *blessing* to the world.

That blessing is the ever-present, soothing *Handmaiden of Mercy* — GOODRICH RUBBER.

FOR decades Goodrich Rubber has been keeping HUMANITY on *its feet*; or when the heavy hand of disease bore a victim down, has softened his sufferings.

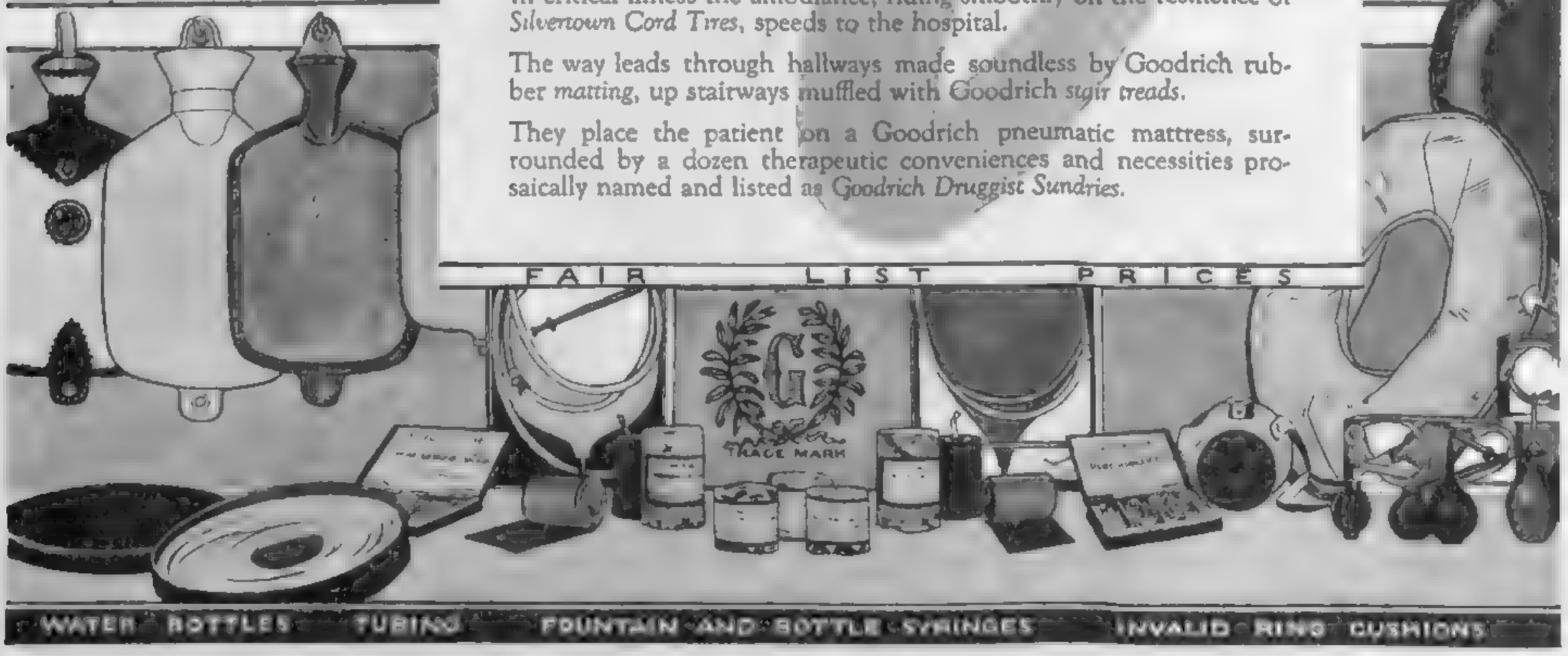
In the sick room of the home the Goodrich *hot water bottle* calms *inflammation* and *congestion*; the Goodrich *ice cap* subdues *fever*, and halts *hemorrhage*.

The very *stopper* in your medicine bottle is likely to be Goodrich Rubber.

The doctor hurries to answer the emergency call on Goodrich Tires. In critical illness the ambulance, riding smoothly on the resilience of *Silvertown Cord Tires*, speeds to the hospital.

The way leads through hallways made soundless by Goodrich rubber *matting*, up stairways muffled with Goodrich *stair treads*.

They place the patient on a Goodrich pneumatic mattress, surrounded by a dozen therapeutic conveniences and necessities prosaically named and listed as *Goodrich Druggist Sundries*.



GOODRICH

IF AN operation is ordered, he is wheeled to the clinic room on a stretcher equipped with Goodrich solid rubber tires. Around the operating table stand surgeons and nurses, wearing Goodrich rubber gloves and aprons. At their finger tips, tourniquets and surgical instruments of hard rubber.

While the patient is convalescing, Goodrich rubber bandages and invalid's chair with Goodrich solid rubber tires help him along the road to recovery.

HEALTH INSURANCE is now a theme of public agitation. Years ago Goodrich began writing HEALTH INSURANCE policies in science's sanitary warfare on disease, and is still at it.

Wherever the good fight is being waged against bacilli and bacteria, filth and decay with spray and injection, Goodrich rubber bulbs and syringes are on the firing line.

The *health* and *welfare* of the Goodrich employee have always been the pride of the House of Goodrich. Not only is there a hospital at the big Akron institution, which is a model of its kind, but Goodrich maintains a dental department from which every Goodrich employee *must* get a *clean bill* of dental *health*.

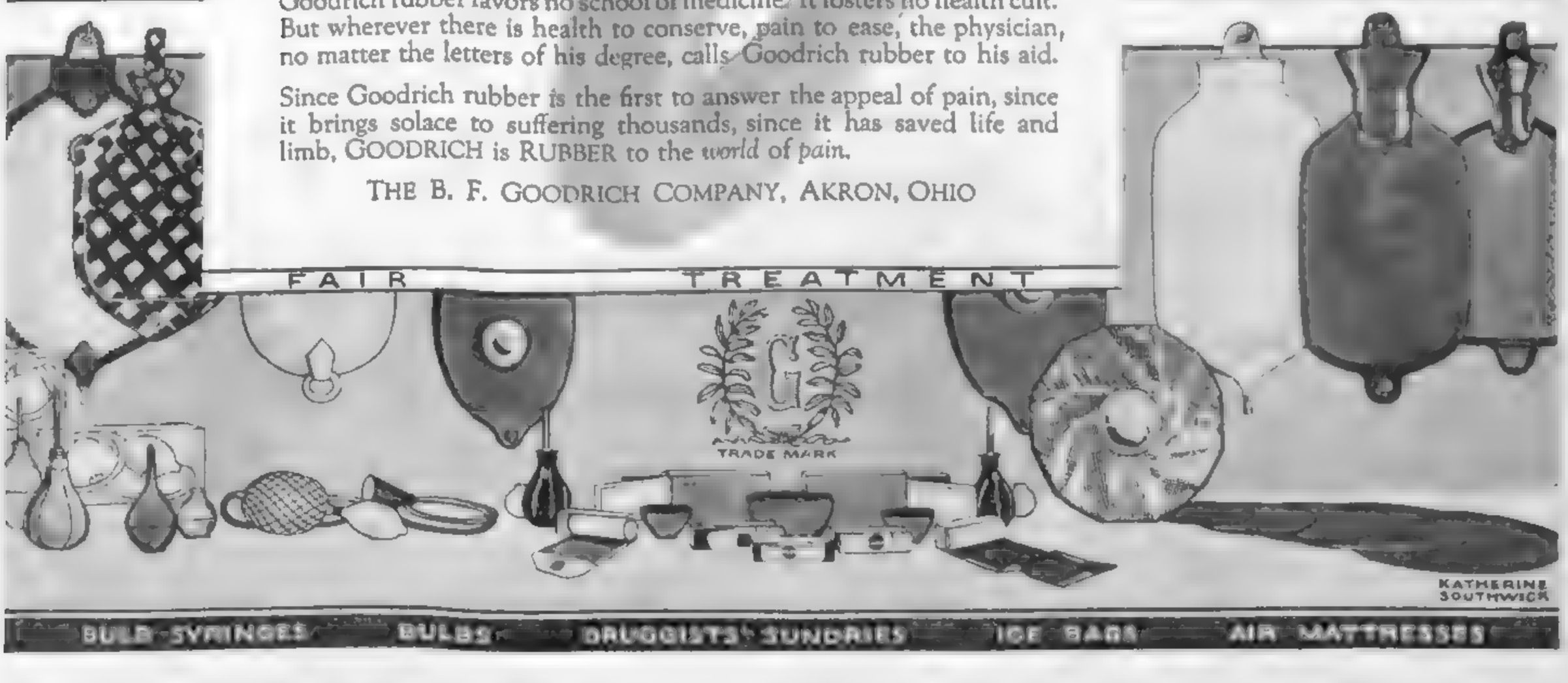
THE source of half our sickness, it is said, is bad teeth. Goodrich rubber is doing its part in saving the teeth of humanity in dental supplies — *dental dams, mixing bowls* and *chair pads*.

Goodrich rubber favors no school of medicine. It fosters no health cult. But wherever there is health to conserve, pain to ease, the physician, no matter the letters of his degree, calls Goodrich rubber to his aid.

Since Goodrich rubber is the first to answer the appeal of pain, since it brings solace to suffering thousands, since it has saved life and limb, GOODRICH is RUBBER to the *world* of *pain*.

THE B. F. GOODRICH COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

SILVERTOWN CORD TIRES
PERFORATED DOOR MATS



Every Man, Woman and Child Saves Some Catalogs

MOST people hope some day to own a thing that at present they cannot afford. It may be an automobile, a home in the country, a high-powered motor boat or any one of a thousand other things that all of us at some stage of our lives are eager to possess.

They read the advertisements in which the coveted article is described. They send for catalogs of different manufacturers, and with plenty of time to read them all carefully, note and compare the claims made by each. Usually one catalog is selected from the lot as being especially inviting. They lay it aside for future use. Were they asked the question *why* this particular catalog "sold" them while the literature of other manufacturers *failed*, they would probably be unable to give the true reason for their choice.

But if we were to analyze the thoughts and impressions that lead to the selection of one catalog out of many, we would see that they chose the most beautiful catalog—the booklet that was beautifully illustrated, beautifully printed on the finest of paper.

To produce the catalog that is effective—the catalog that is saved—you must start with the right paper.

S. D. Warren & Company are makers of Standard Printing Papers—papers that can be depended upon to produce the finest results obtainable with papers of their class. They are called the Warren Standards, because the results from their use are standard.

Warren's Cameo—the only really dull-surfaced paper made that gives to half-tones the depth and softness of platinum photographs. The famous "Cameo effect" can be obtained only by using Cameo. Its velvety surface has a tendency to conceal the "screened" appearance of half-tone plates, producing a rich and dignified effect.

The first coated paper made in America was produced in the Warren Mills. *Warren's Lustro* represents the highest refinement of surface in glossy coated papers. It is a remarkable paper for fine detail and vignettes and solid backgrounds.

Warren's Silkote—a semi-dull coated paper which costs the same as ordinary coated papers, but has the additional advantage of the interesting definition obtainable from dull effects. It is equally adaptable to purely artistic subjects and to commercial work.

Warren's Cumberland Coated is an exceptionally popular paper, because it gives better results than is usually expected of papers sold at its price. It is renowned for easy and uniform working through the press and for its folding qualities. Cumberland Coated is ideal for large editions requiring high-grade half-tone work.

Warren's Printone, which is "better than Super, cheaper than Coated," gives the most highly finished surface that is obtainable except on coated papers. Because of its strength, its economy, its printing and folding qualities, Printone is highly popular for folders and mailings.

There are other Warren Standards for every printing use.

Write for the 1917 Warren Suggestion Book

The business of this impressive 68-page book is to show the Warren Standard Papers in their different weights and tints, and to show the kind of engravings and the kinds of printing they should be used with. Conversely, this book shows reproductions of many different kinds of merchandise so that you may form a good idea of the character of paper and engraving best suited to reproducing illustrations of the goods you have to sell. This edition is limited and the book costly. It can be sent only to printers and to buyers of printing—sales and advertising managers. Write on your business letterhead.

Warren's
STANDARD

Printing Papers

S. D. WARREN & COMPANY
162 Devonshire St., Boston, Massachusetts

Constant Excellence of Product—the Highest Type of Competition

Sense and Nonsense

All in the Family

AT A RECENT dinner, given in his honor by the Society of Kentuckians in New York, Champ Clark, responding to the address of welcome, told this story:

He said that the corner of the old state in which he was born had in it quite a colony of members of the family that gave Abe Lincoln to the nation. They were as poor as were most of the residents of the neighborhood in those early days. One of the more prosperous members of the tribe was an uncle of the future Emancipator. This man, so Champ Clark said, had a good share of the wit and the common sense and some of the physical characteristics of his great nephew.

"As a small boy," said the narrator, "I remember the old fellow very well. One night, as he slept in his log cabin, his wife nudged him into wakefulness; and then he heard a sound of squawking in the henhouse.

"'Get up—quick!' said the wife. 'Somebody's after our chickens. Take your gun and shoot at 'em before they get away.'

"'No,' said the old man as he settled back in bed; 'I reckon I'd better not do that. I might kill some of the kin folks.'"

A Champion Rattler

RECENTLY a man bought a second-hand automobile, which turned out to be a cripple on four wheels rather than a pleasure vehicle. He was describing some of the patient's symptoms to a friend.

"I take it, then, that she rattles a good deal when you run her," said the other man.

"Rattles!" said the owner of the car. "She sounds like a skeleton having a congestive chill on a tin roof!"

An Omitted Detail

COLONEL JOHN K. HENDRICK, former Congressman from the First District of Kentucky, has an attribute common among the citizens of his own state—he greatly admires a good trotting horse.

One fine spring morning he visited the driving track near the town where he resides, to spend a happy hour watching various owners and trainers exercising their stock. A tobacco raiser from the back part of the county swung down the home stretch behind a bony, awkward, skittish, weird-looking animal. The sulky in which the farmer sat was the best that money could buy and as shiny as paint and varnish could make it; the harness was new, ornate and elaborate. He halted in front of the grand stand, where Colonel Hendrick sat.

"Hey, John!" he called up. "Whut do you think of the outfit?"

"Fine, Jeff; fine!" stated Colonel Hendrick. "Perfectly splendid! I congratulate you. There's only one thing more needed to make it absolutely complete."

"Whut's that?" demanded the surprised country man.

"A hoss!" said the colonel.

Too Sympathetic

THIS STORY is told by a man who has an old negro working round his place on Long Island. On the day after the United States declared war Uncle Ben came bright and early to do his chores.

"Well, Mistah John," he said, "I hope youse gwine ter be kind to pore ole Germany now."

"Why, Uncle Ben, what are you talking about? Don't you know we're at war with Germany?"

"I knows it; I knows it," the old fellow persisted, shaking his head. "But suttinly dat country'll need a frien' now!"

Envy for the Armless

A CERTAIN little girl is frequently reprimanded in her family circle for a habit common among children. Not long ago the small offender, after returning from her first trip to an art gallery, rather startled the assembled members of the household by remarking pensively:

"I certainly do wish I was the Venus de Milo!"

"Why, child!" said her mother. "What a strange fancy! Why do you wish you were the Venus de Milo?"

"You wouldn't always be after me, then, to quit biting my finger nails!"

Any Old Place

A WELL-KNOWN New York banker was out in St. Joseph, Missouri, recently attending an entertainment given by and for the employees of a concern in which he is interested.

After the dinner the New Yorker got into conversation with an old German, whom he had known years before in Ohio. Possibly knowing that hunting was the banker's favorite sport, the German said he had lately been duck shooting.

Now the speaker did not have the look about him of being an expert marksman, and the banker was moved to ask a question:

"Did you shoot any of them on the wing?"

"*Ja*—sure!" said the German. "On the wing—on the foot—on the neck—most any place at all!"

No Grandmothers

A NEW YORK writer who had never belonged to any church became an Episcopalian and decided to have his two little daughters christened in the same faith. The baptismal service was arranged for, but at the last moment had to be postponed because no provision had been made for godparents to stand sponsor for the youngsters.

Next day the father overheard one of his kiddies saying to a neighbor's child:

"We was going to be vaccinated yesterday; but they couldn't do it yet 'cause we didn't have no grandmothers!"

THE WORLD AND THOMAS KELLY

(Continued from Page 25)

a reduced scale; but the floor had been relaid with hard pine and the walls were freshly painted. At one end stood an upright piano and beside it a music stand, while on the wall were arranged shelves full of music. A few easy-chairs and a table with a jar of tobacco on it gave an air of hospitality to this Temple of Arts.

It was evident that True was on an intimate footing in the house and that both Evelyn and her father were very fond of him; and now, as the girl tuned her fiddle and chatted familiarly to the crippled boy at the piano, Tom suddenly experienced a feeling of jealousy. Was it—could it be—possible that this beautiful creature could be in love with that little, shriveled fellow? How her eyes sparkled when she talked to him! And they seemed to have a kind of language of their own—a language incomprehensible to him—about harmonics, accidentals and chromatics, and all sorts of things pertaining to this common art, that made him feel more left out than ever. Even the music did not soothe his growing unhappiness. He had found the only girl in the world—simply to lose her again! "Too late!" thought Tom.

When the time came for the boys to leave, Evelyn and her father came to the door with them. Overhead the sky above the elms was brilliant with low-hanging stars, scintillating in the soft humid air. The subtle mystery of the spring night was all about them. The very earth seemed pregnant with the possibilities of the future.

"Good night, Frank!" said Russell heartily, as he stood by the picket fence. "Good night, Kelly! Come round as often as you like."

Evelyn gave each of the boys her hand across the gate.

"Good-by, Frank! Good-by—Mr. Kelly!"

The distinction was like a knife in Tom's soul. In silence the two Freshmen walked toward the Yard.

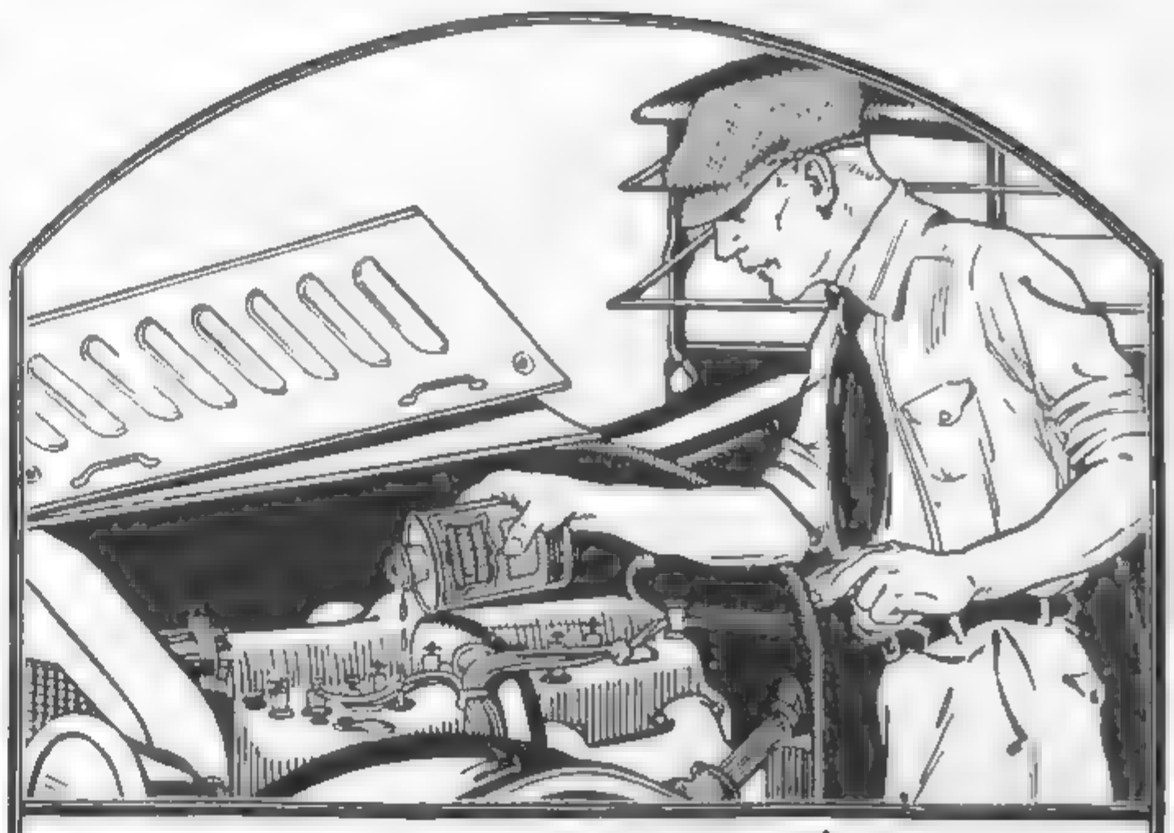
"Russell's a fine chap!" Tom at length remarked.

"He's a great gentleman!" responded True with deep enthusiasm.

"And Miss Russell ——" began Tom.

"Kelly," cried the cripple fervently, "she's the most wonderful girl in the whole world!"

Tom bit his lips in the darkness. It was true then!



Put New Life In Your Engine

A dose of Johnson's Carbon Remover—will increase the power of your car—improve acceleration—stop that knock—quiet your motor—save your batteries—and reduce your gas consumption 12% to 25%.

JOHNSON'S CARBON REMOVER

is a harmless liquid to be poured into the cylinders. It softens the carbon and releases it from the metal. It then burns, powders and goes out with the exhaust. Five minutes' time and no labor required. You will save from $3.00 to $5.00 over any other method, without laying up your car and with much better results.

Use It Every 1,000 Miles

If you will use Johnson's Guaranteed Carbon Remover at regular intervals, giving carbon no chance to accumulate, you will automatically eliminate most valve trouble and your engine will always be clean. It will run like it did the first 500 miles—quietly and full of "pep".

Special Offer

If your dealer is unable to supply you with Johnson's Carbon Remover use attached coupon. For a limited time we will include, gratis, a half-pint sample of Johnson's Stop-Squeak Oil—our new spring lubricant.

Johnson's Stop-Squeak Oil

penetrates between the spring leaves, thoroughly lubricating them and giving perfect spring action. It will greatly improve the comfort and riding qualities of your car. It reduces the liability of spring breakage and removes squeaks of all kinds from bodies, hoods, fenders, shackle bolts, springs, etc.

Use This Coupon

I enclose $1.00 for which please send me by prepaid express enough Johnson's Guaranteed Carbon Remover to keep my motor clean for 6,000 miles—also a free half-pint can of Johnson's Stop-Squeak Oil—your penetrating spring lubricant.

Name_____

Address_____

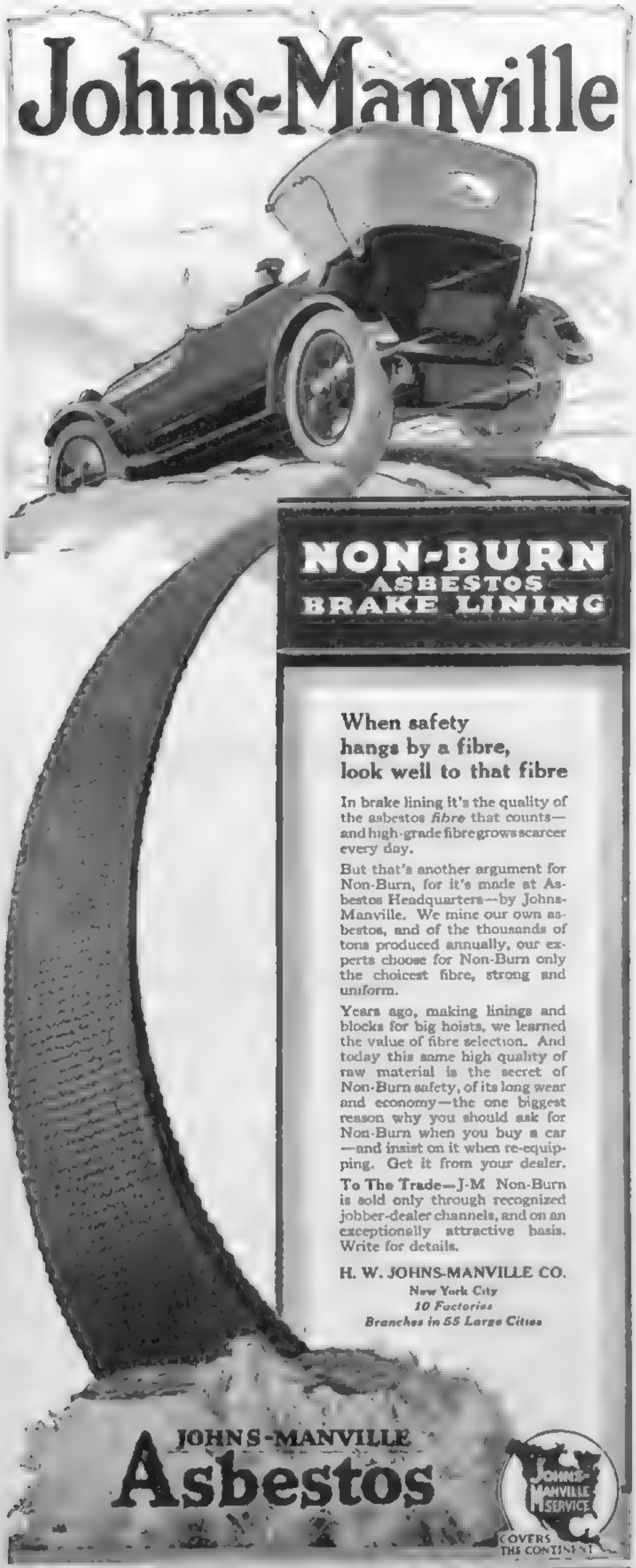
City and State_____

My Dealer is_____

Mail to

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. 89

RACINE, WIS.


Johns-Manville
NON-BURN
ASBESTOS
BRAKE LINING
When safety hangs by a fibre, look well to that fibre
In brake lining it's the quality of the asbestos *fibre* that counts—and high-grade fibre grows scarcer every day.
But that's another argument for Non-Burn, for it's made at Asbestos Headquarters—by Johns-Manville. We mine our own asbestos, and of the thousands of tons produced annually, our experts choose for Non-Burn only the choicest fibre, strong and uniform.
Years ago, making linings and blocks for big hoists, we learned the value of fibre selection. And today this same high quality of raw material is the secret of Non-Burn safety, of its long wear and economy—the one biggest reason why you should ask for Non-Burn when you buy a car—and insist on it when re-equipping. Get it from your dealer.
To The Trade—J-M Non-Burn is sold only through recognized jobber-dealer channels, and on an exceptionally attractive basis. Write for details.
H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
New York City
10 Factories
Branches in 55 Large Cities
JOHNS-MANVILLE
Asbestos
JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE
COVERS THE CONTINENT
When you think of Asbestos you think of Johns-Manville

At the entrance of Gray's Hall True paused in dragging his withered leg up the steps.

"Say, old man," he said warmly, "do you mind if I call you Tom? Let's be friends—shall we?"

And he held out his hand.

"Why—sure!" answered our hero.

But in the darkness of the shadows cast by the great trees the other could not see his rather bitter smile. It was all part of the same luck. He had been left out again—that was all.

IX

THE influences molding Tom Kelly's character during the next three years were as varied as in the case of most collegians. At Mr. Russell's suggestion he took a course or two in ethics and philosophy, attended the lectures of James and Royce; and if he did not succeed in crystallizing his own ideas on these subjects he at least came to recognize the fact that there was more in the Unknown than Peters would have had him believe. At any rate, he steered straight, and escaped many of the incidents of a collegian's career that prove a profound regret in after life.

At the age of twenty-two Tom remained as he had started—a clean, straightforward fellow, of simple and frugal tastes, who was trying moderately hard to do well at his studies; and who, in spite of the excellent reasoning of Mr. Russell, was wretchedly disappointed because he received so little recognition from his classmates and fellow students. There did not seem to be any means available by which he could make new friends.

He would now have readily gone more than halfway, but no way presented itself. With the exception of the fellows he occasionally met in True's room, he revolved round and round—like the Devil among the Tailors, he told himself—in the same old crowd of Holden, Cryder, Ricker, J. Walton-Smith and Peters.

More and more—except for the Russells—his college life seemed but a vain repetition of lectures, examinations and Sundays in Boston. Unquestionably it was dull. Unquestionably he was not given the chance to make friends among his own classmates offered to-day by the admirable system of freshman dormitories. Twenty years ago things were different and Tom may have had some cause to complain that the college world was by no means an ideal democracy.

Thus for three years he lived—largely on the surface cars between Cambridge and his home in Boston—almost as a sort of day scholar or boarder at the University, the victim of a constant sense of exclusion that caused an abiding resentment in his soul and a touch of grim defiance in his manner toward his associates. And then, by what seemed the merest accident, in the spring of his junior year all was changed and a new world opened before his eyes.

"For heaven's sake, Irish, how'd you do that?"

Joe Cryder waved helplessly at a ball that, coming apparently as usual from Tom's racket, had, on striking the court, jumped outward and upward at an utterly absurd and impossible angle.

"Nobody could get a serve like that!" he yelled in disgust, racing in pursuit of the ball, which had rolled halfway across Jarvis Field.

"I don't know exactly," answered Tom. "I just stumbled onto it. It isn't difficult. You hold your racket like that, and serve with a right-hand instead of a left-hand cut. Try it!"

He picked the ball up easily with his racket and tossed it to Cryder. His short-sleeved shirt, with rolling collar open at the neck, and his duck trousers belted tight round his waist, displayed to advantage the lithe grace of his muscular figure.

"I couldn't do it to save my neck," protested Cryder. "Do it again, will you?"

Tom took the ball in his left hand, and tossing it high in air waited calmly for it to reach a selected spot in its descent, and then delivered a smashing blow, striking it about eighteen inches above his head. A peculiar phenomenon occurred: The ball, instead of pursuing a direct course across the net, shot with the velocity of a cannon ball in a swift curve to the left, struck the ground with a terrific impact and bounded at an acute angle in quite the opposite direction, whirring like a partridge and assuming a grotesque egg shape.

"It is funny, isn't it?" admitted Tom with modesty. "I only got hold of it by accident. But anybody could do it."

Cryder shook his head.

"Don't you be a fool, Irish," he admonished. "You keep that serve to yourself—absolutely under your shirt—see?—and you'll be able to beat anybody you run up against. You know I almost got into the semifinals in the class tournament last spring, and I can't touch that serve at all! And you can do it every time! Have you entered yet?"

"Yes; I put my name down just for fun and to get the practice," said Tom, who had never regarded himself as particularly expert.

In the last few weeks, however, he had had—as he expressed it—a burst, hitting the ball with such accuracy and speed that men with whom he had played about on a par before could not now take more than a game or two from him in a set. He had always had a natural Lawford, and constant practice had given him almost perfect coördination of eye and muscle, together with the ability to place any ball he could reach at all, very nearly where he wished to put it in his opponent's court; but he had never expected to become anything more than what he called a first-class second-class player.

A couple of weeks before, however, he had blown himself to a new racket of exactly the proper weight and carefully fitted to his hand, and was astonished at his own powers. And then one afternoon he had discovered the Egg Serve.

"Do you really think I've got a chance?" he asked Cryder as they walked back in the gathering twilight to the Yard.

"Chance? Why, Irish, if I had a hundred dollars I'd put it on you in a minute for class champion. I don't believe Derby, even if he is so quick, could return a single ball. You'll take every service game on aces. You see! Only keep that serve out of sight until the right time. Tell you what: We can go over to that old dirt court back of Bracebridge Hall and practice, where no one'll see us. Nobody ever uses it; and when the tournament comes off you can just spring it on 'em!"

Tom had a suspicion, which he hardly dared to recognize as a belief, that what Cryder said was true, and every afternoon he and Joe retired to the old dirt court and prepared for the coming contest by serving to each other every conceivable kind of devilish ball under the most awkward of conditions. When the tournament opened Tom found that he had not the slightest difficulty in defeating all his early opponents and reaching the semifinals, in which he drew Joe Cryder as an antagonist.

A large number of the class had assembled on the benches to watch the finish of the tournament. The day was hot and clear, with no wind; the courts dry. Joe grinned at Tom as they tossed for serve.

"Watch 'em sit up," he chuckled, "if you spring the Egg on me!"

Tom ran his eye along the lines of spectators, but saw comparatively few that he recognized. Little Frank True was there, with a group of Woolsack men; and he nodded to Tom and called out: "Good luck!"

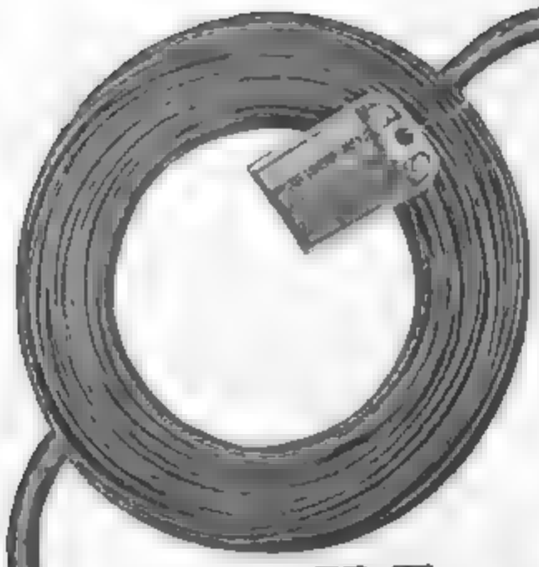
Cryder won the toss and took the serve. He had a speedy ball, well under control, but his lobs were apt to be wild and his network was slow. Tom took the first set—six-four—without using the Egg. The second set he pushed Cryder harder and let him have only two games; and in the last he played his best and took six love games with smashing cross-court and line shots.

He still had the Egg under his shirt as he leaped over the net and grabbed Cryder's hand, while the men on the benches clapped and cheered. Tom felt a thrill of genuine excitement. It was the first notice he had received from his fellows; the first time he, individually, had been brought to their attention. Little Frank True limped up and was the first to congratulate him.

"Great work, Tom, old man!" he cried. "Hope you're not too tired!" For by agreement the finals were to be played off immediately.

Derby had won his match easily—six-three, six-four, six-three. He was expected to defeat Tom, who was a dark horse, without difficulty, but he found his new antagonist a surprising opponent. They each played steadily, and took alternate games, until Tom drove his man to the back of the court and held him there helpless—thus winning the set.

(Continued on Page 93)



HERE'S A MAN YOU SHOULD KNOW—

THE ELECTRICAL CONTRACTOR.

He's the man—and the only one—who should do the electrical work—all of it—big or little—anywhere.

When you're sick—you send for the doctor. When you have to go to law—you hire a lawyer. When you have wiring to do—don't let a jack of all trades or your chauffeur do it—get a good electrical contractor. It's cheaper and more satisfactory in the end.

If you know of none—write to us—and we'll tell you of one in your locality.

New Buildings—and Remodeling

On new work—home or factory—you, of course, have an architect and electrical engineer. They know how to plan the whole building—including the electrical work. You would not have a rule-of-thumb builder do the planning.

These specialists will see to it that a reliable contractor does the electrical work.

When remodeling—or extending wiring—get the advice and service of these men. They know how.

Electrical Appliances

This is the electrical age. You should have electrical conveniences in the home—and motor drive in the factory. You should have the maximum service from that most modern and tireless of servants—ELECTRICITY.

All electrical appliances—in the home or factory—require insulated wire behind the push button and socket. It is hidden—but it is there—and very important, too.

For more than 30 years, practically from the beginning of the electrical industry

HABIRSHAW

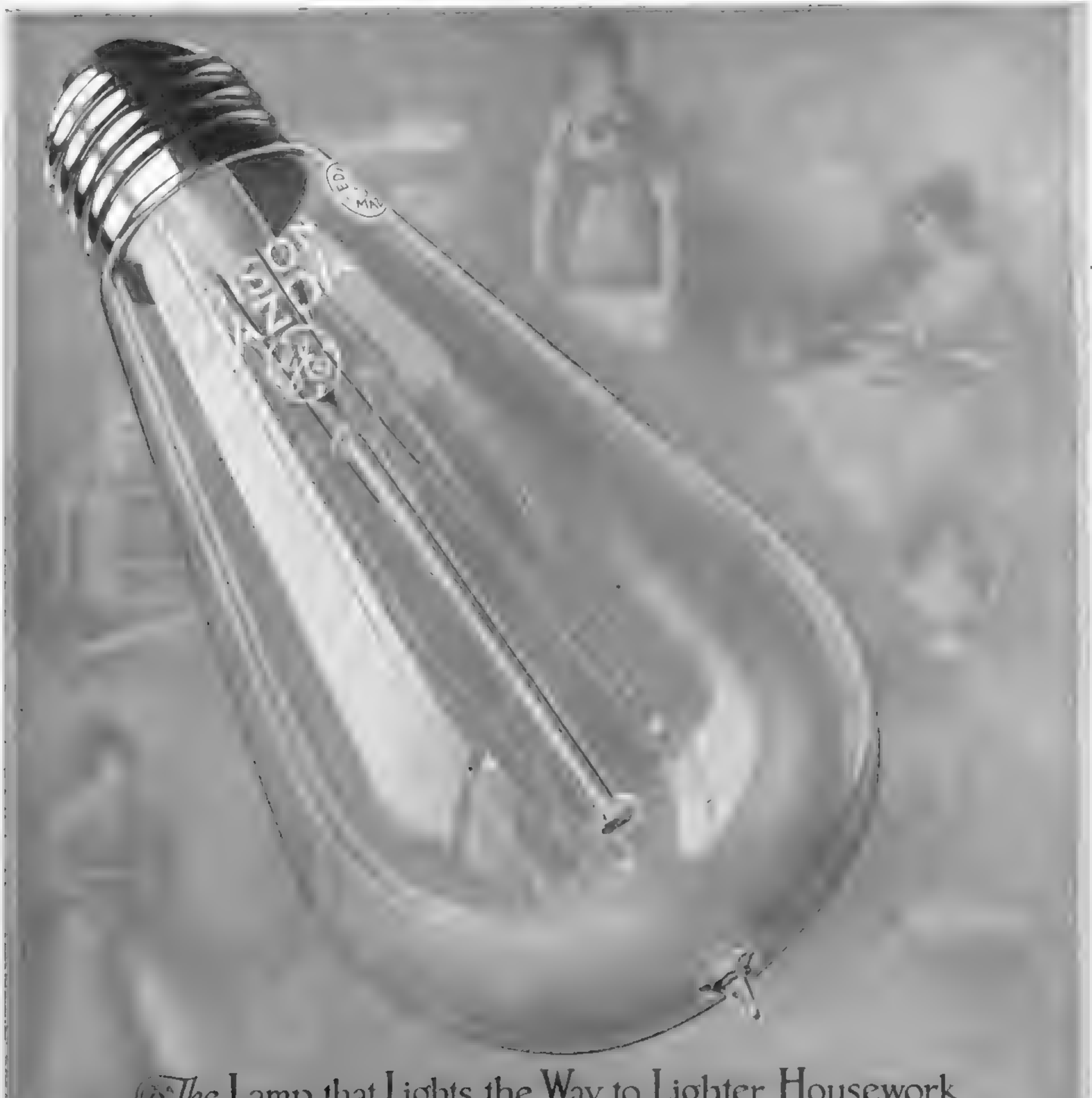
"Proven by the test of time"

Insulated Wire

has been accepted as a standard of quality all over the world.

Manufactured by
THE HABIRSHAW ELECTRIC CABLE CO., Inc.
10 East 43rd Street
New York

HABIRSHAW CODE WIRE
Distributed by the
Western Electric Company
INCORPORATED
Offices in all principal cities


The Lamp that Lights the Way to Lighter Housework
That makes electricity do triple duty—that saves two-thirds of your current to operate other electrical household conveniences which will help you solve your servant problem
EDISON MAZDA
BACKED BY MAZDA SERVICE

(Continued from Page 90)

Derby, astonished at Tom's speed and accuracy, came back with grim determination and by brilliant playing took the next two sets—six-four; seven-five. The pace, however, was too fast for him and Tom won the fourth set—six-three.

Each had now won two sets. The crowd of lookers-on had rapidly increased, for word had gone round that a great match was being pulled off, and that a new wonder had appeared in the shape of a hitherto practically unknown member of the class, named Kelly—Irish. Boys who had never heard of him before at once began to refer to him familiarly by this nickname, and yelled from the bleachers:

"Go it, Irish! Soak it to him, Irish, old horse!"

A couple of hundred upperclassmen sauntered across from the baseball field; and a bunch of law-school men, disturbed over their case books by the cheering and clapping, joined the spectators.

"Play!" called the umpire; and Tom and Derby stepped out upon the court for the final struggle.

The sun was low over the elms on Harvard Street; across the green field came faintly the distant clang of electric cars and the fresh smell of the moist turf. Tom calmly tightened his belt. He felt lean and hard as a race horse, "young and lusty, like the eagle." He knew he was going to win—could win without the Egg, if need be! Youth was singing in his heart. He wanted to laugh; to turn a few handsprings; to shout at the crowds on the benches: "You see, I'm not such a lemon after all!"

Such is the resiliency of youth—the more you tax it, the more it draws upon its eternal spring. Each time it is downed it gains new vitality from Mother Earth. And, because he knew he had the match in his hand and wasn't such a lemon after all, at the very first ball he proceeded to slip on the side lines and wrench his left arm so that he ground his teeth in anguish.

Derby took the first two games. He was coming back strong—fighting for his title. Tom pulled out the third game with a brilliant cannon-ball service; but the pain in his arm caused him to lose the fourth one. Some of the crowd strolled away, thinking that it was all over. Derby now felt assured of victory. He had found himself able to take care of Tom's service, powerful and accurate though it was, and he looked across to the benches and nodded to a group of his friends as if to say: "It's all right now. Watch me polish him off!"

It was Tom's serve; and Derby took his stand five feet back of his service line, intending to return with a Lawford down the alley. He saw Tom toss the ball in the air and saw his racket flashing in a queer, unnatural swing. The ball shot at him in a swiftly dropping parabola, veering into the right-hand corner of the court. He stepped back to take it. But the ball on striking the ground hummed like a gigantic top and shot high across the court at an opposite angle. Dazed, he walked slowly to the other side. Again Tom's racket swung, again the swift drop and the sidewise leap. Twice more it happened.

"Game—love!" called the umpire. "The games are now three-two; Derby leads."

Nobody on the benches knew just what had happened or was happening. They saw the champion waving wildly or standing in helpless impotence while the balls rolled untouched against the back net. So confused was he that he lost his own service, bringing the games to a tie—three-all. Once more Tom served—and again using the Egg took a love game. Derby, becoming rattled at his inability to connect at all with the ball, retired to the back of the court and swiftly lost the last two games—still wondering what occult powers Tom possessed.

"Game—match—tournament!" shouted the umpire. "Mr.—What's-His-Name—wins!"

"Kelly's the name!" remarked Tom as he shook hands with his shamefaced opponent.

There was a great burst of applause. Someone shouted:

"Three cheers for Irish!"

And they were given heartily. The fellows were all about him now, wringing his hand and praising his play; and, in spite of the burning pain in his left arm, he felt the supremest happiness of his life—the exaltation of successful physical achievement. Joe Cryder was there, helping him into a borrowed polo coat, and in an admiring circle at his elbow stood Holden, Ricker, Peters and Smith. Then he heard little Frank True saying:

"Congratulations, old man! Raymond Dwight wants to be introduced. Says he's never met you."

"I don't mind!" answered the hero of the moment; and without a thought he turned from the friends about him and sought the companionship of the great.

Ten days later Tom won the college championship, by what in after years he was accustomed to describe as a trick—the Egg.

x

IN A SOFTLY lighted room, in which a sea-coal fire glowed beneath a mantel supporting a row of ancient pewter mugs and illuminated a choice collection of rare old sporting prints upon the walls, a group of young men were lounging in leather chairs with the easy self-confidence that comes to those who have arrived somewhere—at least for the time being. All were carefully dressed, and all, with a few exceptions, spoke in an abrupt, clipped Bostonese, only marred occasionally by the flat *a* of the eastern counties of New England.

The atmosphere was one of well-being and good breeding, and their attitude toward one another that of studied courtesy, which obviously included overlooking each other's failings, moral or otherwise. With a couple of dozen other men, they were the social dictators of their college class. They knew that the world—of the University, at any rate—was their oyster and it tasted exceedingly good to them. And, because they felt themselves responsible for the social tone of their year at Harvard, they took themselves seriously and regarded the selection of another to enter their sacred circle as a matter of the highest importance, and worthy of profound consideration.

It was the autumn following Tom's sensational appearance upon the athletic horizon, and it was he who was the subject of their informal deliberations.

"Of course Kelly isn't exactly the type of fellow you'd want to invite to spend a week with you in the summer," muttered Howard Catherwood *sotto voce* to one of his intimates named Pennington, as he inserted a fresh cigarette—made from selected leaves of a special crop of tobacco—into a slender meerschaum holder, in which a small wad of cotton was supposed to absorb all the tar, nicotine and other injurious by-products. "Nobody ever heard of a Kelly in any club in Cambridge."

But his remark was overheard and brought swift retribution.

"There's Cold Roast Boston for you!" disgustedly retorted Allyn Scott, who in appearance was not unlike Tom's erstwhile friend Peters, and whose narrow face also showed unmistakable signs of dissipation. "My dear, impeccable young snob, there are plenty of smart people in New York named Kelly, and everybody knows the Kellys of Paris. There have been all sorts of Kellys in clubs out here and elsewhere. You've only heard of 'Slide, Kelly, Slide!' There are others!"

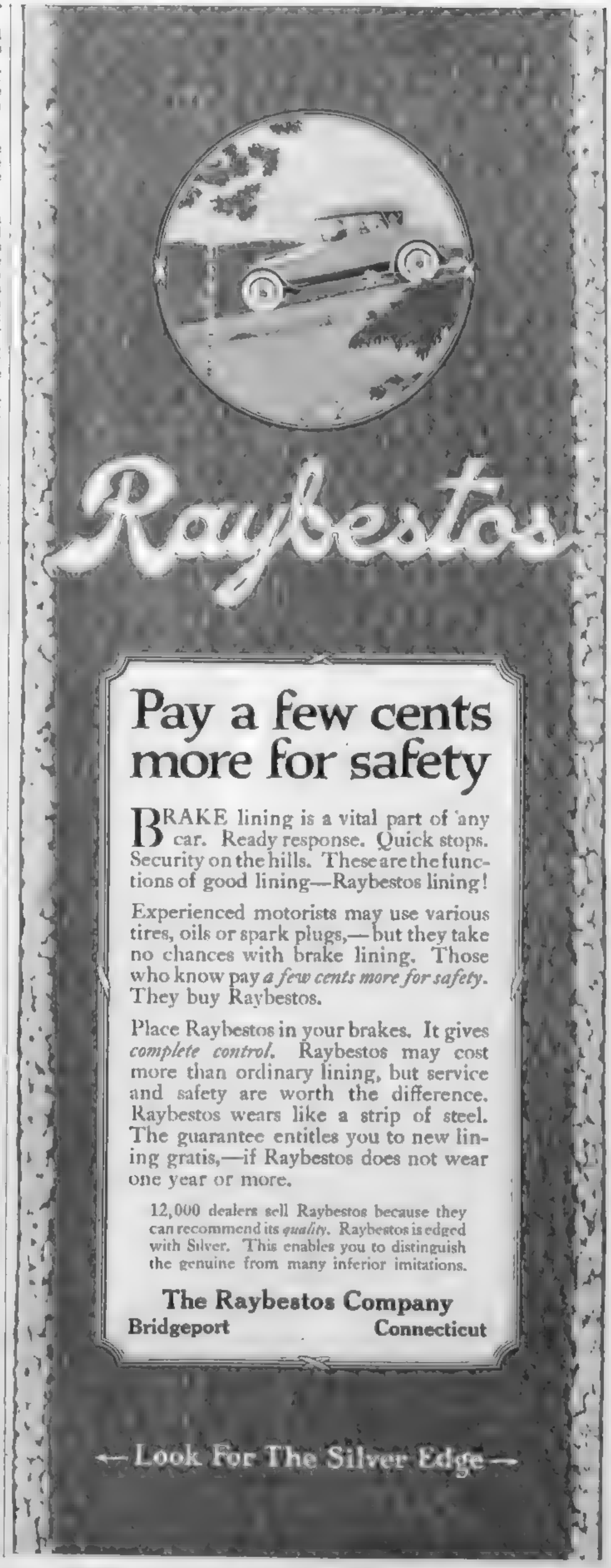
"Well," laughed Dick Crowninshield, the bronzed Hercules who stroked the varsity, "why not be the ones to make the name of Kelly famous? In honoring Kelly perhaps we shall honor ourselves."

"I should say Kelly was famous enough already," said Raymond Dwight, a curly-haired Bostonian, whose presidency of the class had been foreordained almost as soon as his sex had been definitely ascertained at birth. "A man can't win the University tennis championship—and defeat half a dozen first-class players—without being moderately famous. The cracks say that Kelly is a comer and will be the National Champion in a few years if he keeps on."

"But, of course, we don't want to take a man just because he's a good athlete," protested Lawrence West, a serious-minded youth from Beacon Street, who was an expert on Whistler and did excellent water-color sketches. "He may be quite impossible in other ways."

"Oh, Kelly's all right," announced the fair-minded and generous Dwight. "I'd bank on Frank True's opinion every time. He says Kelly's a fine chap. He's rather hard up; but he comes of good people, and he just happened to get in with a rather cheap bunch when he first came here. It's a mistake, in my opinion, to pick fellows for the club that are all just alike. I'm for giving him a chance."

"I don't see any need of our taking any chance," growled Sam Pennington, whose father was a New York banker. "The burden


Raybestos
Pay a few cents more for safety
BRAKE lining is a vital part of any car. Ready response. Quick stops. Security on the hills. These are the functions of good lining—Raybestos lining!
Experienced motorists may use various tires, oils or spark plugs,—but they take no chances with brake lining. Those who know pay *a few cents more for safety*. They buy Raybestos.
Place Raybestos in your brakes. It gives *complete control*. Raybestos may cost more than ordinary lining, but service and safety are worth the difference. Raybestos wears like a strip of steel. The guarantee entitles you to new lining gratis,—if Raybestos does not wear one year or more.
12,000 dealers sell Raybestos because they can recommend its *quality*. Raybestos is edged with Silver. This enables you to distinguish the genuine from many inferior imitations.
The Raybestos Company
Bridgeport Connecticut
← Look For The Silver Edge →

BEHIND a thousand windows—working silently, dependably—you'll find Columbia Batteries. They're ringing bells, buzzing buzzers, operating phones and signals. Outside, they're running autos, engines, motorboats. Whatever the service—from toys to trucks and tractors—Columbias are known for their performance, because performance has been built into them with 28 years of know-how!

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio
In Canada, Columbia Batteries are made and sold by Canadian National Carbon Company, Limited Toronto, Ontario.
Fahnestock spring-clip binding posts, no extra charge.

Columbia Batteries

of proof is on him. Just because he can whack a tennis ball round isn't any reason for taking him into a social club. We're responsible for him as soon as he's one of us. What's the use?"

Pennington was a notorious standpatter, though this quality in him was otherwise described by his associates, the word not having been invented at this period. The other boys called him conservative; which, after all, is more polite.

Conservative he was, to a degree. His gospel was to play safe—to put your social talent in a basket and there carefully to preserve it. He was short, with a cherubic face, and gave an impression of sleekness—"fat and well-liking," to use an olden-time equivalent—and he believed that if you were well off it paid to let yourself alone. He had rosy cheeks; clear, cold gray eyes; and conveyed an indescribable atmosphere of calm opulence. "Knew how to handle himself," his clubmates all said of Pennington, meaning by this that he knew when to stop.

"If our friend Sam had originated this blooming institution," drawled Scott, "there'd be only one member. Wouldn't there, Sammy, old horse?"

Pennington deigned no reply.

"Take him in if you want to," he said in an impersonal sort of way, as if, having given such counsel as seemed to him wise, his responsibility was ended.

"Darn well-built fellow!" put forth Crowninshield. "Looks like that statue in U. 5 of the Greek chap throwing a piece of hard-tack, or whatever it is."

Lawrence West gave one of his mild, rare laughs.

"Hard-tack!" he repeated. "Hard-tack! Ha! Ha! I suppose you mean the cestus."

"I beg your pardon," hastened Crowninshield in mock apology. "Is that what they called it? I always thought it was hard-tack ——"

"Oh, shut up, Dick!" interrupted Catherwood. "What's that got to do with what we're talking about? That statue isn't named Kelly. And it's not the cestus thrower either; it's the discus thrower."

"Ho-ho!" shouted Scott, kicking his legs in the air. "A battle between the giants! What price Discus? What odds on Cestus?"

"Quit your noise, won't you!" ordered Dwight. "Now we're on the subject, who knows anything against Kelly or for him?"

There was a rapid fire of assault and eulogy.

"How is his head—swelled?"

"No more than Dick's! Eh, Dick?"

"We need some new blood."

"Then just wait till Kelly lands his Egg on your nose!"

"Appoint a committee to look him over."

"Wish True were here—he'd tell us more about him ——"

At about this moment True did appear. He was panting from the exertion of limping so fast in his iron brace, and his face was white; in fact, the pain in his thigh was well-nigh insupportable. But he smiled through compressed lips at the affectionate chorus that greeted his appearance.

"Here's the doctor!" exclaimed Scott. "Now we'll get a first-hand diagnosis. What's the matter with Kelly?"

True looked inquiringly round the circle. He could see that all was not well with his candidate. He had come to have a genuine affection for Tom, admiring his honesty and frankness of speech, and enjoying his occasional flashes of humor. He had made repeated though unsuccessful attempts during the preceding two years to have Tom taken into the club; but he had persisted in his endeavor with a dogged determination, confident that if Tom were only known to these men they would be glad to include him in their circle. He knew that, with a few exceptions, they were at bottom simple and democratic and glad to recognize ability and character; but he knew, also, their fatal dislike to take issue with one another, to seem to care, to force their own opinions—in a word, their moral inertia. He saw at once that the fight would be with Pennington and Catherwood.

"We can't afford not to take Kelly," he said with firmness, "because if we don't—when we know what a corker he is—it would stamp us for a lot of snobs."

"Hear! Hear!" interjected Scott, whose family was the most arrogant in the New York Social Register. He chuckled to himself at True's astute method of attack.

"The fact is," went on Tom's sponsor, "the clubs out here are getting a bad name for just that reason. We do the best we can, of course; but what chance have we got to find out the really fine chaps from out West and down South?"

"Lemons—most of 'em!" remarked Catherwood, again under his breath.

"We're three feet wide but only an inch thick," continued True. "We bore each other stiff—often enough—talking about the same dances, the same people, the same summer resorts, the same drinks, the same girls. Personally I'd like a little relief from Newport and the North Shore. I'd like a whiff of Puget Sound or the Gulf of Mexico for a change."

"What's Kelly a whiff of?" inquired Pennington innocently.

There was a subdued laugh.

"I'll tell you!" True turned on him. "He's a whiff of the salt air of the old Boston whose citizens threw their tea into the harbor rather than pay English duty! He's the same whiff that George the Third got in his nose in 1775. But he's more than that. He's a bully good chap that's had a hard row to hoe, not so much on account of what he didn't have as what he did have. He was born, as he says, on the wrong side of the street. He's come from behind; but he's jumped to the front, and he's going to be the greatest tennis player this country ever produced. Why, if we didn't take him in they'd say it was because his name was Kelly!"

"That's right!" cried out half a dozen of his auditors. "They would too!"

"Bully for Frank!" exclaimed Scott. "What have you got to say, Pennington?"

The latter shrugged his shoulders.

"They might say that," he answered quietly. "I've no objection to taking him in if ——"

Suddenly True, who had been clinging rigid to the arms of his chair, fell heavily backward.

"Water!" cried Dwight. "Frank's fainted. Send for old Doc Wheeler!"

They loosened True's collar and wheeled him to the window; but it was several minutes before he opened his eyes. When Doctor Wheeler finally arrived he placed the lad in his buggy and drove him over to the dormitory, where Dwight and Crowninshield carried him upstairs and laid him in bed.

"I'm coming round to-morrow to give you a talking to, young man!" he said severely before leaving. "And you must promise to lie right here until I come. You fellows look after him. I shall hold you responsible."

The two big men sat awkwardly by the bedside for a long time—while True lay there with closed eyes, apparently asleep. Suddenly he said in a whisper:

"Will—Tom—get in?"

"That's all right, Frankie, old man!" answered Crowninshield cheerfully. "He's as good as in. If that little saphead of a Sam makes any trouble I'll take him out and stick him under the pump."

"Don't worry," added Dwight. "Kelly's got to get in! That's all there is to it!"

So Kelly got in at last.

■■

ONE evening about ten days later Tom was sitting alone in his jaundice-colored room, grinding for his first-hour examination in economics. For a week or so after winning the college championship the previous spring he had lived in a rose-colored world; and then, as nothing further happened, he had relapsed into his erstwhile disgruntled state. After such a dazzling experience it had been unspeakably dull for him to be obliged to join his mother on her annual junket to the White Mountains, and that year the boarding houses had seemed even more dreary than usual.

With a relief that was almost a joy, he returned to Cambridge—to find, apparently, nothing changed. His success had made no difference. He was now a prominent figure in college athletics and yet there was not an additional door open to him. Of course Mr. Russell and Evelyn had shown pleasure at his achievements; but his mother had felt it her duty to conceal any satisfaction she may have felt and had merely expressed the hope that it wouldn't turn his head.

Poor Tom, struggling hard to fight out his college course on the line Fate had selected for him, found his championship dust in his mouth. He had had a vision of clouds of glory, and then the gray mists had drifted in again. He kicked viciously against the pricks of his dun-colored existence—and he kicked in vain. He had his place and there he must stay.

(Continued on Page 97)

STRONG and supple as the sinews of a mighty arm, so Alexander Tight-Line Leather Belts hold taut your power load.

Transmitting life from every drive, Alexander co-ordinates machines and men into a perfect system of production, controlled as by a master mind.

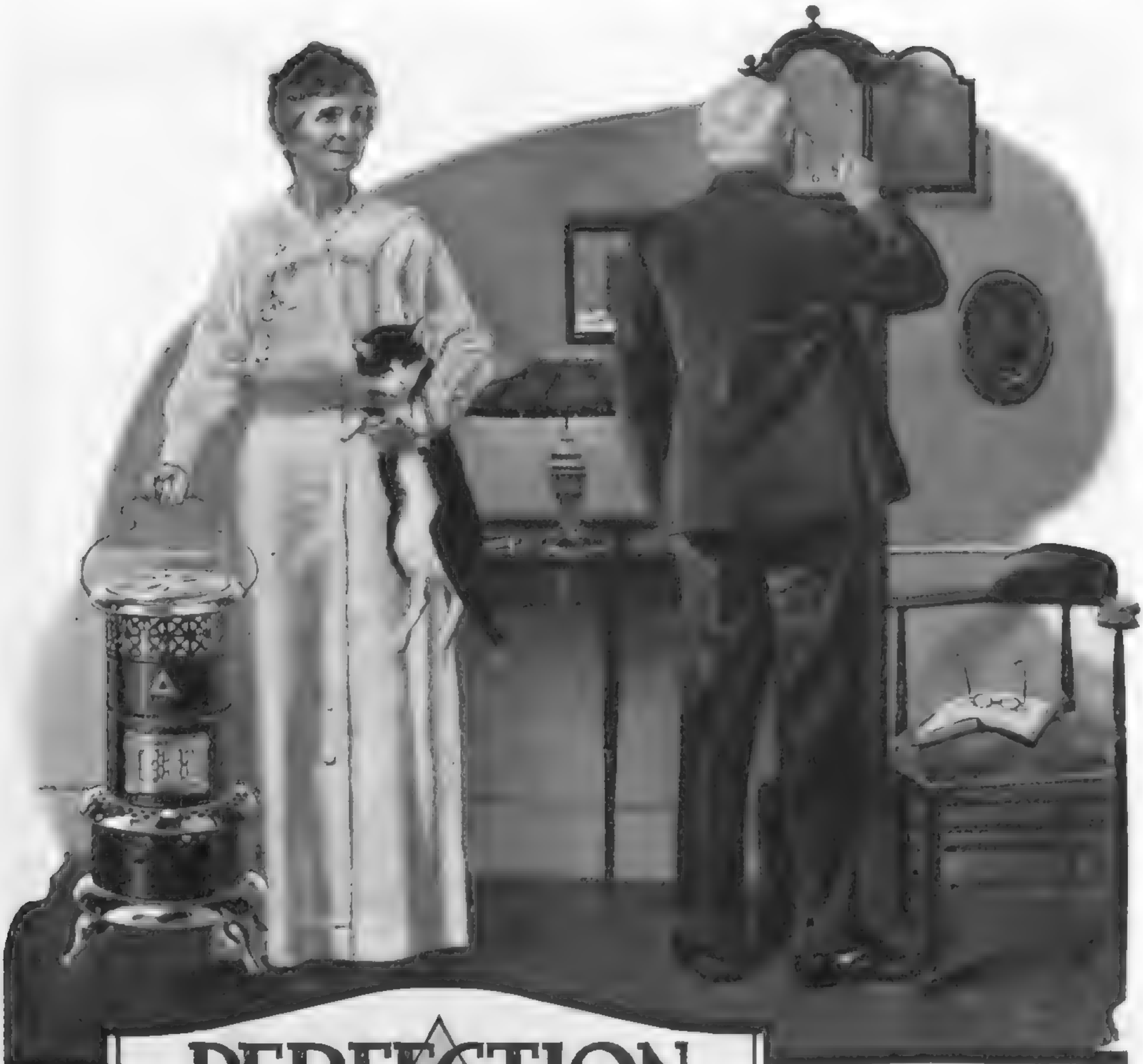
In thousands of mills and shipyards, factories and shops, Alexander Tight-Line Rim-Grip conquers pulley slippage, that wanton waste of power and the chief cause of wear and damage to ordinary belting.

ALEXANDER BROTHERS
PHILADELPHIA

Makers of Leather Belting, Sole Leather and Leather Specialties. Branches: New York, Atlanta, Chicago. Alexander Distributors in all Principal Cities of the United States and throughout the World

The Hall Mark on Leather

ALEXANDER
THE STRONG STEADY SLIPLESS
POWER OF INDUSTRY



PERFECTION OIL HEATERS

Chase evening chill. As reliable as grandfather's clock and as portable as the cat—that's the sturdy little Perfection Oil Heater. There'll be plenty of cold snaps this winter when you'll need it upstairs and down to drive the chill from the bathroom, or to make the breakfast room livable. Good looking, durable, inexpensive both to buy and to use. Now in more than 3,000,000 homes.

You'll surely need one *this* year, with coal so high and natural gas apt to be scarce.

Ask your dealer. Send for free illustrated Catalog H.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS COMPANY
7101 Platt Avenue Cleveland, Ohio

Also made in Canada by The Perfection Stove Company, Ltd., Sarnia, Ontario

THE new No. 500 Perfection Heater Wick takes all the bother away from re-wicking. Comes in a carton—trimmed—burned—ready to light—fixed to a metal carrier. Slip out the old wick and carrier—slip in the new. No more oil-soaked hands.

(Continued from Page 94)

So in a bitterly rebellious spirit he worked on, to what end he knew not. He was in a particularly recalcitrant frame of mind that night, and was on the point of chucking the whole thing in favor of a lonely trip to a musical show in Boston when True tapped on his door. There was a queer look on his pale face.

"Some of the fellows want to see you over at the Woolsack," he said in a careless way.

Tom gazed sourly at him from under his green eyeshade.

"Me! What for? I don't — "

And then something in Frank's eyes set his heart athump.

"What do you mean?" Tom choked; he wouldn't be made a fool of again.

"Would you care to become a member?"

"You're not joking, Frank?"

"Why, of course not! I couldn't."

Tom got up and turned quickly to the window. So it had come at last! The Woolsack! One of the best of the clubs!

"Oh, Frank!" he said, trying to hide the quivering of his lips. "It's all you! I know it! You don't realize what this means to me! I've been so—lonely. Of course Harvard's a wonderful place, but it's so infernally big -I've been lost in it, up to now!"

When Tom told his mother of his election to the Woolsack Mrs. Kelly was seriously upset. She had always heard of those college clubs as horrible places where the students did nothing but drink and play cards—traps of Satan.

"Oh, Tom," she whispered in a terrified voice, "don't let them persuade you to drink. I don't mind smoking nearly so much, but do promise me not to drink!"

"Can't you trust me to behave like a gentleman, mother?" blustered Tom disingenuously. He was in a state of almost hysterical excitement; had made up his mind already to do whatever the other fellows did. "Can't you trust me now? If not, how can you ever trust me?"

She looked narrowly at him, her woman's instinct grasping the situation with unerring accuracy.

"Tom!" she said in a desperate tone, "if you drank it would break my heart"

He did not reply and she turned quite cold. His next words frightened her even more:

"Could you manage to let me have a little money, mother?"

It was the first time he had ever asked for it. She knew that he appreciated the sacrifices she had made—was still making—to send him to college. Yet he was her only son. And secretly she was supremely gratified by this recognition of his classmates—making her so proud that she scarcely regarded such recognition as necessary.

"If you really need it," she answered, relieved herself that their conversation no longer hinged upon the depressing subject of drink. "I've got that five hundred dollars I saved up for a rainy day when you were at school."

"I don't need anything like that," he replied. "A couple of hundred, maybe. There's the dues; and, you know, mother, I ought to get some new clothes."

"Clothes!" she cried sharply. "What's the matter with the clothes you've got on? Your father wore that blue coat of his fourteen years and there wasn't a moth hole in it when he died. I should think you could get along as you are."

"Of course I can't let 'em be ashamed of me."

"Ashamed of you, Tom! I guess they're mighty glad to get you to join."

He smiled to himself.

"And I've got to keep up my end."

"Not one cent will I give you for pleasure!" she insisted resentfully. "You can take my last cent for books—I want you to have every advantage! But nothing will I give you for—for cards—or tobacco—or liquor! Oh, Tom! You wouldn't take the money in the bank for that?" she asked in despair.

"No, mother," he answered, a little guiltily. "But I must have some money." And then, to change the subject and make her feel that by virtue of what had happened life would be different for her as well, he added, much as one would picture a coming pleasure to a child: "And, mother, I want you to meet the fellows. I'm going to bring some of them in here right away to see you—to supper, maybe!"

"Oh!" she uttered, aghast. "Oh, I couldn't have them! There'd be nothing fit for them to eat! And they'd tell their mothers about it. There's Mrs. Dwight, for instance; she's in the Ladies' Auxiliary. I'd never dare look her in the face again—if her son came in here to supper and got only—ham!"

"I've no doubt Bridget could get up a very nice supper," replied Tom somewhat doubtfully.

He had not really intended to bring anybody to supper. It had simply seemed a natural sort of thing to say, and so he had said it. Now he perceived that it would involve social awkwardnesses. The fellows would come, to be sure, and be more than polite; but he could imagine Pennington and Catherwood if his mother said "You was" or "I should have thought you would have," and displayed, as she certainly would, her ignorance of social conventions. And he was almost sure that they didn't have any finger bowls! No, it wouldn't do at all.

Yet, at the same time, he knew perfectly well that nothing in the course of human events could possibly give his mother such satisfaction as to have the son of Mrs. Hamilton Dwight—Mrs. Dwight, of Commonwealth Avenoo, that is—take a meal at her house. Such a social triumph would have painted her drab existence with prismatic colors, and would have sufficed her as a topic of conversation forever afterward.

All this Tom knew very well, but—he just couldn't do it. And he must get the idea out of her head. He, of course, realized that what she had said was not meant to be taken seriously. It was merely a polite protest, to be as politely overruled. All she needed—and expected—was a little urging, and then she would yield gracefully; for both of them were fully aware that Bridget could serve a very excellent high tea indeed—scalloped oysters, lobster salad, orange layer cake, chocolate.

"No," she repeated, but looking hopefully at Tom's suddenly glum face; "I'd never dare! And then Mrs. West, too, over on Beacon Street! I pass her quite often. I might have to bow to her."

Already she had had a pathetic vision—a mirage, alas—of a gushing though tiny spring in the social Sahara of her existence, and her timid spirit fluttered in delicious perturbation. All Tom would have had to say to overcome her resistance would have been: "Oh, nonsense, mother! Give 'em anything you've got!" Which, coupled with one of his accustomed hugs and a hearty kiss, would have swept away all her defenses, leaving only a faint little final "Oh, Tom! Do you really think we could?" And she would have hurried away to order the supper at once; and maybe have gone over to Fanny Trollop's to see whether she still had that celebrated recipe belonging to her Aunt Hemenway for tipsy pudding. But his response to her protest in the present instance was half-hearted.

"I suppose she could serve a good-enough supper," he repeated. "But, of course, if you would feel awkward or embarrassed about it there's no need of having them. On the whole, I guess maybe you're right."

He could see the expectant look in his mother's eyes give way to one of disappointment, and for a moment he almost felt like reconsidering. No; it was too much to expect. She would surely queer him with her talk about Uncle Ezra and Aunt Eliza. She might even mention punkin seeds! But Mrs. Kelly had not given up all hope even yet. Tom had acted at first as if he had really meant it, and perhaps ——

"The rector said Bridget's scalloped oysters were the best he'd ever et!" she hazarded timidly.

"Oh, those fellows have oysters all the time!" he protested. "And they're used to having dinner at night."

"Dinner at night!" gasped Mrs. Kelly, bewildered.

"And when they go out to any kind of a party," he added unthinkingly, "they usually expect some sort of—of beverage."

His mother's face hardened.

"They'll never come to my house if they expect that!" she replied defiantly.

XII

TOM found the Woolsack a very agreeable place. He had always imagined that there was something mysterious about college social organizations, and that their meetings were given over to strange rites and alcoholic revelry; but he soon discovered that this was a mistake. The club

"Won't these pickled peaches be a surprise to someone next winter!"

Surprise the Surpriser!

Who stows a surprise at the bottom of Jack's dinner pail? Who fixes up the express package full of "eats" for the girls away at school?

Too often the little things mother does for us are taken for granted, when we ought to realize every one of them is a love-inspired act—not a duty. She is the incarnation of devotion, unselfishly thinking of the pleasure of others of the family.

Why not a new range!—the finest money will buy to show mother that there have been many unspoken words of love and appreciation on the *other* side? Her comfort is surely worth the small extra cost of an Acorn.

Acorn

-RANGES-

Gas, Coal, Combination and Electric

RATHBONE, SARD & CO., Albany, N. Y.

Please send me booklet showing styles of Acorn Ranges. I am especially interested in the type of range marked below:

Coal ○ Gas ○ Electric ○ Combination (Coal-Gas) ○

Name

Address

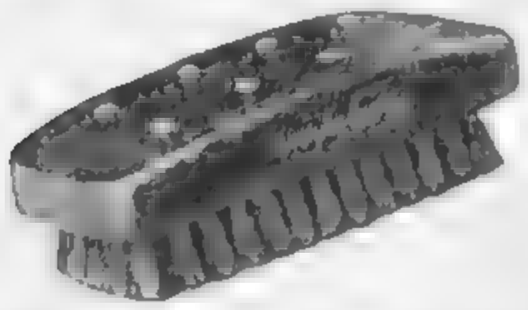
RATHBONE, SARD & COMPANY

Main Office, Albany, N. Y. Factories, Albany, N. Y., and Aurora, Ill.

Branches in Detroit and Chicago

We have made Acorn Stoves and Ranges for 87 years

Just a Hand-Brush—but SUCH a brush!



This is a photograph of a hand-brush six years old

It is a Pro-phy-lac-tic hand-brush that has been in daily use in an office for six years. A new brush would not look any different.

You never saw a hand- or nail-brush as fine as this one is. It contains bristles short, strong and black, the stub ends of the toughest Bessarabian boar hair, set in an aluminum plate which is riveted with eight rivets to a stout hard-wood back.

Soaking in hot water, use, abuse or violent outrage does not affect it.

Nobody can say how long it will last. The first ones we made ten years ago are still scrubbing away grime and making hands, fingers and nails clean for big and little hands, soft and hard hands, tender hands and hands calloused with toil

Yet it never has been a big seller because very few people know anything about it, and most stores say with very good reason that the public has never been educated to pay more than 10c or at most 25c for a hand-brush.

Well, this is no 25c brush. It's a dollar brush—costs a dollar and like every article of supreme quality is worth anything you want to say.

It is so sturdy and its simple quality is so convincingly apparent that every time you wash your hands, from the day you bought it to goodness knows when, you will grin and be glad you bought it.

And if you present it to anyone he will bless you. It's nicely boxed.

Send us a dollar and get one and if you ever are in doubt as to whether or not it was a good, sensible purchase, tell us.

We will send you back your dollar and you can keep the brush.

Put a dollar in an envelope and send to us. No risk for you. You don't even have to return brush if you are sorry you bought it.

FLORENCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
250 Pine Street, Florence, Mass.
We make the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

KEEP YOUR CAR YOUNG
PRINT IT YOURSELF WITH
Effecto AUTO FINISHES

Not a coat of paint, but a durable quick drying, high-luster auto enamel. Made in seven colors. Sold by paint, hardware and auto accessory dealers. Send for Color Card. Pratt & Lambert-Inc., 145 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 91 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF
PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

LEPAGE'S GLUE
FOR EVERYTHING

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent Free. Send sketch for *Free* opinion as to patentability. Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

was only a common meeting ground where the men loafed, read, played cards and ordered such drinks as they chose. And the men themselves were as different from each other as the members of his own old circle. Indeed, in the main, he found among his new friends precisely the same types. Save for the fact that they were less assertive, spent more money and had a larger knowledge of the world, Dick Crowninshield might have been Joe Cryder, Allyn Scott might have been Andy Peters, and either Pennington or Catherwood might have been J. Walton-Smith.

Most of them were quiet, rather reserved young fellows who had come from decent homes and whose chief interest in life was athletics. As a whole, they were no more intellectual than his former friends; but he heard less cheap and dirty talk, and the Smart Alec was conspicuous by his absence. There were no freaks among them and no geniuses. They were satisfied with their college, their class, their club and themselves; and seemed to feel that, so far as was immediately necessary, they had solved the problem of existence.

There was no general conversation except regarding sport, the theater, social doings in Boston, and the needless obstacles contrived by the dean and faculty to prevent their passing their examinations without mental labor. Their tone as to honesty, cleanliness in speech, generosity and consideration for others was high; as to personal conduct, it was fairly easy-going. So long as a man acted like a gentleman with his comrades, they did not particularly concern themselves as to his habits. It was none of their business, and it was bad form to be curious.

It was bad form in general to get drunk; but, curiously enough, it was not bad form for particular men to get drunk. The Woolsack and some of the other clubs contained certain privileged characters who were regarded, with tolerance and even apparent pride, as "funny drunks." They were allowed to do as they liked, so long as they remained amusing.

And there were certain ones who led mysterious existences and were held in a kind of awe by the other men. These were generally fellows of the millionaire class who had large personal incomes and lived lives of their own, in which poker, champagne and chorus girls were supposed to figure prominently. They were few in number. Almost every club had one of them, and they ran together.

There were, in antithesis to these, men of very small means—like Tom—sons of professors and even of clergymen; and rich fellows who, nevertheless, took life seriously and were almost as much grinds as Ricker. To his great surprise Tom found that two of the members of the Woolsack were Phi Beta Kappa men, and that another held a John Harvard scholarship.

It comes to few college undergraduates to suffer for three long years from a bitter if unjustified sense of ostracism and then suddenly to be acclaimed as worthy of the highest social honors, of intimacy with the most popular and distinguished members of the class. When this does happen it is rarely the result of any particular achievement, athletic or otherwise, on the part of the individual; but is rather more often due to the efforts, often unsuspected, of some friend, such as those made on Tom's behalf by Frank True.

Imperceptibly the man's acquaintance is broadened until, though not perhaps in any sense popular, he is, nevertheless, regarded with sufficient favor by his classmates to lead to his inclusion in their club membership.

Thus, Tom's election to the Woolsack, though he attributed it in his own mind almost entirely to his success at tennis, had, in fact, little to do with it. Without Frank True's persistent knocking at the door of friendship, it would never have been opened to Tom.

When social success of this sort does come at the end of a man's college course, it is far more likely to end disastrously than if it comes of its own accord in the natural course of events. Poor Tom, starved for want of real companionship, firmly believing that he had a well-founded grudge against existence, and bitterly resentful at being deprived of those pleasures which he assumed were the common right of all young fellows of his age, found himself unexpectedly received as an intimate friend and equal by the very men toward whom he had harbored feelings of resentment and antagonism.

The result was, as is frequently the case, that he was knocked completely off his balance, and for a time was the victim of a state of almost hysterical excitement. His ego filled his cosmos. From the hell of solitude he had been lifted into the heaven of companionship. From regarding himself as an ugly duckling he quite naturally came to view himself as a swan.

He reasoned, and not unnaturally, that he must possess unusual qualities, both physical and mental, unrecognized by himself, which differentiated him from the common herd with whom he had formerly been thrown. And yet, through some subtle instinct, or thanks to a lingering trace of common sense, he was astute enough to keep himself in the background and to endeavor so to conduct himself that his new friends should not regret their action.

Now that he occupied one of the seats of the mighty, he took pleasure in trying to justify the very exclusiveness of which he had formerly been the victim—the same social system he had hitherto looked upon so resentfully as unfair and undemocratic. Yet, to his surprise, he discovered that, with the exception of one or two men, such as Catherwood and Pennington, none of his new friends took any apparent satisfaction in the fact that they were thus artificially marked out and separated from their fellows as members of a select club. There was nothing snobbish in their attitude at all. They liked to have a handy place where they and their intimate friends could meet, and this the Woolsack provided for them, just as the other clubs—the Cave Dwellers, for instance—did for their members. But the mere fact that other men were not in the club, while they were, meant nothing to them.

Strangely enough, though Scott and other men in the club seemed to feel that social conditions in college were not all they should be, and that the system might perhaps be improved, Tom championed it as the natural outcome of conditions over which no control could be exercised. Since the system had selected him, by that same token it must be all right.

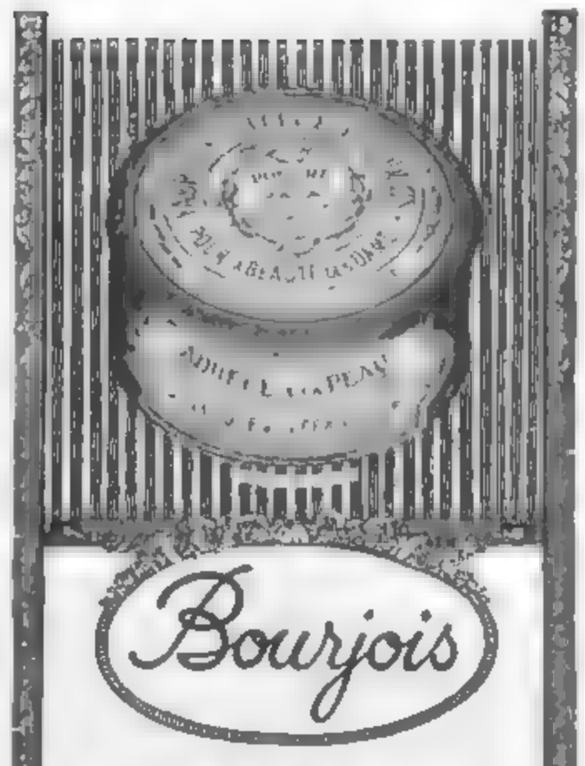
As the months went on Tom found the society of his former companions less and less attractive. At first, he continued to take his meals at the old table in Memorial Hall, but the fellows there were strangely cool. There was almost an atmosphere of hostility. Plainly they resented his being translated to a higher social atmosphere. Gradually they ceased entirely dropping into his room—all except J. Walton-Smith, who showered Tom with attentions, to the latter's great annoyance, and made a point of coming over every day after lunch to smoke a couple of pipes.

In the end Tom resigned from Memorial and joined an eating club in Mt. Auburn Street to which West, Dwight, Scott and others of his own club belonged, and which also numbered many men from other societies. He got on well with all of them, but he found the Woolsack so attractive that he sadly neglected his work, and his expenses began to multiply. There was a good deal of poker played; and Tom, having learned the game, could not resist the lure of the chips. At first he won—beginner's luck; then lost, and had to ask his mother for more money. Moreover, his friendship with Scott coupled with his desire to be a good fellow led him gradually into the use of alcohol.

At first limiting himself to a cocktail before dinner, he soon yielded to the temptation to share the artificial gayety induced by whisky. By the Mid-Years he was drinking steadily. When his conscience reproached him he told himself merely that he was entitled to make up for the barrenness of his childhood and the misery of his first years in college; and that he ought to seize the opportunities offered by the Woolsack to cement friendship that in after-life might prove valuable. And, because on a Saturday afternoon his breath often smelt of whisky, he frequently gave up going home at all and spent the evening at the theater with Scott, and the next day snoozing before the fire at the club.

The talk he heard going on round him of the smart balls given in Boston and Brookline filled him with a desire to enlarge his outside social acquaintance. It would pay in the end. These years in college were a fellow's one great chance. Next year he might be slaving in an office. So he ordered a new dress suit, costing a hundred dollars, and arranged, through West, to have his name put on the list for the Assemblies.

(Continued on Page 101)



Bourjois

JAVA POUDRE
AT ALL DEALERS 50¢

The dominant favorite of women of social distinction the world over—

In the "Natrelle" tone it stands unequalled for men after shaving

Contains no harmful ingredients

A. BOURJOIS & CO. inc.
Oldest and largest Manufacturers of Face Powder in the World
OF PARIS, FRANCE
35 WEST 34th ST., NEW YORK

CHEAPER than BROOMS

The constantly increasing price of broom corn due to crop shortage and other causes is advancing the cost of brooms rapidly—they are fast reaching the dollar mark in some localities. From a normal price of $50.00 or $60.00 a ton broom corn has been recently quoted at $340.00 a ton. By using a

BISSELL'S
"CYCO" BALL-BEARING
Carpet Sweeper

on your carpets and rugs you save on brooms and a year's supply of [illegible] the finest Bissell Carpet Sweeper made—that sweeper will give [illegible] service for 10 [illegible] corn brooms. At the same time you are accomplishing an equal saving in the wear and tear on your carpets or rugs, for the Bissell's pure bristle brush works thoroughly but gently, makes sweeping easy and keeps down the dust. Most women want a sweeper for upstairs and one for down.

Prices $3.25 to $6.25. Vacuum Sweepers $6.00 to $12.50—depending on style and locality. At dealers everywhere. Booklet on request.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.
Oldest and Largest Sweeper Makers
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Made in Canada, too
(345)

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturers want Owen Patents. Send for 4 free books; inventions wanted, etc. I help
RICHARD B. OWEN, 33 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

"I Thought I'd Bought a Phonograph I Find I've Bought a Voice"

A Man's Experience with the AEOLIAN-VOCALION
The Remarkable New Phonograph

IT was only a phonograph that I set out to buy—a machine that would sing songs for me and play brass band pieces, and that the children could dance to.

Of course, I wanted the best my money would buy and I looked at many. Except for my wife I probably would have bought one of the first three we saw—they were all well-known and sounded good, if pretty much alike.

But she had other ideas and, as I thought at the time, wanted to "shop" far too thoroughly. Now I bless her for her persistence.

While she really knows music and I don't pretend to, I knew as well as she when we came to the phonograph that we were going to buy.

Tone and Appearance

It was a newer instrument than the others, but that was off-set by the reputation of the house that made it. I knew that The Aeolian Company was at the top of the music industry and had a wonderful name for building fine instruments.

But the Aeolian-Vocalion sold itself the moment we saw it and heard the first record.

It was better-looking—had better lines and finer finish. A small matter to some people, perhaps, but we like nice things.

And it had a lot better tone. We looked at each other and both nodded almost with the first notes. There was very little, if any, "phonograph quality" to it. It sounded deeper and fuller and freer than the rest had.

The difference in its singing appealed to me particularly; sounded far more natural. My wife said its playing of different instruments was simply amazing, though I wasn't critic enough to be amazed.

Anyway, we bought the instrument on its tone, with some thought of its appearance, *but we practically ignored the greatest thing about it—the Graduola.*

"Here I was singing. Not with my own voice, of course, but with my own spirit—my own feeling . . . . . "

The Wonderful Graduola

It was four days after the Vocalion came to the house before I touched the Graduola. I didn't really see any use in it. What was the idea of trying to improve on the singing and playing of people who knew how?

The thing was so simple and so easy, however, that one night I remembered what the salesman said about not really changing their singing—just making the record sound more as they sing when not making records and about putting in the little variations they themselves put in each time they sing. So I tried it.

I was awkward at first—made the changes from soft and loud too abruptly. Then it became easier and I began to sense a little of the fascination of using the device.

I got out all the song records we had—those I'd selected and those my wife had. With each one I became more interested, more engrossed and thrilled.

It was wonderful. I've always loved singing. One of the real regrets of my life has been that I have neither voice nor ability with any musical instrument.

Personal Expression

And here I was singing. Not with my own voice, of course, *but with my own spirit—my own feeling*:—just as Svengali sang, using Trilby's voice, and as an orchestra leader plays, using the different players as mediums to express *his* ideas.

Moreover, ignorant as I am about music, as soon as I got the knack of the Graduola I didn't hurt the records at all—I *improved* them—made them sound more *living*, with more changing "lights" and "shadows" as it were. Wife says that's because you can't change the real interpretation—the tempo and phrasing—but just the tone-color, whatever that means.

Anyway, I played till three o'clock that morning and I've hardly missed a half hour or so any evening since.

The Aeolian-Vocalion is great and I love it. It's done me good and really given me a new interest in life that $5,000 wouldn't buy if I couldn't replace it.

I've sold dozens to my friends. They mention other phonographs and I say, "Yes, they are all right, but you just come and spend an evening with me and I'll show you something that's a whole lot better than a phonograph. *I'll sing for you.*"

Though they look a little scared at that and sometimes I have to go get them in my car, the result is always the same. Even when they have a phonograph already, they trade it in and The Aeolian Company books another order.

The Aeolian-Vocalion is the phonograph made by The Aeolian Company—largest manufacturers of musical instruments in the world. Obtainable in many models priced from $100 to $350. Styles without Graduola, $35 to $75. Beautiful Art Styles at moderate additional cost. Interesting catalog on request. Address, 29 West 42nd Street, New York, Dept. B-92.

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY

PARIS — 29 W. 42nd ST., NEW YORK — LONDON

Brooklyn: 11 Flatbush Avenue—Newark: 897 Broad Street
Cincinnati: 25 West Fourth Street—St. Louis: 1004 Olive Street—Chicago: 116 So. Michigan Boulevard
Dayton, O.: 114 N. Main St. -Indianapolis: 237 N. Penna. Street
Representatives in all principal cities
Canadian Representative: Nordheimer Piano & Music Co., Ltd., Toronto

At Syracuse

Sumptuous ease of operation, inimitable character of construction, and unmistakable economy are the standards by which instructors and students in *Domestic Arts at Syracuse University* have accorded the

Standard There is a Maytag Washer of every type hand, power-driven, electric—all built to the enviable Maytag standard.

Maytag
Multi-Motor Washer
with
Swinging Reversible Wringer

FREE Send for the MaytagLaundry Manual. An invaluable book for the housewife. A post card today brings your copy.

the singular distinction of *unqualified approval.* Another expression of the same ideal is the Maytag Electric Washer. The consistent satisfaction in service, rendered uniformly by both the Multi-Motor, for homes without electricity, and the Electric Washer, has made the name Maytag synonymous with power washer supremacy. When you see the name Maytag on a washer, you are justified in expecting more than the accepted advantages of other washers.

THE MAYTAG COMPANY—Dept. 203—NEWTON, IOWA

BRANCHES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

DEALERS—Investigate the Maytag proposition. Write today

(Continued from Page 98)

For the first time he drank of the joy of feminine adulation. Every pretty girl to whom he was introduced seemed to have heard about him; knew of his wonderful tennis playing and his wizard serve; and was shyly eager to know him better.

Poor Tom, intoxicated, as many another boy has been, by the admiring eyes of débutantes, lost his young head and, for the time, believed himself a conquering social hero. He abandoned his studies, spending night after night at dancing parties in Boston and its suburbs. The house on Appian Way knew him rarely. He saw less and less of Frank True, and, strangely enough, more and more of Catherwood and Pennington, who even found some social capital for themselves in his acquaintance.

He flunked two courses in the Mid-Years, lost two hundred dollars at poker and another hundred trying to get it back, and drank more and more. He also became a confirmed smoker of cigarettes. By March he was in bad physical shape. *Facilis descensus!* Once started downward, no one ever descended with more facility than poor Tom. He dared not go home; could not bring himself to visit his little old mother, patiently waiting for him in the shabby house on Newbury Street, whither an electric surface car would have carried him in half an hour.

Thus, a woman, reluring to the point of self-effacement, distrustful of even her own ability to express her ideas grammatically, fearful of her own social shadow and timidly shrinking from every contact with the world, was able to inspire actual moral terror by reason of her unfaltering if primitive belief in the duty imposed upon her toward her offspring by the Almighty. An interview with her was to be avoided at all costs. For, as she would have expressed it, God would have given her strength to make her son realize his sin. None are so terrible as the meek in righteous indignation.

So Tom stayed away and his mother waited in silence, though he dropped postal cards to her at rare intervals, and tried to dim the vision of her in a constant succession of frivolities.

Seven weeks having elapsed since he had seen her, a determined knock brought him to his door one evening, expecting to find Scott or Pennington outside on his way for an evening's fun in Boston. At first he did not recognize the tall, strange figure standing there in the antique bonnet and camel's-hair shawl.

"It's me, Tom," answered the mellow, vibrant voice of Bridget the cook.

"Bridget! What on earth are you doing out here!" cried Tom in astonishment. Then his heart ceased beating for an instant and he felt almost faint with a sudden fear. "There—isn't—any bad news, is there?" he gasped. His poor old mother might be dead, for all he knew.

"No, there's no bad news," answered Bridget.

"Will—will you come in?" he asked perfunctorily.

"Thank ye kindly," said Bridget. "No; I must be on my way. I was just after comin' back from a visit to me Cousin Annie, at Arlington—an' I thought I'd stop and ask about the wash, now yez have given up bringin' it home."

"The wash is all right!" said Tom. "There's a Chinaman over in the Square—he comes for it."

"The dirty haythen! Don't give it to him, Tom; and him a-squirtin' the water on it out of his filthy mouth! Bring it home to me, Tom, and save yer money!"

"The Chink is all right!"

He was torn between resentment at her coming and shame at seeing her. Her Cousin Annie and the wash were the most obvious prevarications. He felt her presence as a biting reproach and he wanted to get rid of her as speedily as possible. What would the fellows think if they should see her there and hear her address him as Tom? They might even conclude, not unnaturally, that she was an aunt or something. The thought had its reflexes in his muscles and, as if by accident, he allowed the door to close a little. The gaunt old face gazed at him sadly across the threshold. Had he known it, her old heart yearned for his welfare almost as much as did his mother's; but he saw in her austere features only those of a Nemesis.

"'Tis a grand room yez have, Tom," she said without removing her eyes from his—"almost as fine as the library at home. I mind the time yer father bought all the furniture—the green-covered table and all! It seems only a week agone! And yer mither a lovely young lady! Her hair's white now, Tom. Yis; 'tis a grand room, yez have! That was thirty years gone by! And I was a young girl meself—though ye may not believe it. I mind the very day ye was born, Tom—and Doctor Endicott asking for the scales, and yer poor father locking himself out of doors—God rest his soul! I've seen ye grow up, Tom; and no one so well as I knows all yer mither has done for ye. Not that yez have been aught but a good boy!

"I know ye love yer mither. But life is life! And sometimes 'tis sorrowful and sometimes 'tis happy, thanks to the Virgin! But never did any mither care for her gossoon like yours, Tom; and many's the time I've helped put the ile on yer small back and rubbed yer feet wid the alcohol. And now she's an old woman, and her eyes are dim wid watchin' out of the window fer yez to come home; and her hearin's a bit bad for strainin' to hear the sound of yer voice; and her forehead has the wrinkles on it fer worryin' fer fear all may not be well wid ye. 'Tis a dear little mither yez have, Tom. Some day ye'll not have her. She and I will both be gone before long. I'm payin' my own debt now to her, Tom. 'Twill be too late then to pay yours."

What response Tom might have made to this appeal cannot be told, for at that instant a step sounded on the gravel outside and Pennington sprang into the hall.

"Ah there, Tom!" he cried heartily, stepping quickly in front of Bridget without a word of apology and as if she were totally invisible. "I've got two seats for The Lion Tamer. They were turned in at the agency at the last moment and Davie at the club snapped 'em right up for me. Come along! Don't waste any time either! It's a great show. Bobo French has been sixteen times!"

Bridget's appeal had really moved Tom's heart; but, instinctively tactful as it had been, he still felt that she had no business to interfere—especially to come out there to Cambridge to see him. Should he comply with her tacit request to come home, it would be a direct acknowledgment of the propriety of her conduct. He now actually wanted to go home; but he also wanted to go to the theater with Pennington, who was becoming more and more friendly. He hastily decided that he would go in the next morning and surprise his mother by joining her at church. That would be just as good. It would make up for everything; and besides, his mother could not talk to him during the service. It would break the ice splendidly.

"Sure, I'll come," he said to Pennington. "I'll only be a minute."

His friend was lighting a cigarette over the lamp and Tom made signs to Bridget to be off. She remained mute; but her lips moved in a final silent appeal. He shook his head sternly at her.

"Good night," he said coldly. "Thank you for coming out. I'll be in before long—and bring the wash myself."

A deep flush spread itself over Bridget's dignified features. She drew herself up proudly and turned away without a word.

"Who's that old party?" inquired Pennington.

"Servant from home about the wash," answered Tom. "Damn nuisance too. Imagine her coming at this hour!"

Yet the vision of his mother as conjured up by Bridget remained with him for a long time—for Tom did not go to church next day.

XIII

TOM'S demoralization progressed with such rapidity that it soon became evident to his clubmates that unless he called a halt he could expect neither to be graduated with his class nor to hold his title as tennis champion. True, deeply grieved at his indifference and general conduct, had long since given up any attempt to influence him; but now Dwight, the president of the class, realizing that something must be done, took him in hand. Catching the new member at an unguarded moment, he gave him to understand that his associates were by no means pleased at the apparent effect of his election upon his character. It made it seem, he told Tom, as if the club's influence were a bad one. But, most of all, Tom owed it to himself and to his mother to pull himself together and finish his college course with what credit he could.

Deeply chagrined, Tom took his medicine with meekness, forswore all dances and drinking, and by heroic exertions managed both to retain his title and to take his degree.

NEARLY every household has two sizes of screw drivers—and it is just as necessary to have two boring tools—for large and for small boring.
MILLERS FALLS $3.00
BIT BRACE No. 732
will bore medium and large sized holes in metal, tile or plaster as well as wood, by just changing from auger bit to twist drill. Forged steel jaws of patent design hold either one with vise-like grip—an exclusive Millers Falls feature. Ratchet gets into cramped places and ball-bearing head puts power into your boring. Nickel plated with cocobolo handles. Of finest finish throughout. This bit brace has many other uses, from turning large screws to grinding automobile valves.
MILLERS FALLS $2.50
HAND DRILL No. 5
will do more different kinds of small boring than any other type of tool. Bores hardwood and metal as well as soft wood. Has continuous driving power that will not bind or choke or jump when started. Adapted to most delicate work because place and direction of boring are accurately under control. Hollow cocobolo end handle for holding drills. Price includes 8 fluted drills.
Send 10c for our Mechanic's Handbook, 60 pages of mechanical information—valuable formulas and helpful hints. How to figure paint, shingles, board measure, brickwork and stonework and 50 other useful subjects. Pocket catalogue of all Millers Falls tools on request.
Millers Falls Handbook for Mechanics
MILLERS FALLS CO.
"Toolmaker to the Master Mechanic"
100 River Street, Millers Falls, Mass.
We also make hack saws, breast drills, mitre boxes and other boring and cutting tools.
MILLERS FALLS TOOLS

TRY!

—for coffee
—for cooking
—for baking
—for desserts

Carnation Milk—
will prove its quality

Why not put Carnation Milk to the test, for at least ten days, in your home?

That's the way to settle the milk question!

Give Carnation Milk a chance to prove its richness, its purity, its convenience and economy. Once you know how *good* Carnation Milk is and how much it *saves*, you will rely on it constantly for cooking, baking, making soups, gravies, creaming vegetables and all other milk uses.

For table purposes simply mix Carnation with enough pure water to reduce it to the desired degree of richness. No more complaints from the family about thin, "blue" milk—Carnation Milk contains all the cream and can be served as rich as you like.

Carnation Milk is *always safe*, because it is sealed *air tight* and *sterilized*. It keeps sweet for several days after opening.

Give your grocer a *trial order*—today.

Free Recipe Booklet

Write us for free book containing 100 choice, tested recipes for every day and special uses. Carnation Milk Products Co., 932 Stuart Bldg., Seattle, U. S. A.

Sold in Canada.
Condenseries in Ontario.

CARNATION MILK GINGER BREAD

2 cups flour, ½ teaspoonful soda, 1 teaspoonful ginger, ½ teaspoonful cinnamon, pinch of salt, 1 tablespoonful lard, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoonfuls Carnation Milk, 6 tablespoonfuls water, ½ cup molasses. First sift flour, and then measure two cups. Add soda, ginger, cinnamon, and salt to flour, and sift twice. Cream the lard and sugar, and add the well-beaten egg. Beat this mixture thoroughly. Mix the molasses with the diluted Carnation Milk, and add alternately with the flour, a little at a time. Bake in one layer.

Remember—Your Grocer Has It!

Carnation Milk

The answer to the Pure Milk Question

He had at last renewed his practice of going home on Sundays and for a time he seemed to his mother more like his old self—the rather shabby but virile self that she loved; but, once the examinations were over and he had successfully escaped the yawning jaws of failure, the longing for something different came upon him again. After all, he had had, he assured himself, little enough pleasure in college. He had made the Woolsack too late for it to do him any particular good.

What he had read of the great world outside—of New York and Newport—filled him with a keen desire to see it for himself, taste of its pleasures, and perhaps of its victories. Was he not the champion tennis player of the University? He must go to Newport to enter the lists for the national title. Even if he did not win, he would at least see Newport. Who could tell what might be in store for him?

So, when Allyn Scott suggested casually that he had better come to them for a month in the middle of the summer and get acclimated for the National Tournament, Tom accepted the invitation with alacrity and without consulting his mother. She, poor lady, was nearing the Valley of the Shadows. But she only entered a feeble protest to Tom's declaration that he intended to spend a month or so at Newport.

"But you don't expect me to go there, do you?" she asked timidly.

"Oh, no; of course not!" he answered. "You wouldn't want to be staying at a boarding house in a place where I was visiting."

His unexpressed idea—none the less patent to her—was that it would be embarrassing for him to have her there; might involve introductions or other complications. It would be much better for her to go to East Bethlehem, or some one of those places where he could join her later in the summer, the early part of which he intended to spend at Cambridge in a rigorous preparatory course of physical training.

Unseen by her son, the old lady's eyes filled with tears. She was proud of Tom's tennis playing and she had hoped that he would express the wish to have her present in Newport at the tournament. But he advanced no suggestion of the kind. His mind was already glamoured of the unknown. So Mrs. Kelly made her modest preparations to spend the summer by herself. It was significant that, for the first time in the history of their relations, Bridget offered to accompany her in the capacity of maid; but the offer was refused. With a pang in the heart, Mrs. Kelly recognized the fact that her influence over Tom was gone—that he was drifting away from her.

Class Day came, with its flowers, its swarms of little girls and their mammas, its lemonade, its salad and its diluted punch. Across the Yard, between the trees, hung row after row of Chinese lanterns. Seniors in cap and gown hurried ostentatiously from building to building, or escorted nervous damsels with elaborate courtesy to the various exercises. The sedate old college, at all other seasons the quintessence of conservatism, to-day exhibited a shocking degree of frivolity. There were white dresses everywhere—with blue, red, green and pink sashes that hit the onlooker violently between the eyes.

The elmed arcades, "where the good and the great in their glorious prime" had "musingly trod," presented an appearance about as dignified and an atmosphere of culture nearly as rare as a country circus. Perspiring negroes carrying huge cans of ice cream staggered hither and thither. Strange processions of country cousins meandered down the paths or across the grass, convoyed by self-conscious seniors. Young gentlemen who for four years had been assumed to be connected with only the choicest of Beacon Street families, and whose raiment and diction had indicated that, beyond peradventure, they were of the Brahmin caste, suddenly appeared in the company of the most peculiar-looking relations. In fact, the show-down had come. No longer could pretense avail. In a word, one had to stand or fall by one's relatives.

At the Woolsack, as at all other self-respecting clubs, a cold feast—or "spread," as it is still called—had been prepared, to which the graduating members bade whom they wished. Mr. Russell and Evelyn were there, and Mrs. Kelly. It was the sole occasion upon which Tom's mother, profiting by her son's elevation in the world, had made her appearance among his new friends; and she came with the utmost reluctance, apprehensive lest she might do or say something that would militate to his disadvantage.

But Tom and Frank True, between them, managed to make her feel a little at home; and, after taking her to the Tree, where half-clad giants battled for flowers, and to the clubhouse, where she partook of tea, ice cream and salad, surrounded by the élite of Boston society, they placed her on a car bound for Boston, her cup of happiness, for the time being at least, filled to overflowing.

Under the circumstances it is hardly surprising that Tom's youthful fancies lightly turned to those thoughts commonly supposed to be induced by spring. During his recent social career he had, indeed, indulged in several trifling flirtations with Back Bay débutantes, and he had gained a confidence he had lacked earlier in his college course. To-day the sight of Evelyn had revived in him all those emotions he had felt on first meeting her in the Yard.

Truly she was a slender, dark-eyed goddess—a Diana or a Hebe—compared with those other giggling little girls. Hitherto he had assumed that she had already given her affections to Frank True, yet unconsciously he had all the while cherished a faint hope that he might prove wrong. Three years had passed since he had first enshrined her in his heart; and, though perhaps the fire upon the altar lacked something of the intensity of the first fierce blaze into which it had burst upon the unexpected renewal of their childhood's acquaintance, it burned none the less steadily.

Evelyn herself, however, had shown no inclination to encourage sentiment. Wisely she had eschewed the personal note; while Tom had recognized that marriage, so far as he was concerned, was absolutely out of the question. In deference to his mother's wishes he had intended to follow in his father's footsteps and become a member of the bar.

Should this purpose be carried out, it would mean three more years at the Harvard Law School, and an apprenticeship of from three to five years in a law office in Boston, before he could hope to support a wife in anything much better than polite poverty. He certainly had no reasonable expectation of being able within a period of less than ten years to offer Evelyn home comforts such as she then enjoyed.

Thus, his attitude toward Evelyn perforce became more that of a friend than of a lover—which was probably, in any event, all she would have permitted it to be.

But now on this his Class Day his heart's hope revived. After all, he had no definite reason to believe that she was engaged to Frank. To be sure the latter was always at the Russells' house; but, for that matter, so was he. "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady!" And, after all, Frank was nothing but a cripple, charming fellow though he was. Moreover, he himself was a far more desirable *parti* than when he had first known her. Then he had been a shabby sort of dark horse—a social derelict, almost a grind. Now he was the college tennis champion; a member of an ultra smart club; a popular man. That might easily make a difference—the difference.

Class Day was the day when everybody got engaged. In all the novels and stories about university life he had read, the collegian hero always selected Class Day as the opportune moment for protesting his undying affection for his beloved. It was true that, for Tom, college fiction had proved but a poor camera obscura of actual conditions; nevertheless, it had had its influence upon his ideas. If he didn't propose to Evelyn on Class Day some other fellow probably would—and who knew what she might do?

No; he must not only square himself with her for past neglect, but he must make up for it by then and there offering her his heart and hand.

And, indeed, what more opportune occasion for words of love can there ever be than that offered by the evening hours of Class Day to the couple wandering among the shadows of the overarching elms? For young Mr. Smith the future lies stretched out—a plain, well-marked highway—leading across comfortable and smiling valleys to the mysterious and happy mountains of Fame and Fortune. He is full of the egotism and enthusiasm of youth. He is ignorant of the mocking insincerities of the

(Continued on Page 105)

A touch of Cutex Nail White

Cutex Nail White gives

The new way to manicure. Read how you, yourself, can have good-looking, well-kept nails

Why cutting ruins the cuticle

How you, yourself, can keep it smooth and firm without cutting

A MAN or woman of real refinement always has well-kept nails. Well-groomed hands and nails denote the successful, up-and-coming type of man.

Start today to have shapely, well-kept nails. See how quickly, how easily you can give yourself the most wonderful manicure—see how smooth and firm Cutex keeps your cuticle without trimming or cutting it.

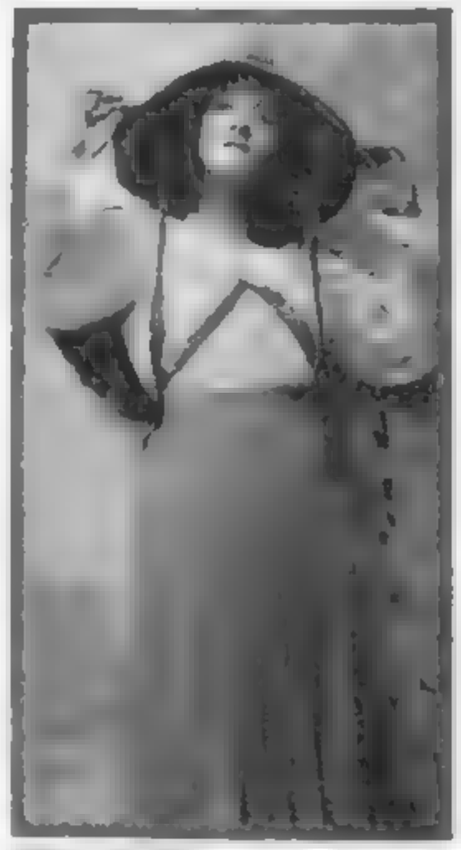
What specialists say about cuticle-cutting

Dr. Murray, the famous specialist, says: "On no account trim the cuticle with scissors. This leaves a raw, bleeding edge which will give rise to hangnails, and often makes the rim of flesh about the nail become sore and swollen."

Over and over, other specialists repeat the advice—"Do not trim the cuticle." "Under no circumstances should scissors or knife touch the cuticle." "Cutting is ruinous."

It was to meet this need for a *harmless* cuticle remover that the Cutex formula was prepared.

Mary Nash, one of the most perfectly groomed women on the stage, says: "I don't see how I could manage without Cutex. It makes my nails look so much better"



I am a business woman and have a busy and active life. Cutex keeps my hands in perfect condition. I am delighted with Cutex. I have just finished my nails and find it most wonderful

Removes surplus cuticle without cutting

Cutex completely does away with cuticle cutting, leaves the skin at the base of the nail smooth and firm, unbroken.

The new way to manicure

First, file your nails to the proper length and shape. The best professional manicurists say that it is now considered good form to give the nail an oval shape—that is, to have it conform to the shape of the finger tip, and to have the nail reach just to the top of the finger.

In the Cutex package you will find orange stick and absorbent cotton. Wrap a little cotton around the end of the stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Then work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Almost at once you will find you can wipe off the dead surplus skin. Rinse the hands in clear water.

Then a touch of Cutex Nail White—a soft, white cream—removes all discolorations from underneath the nails.

Cutex Cake Polish rubbed on the palm of the hand and passed quickly over the nails, gives them just the soft polish you want.

Until you use Cutex, you cannot realize what a great improvement even one application makes; you cannot know how attractive your nails can be made to look.

After a few applications, no matter how ugly cuticle-cutting has made your nails, Cutex will soon give them the shapeliness and symmetry everyone admires. Try it. See for yourself.

Where to get Cutex

Cutex manicure preparations are sold in all high-class drug stores and at the toilet goods counters of department stores.

Cutex comes in 50c bottles with an introductory size at 25c. The 50c bottle is the more economical size to buy—it will last three times as long as the 25c bottle. Extra large size bottles, $1.00. Cutex Nail White is 25c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder or liquid form is also 25c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort, for sore or tender cuticle, is 25c. If your favorite store has not yet been supplied with Cutex, order direct from us and we will fill your order promptly.

Send 14c today for this complete midget manicure set

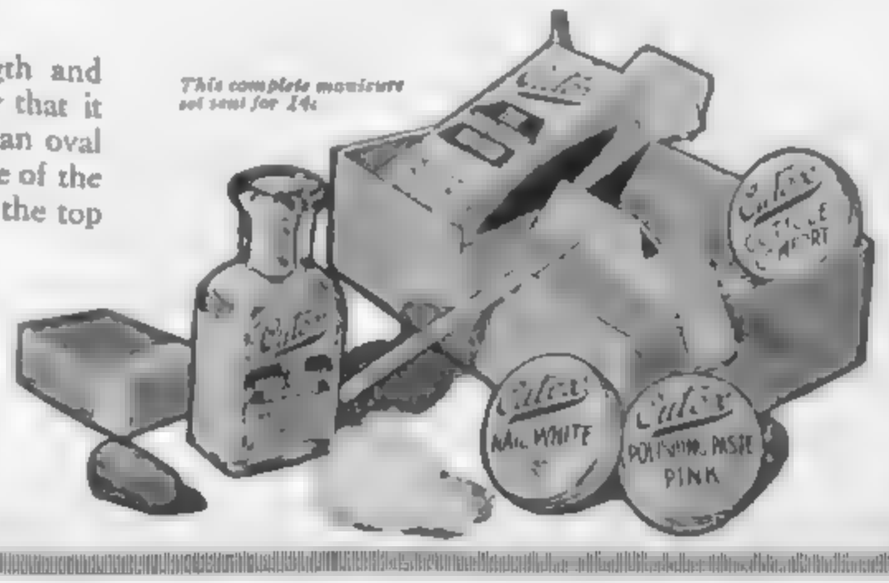
Tear off the coupon now and send it to us with 14c—10c for the manicure set and 4c for postage and packing—and we will send you a complete midget manicure set, enough for six "manicures." Send for it today. Address

NORTHAM WARREN

Dept. 1801 9 West Broadway New York

If you live in Canada, send 14c to McLaren, Reyn & Nelson, Ltd., Dept. 18 I, 480 St. Paul St. West, Montreal, for your sample set, and get Canadian price

This complete manicure set sent for 14c



MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. 1801
9 West Broadway, New York

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

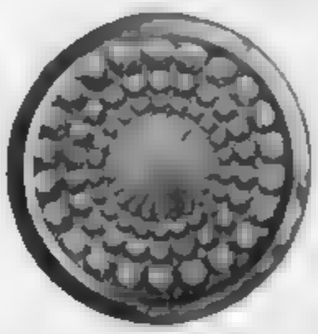
No Glare
No Dimming
No Limitations
No Dark Roadsides
No Hidden Turns
Legal Everywhere

Now Seen on 800,000 Cars

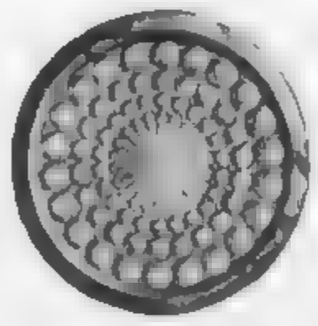
Now Used by 19 Car Makers

Now Added to 125,000 Cars Per Month

WARNER-LENZ



Those Headlight Laws
How Will You Comply?



No-glare laws are more than local now. These twenty-two States have lately passed laws to forbid offensive headlights:

California	Illinois	Massachusetts	New York
Connecticut	Iowa	Michigan	Ohio
Delaware	Kansas	Nebraska	So. Dakota
District of Columbia	Maine	No. Carolina	Texas
Indiana	Maryland	No. Dakota	Washington
	Missouri	New Jersey	

And hundreds of cities outside of these States.

So millions of motorists find their old-type lights illegal, unless modified in some way.

A year ago most no-glare laws applied only to city streets. Those streets were lighted, so dimmers could be used. But now country roads are included, as you know they should be. And there the dimmed light is impossible.

What the Laws Forbid

These laws forbid a blinding glare. At the same time, most require adequate light, reaching far enough ahead. And that precludes the dimmer.

If there are dazzling rays, they must not reach above a certain height.

These things are compulsory. But there are other things important for the motorist to consider.

Lenses More Than Legal

The Warner-Lenz is legal under every law. There are no blinding rays—no direct rays. So the light needs no confinement.

It lights the road like daylight, from 300 to 500 feet ahead—beyond the law's requirements. But it also lights the roadsides, near and far. It lights the turns. Your entire field of vision is made clear.

Level roads and hilly, straight and winding, are the same to Warner-Lenz.

The light is the same in any car position. It lights the car upgrades and the downgrades. Rise and fall of the car does not affect it. And the widespread light floods all the turns and windings.

Nor is Warner-Lenz light affected by turning of the lens in the lamp-rim. That is vitally important, for lenses will turn, you know. The Warner-Lenz is not based on level or downward rays. It is based on light diffusion over a fan-shaped area. There are 176 lenses in one.

A Vital Point

Warner-Lenz light is not affected by rise and fall of the car. Nor by turning of the lens in the lamp-rim. In any position the results are identical. That is one essential.

The Accepted Lens

The Warner-Lenz is now used on over 800,000 cars. Under these new laws, over 125,000 cars a month are changing to Warner-Lenz.

Nineteen famous car makers—to comply with all laws—have adopted the Warner-Lenz.

Thus the Warner-Lenz is the choice of many great engineers, who have made every sort of comparison.

Whatever your local laws, change to the Warner-Lenz now. The cost is a trifle, the change is made in a moment. One hour of night driving will amply repay you.

See your dealer or write to us. To avoid mistake, look for the name Warner-Lenz on the edge.

Standard Equipment On

PACKARD MARMON STUTZ
HAL TWELVE OHIO ELECTRIC
WHITE PEERLESS FIAT
FAGEOL LENOX MOON STANDARD 8
PATHFINDER DOBLE STEAM
SINGER McFARLAN DANIELS 8
MURRAY CUNNINGHAM

WARNER-LENZ

This is A. P. Warner, of the Warner Auto-Meter Fame, and Inventor of the Magnetic Speedometer

THE WARNER-LENZ COMPANY
918 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Prices of Warner-Lenz

Diameter in Inches	Per Pair
5 to 9	$4.50
9½ to 10½	4.80
10½ to 12	5.00

West of Rockies, 25c per pair extra

PLEASE NOTE—If your dealer hasn't them and will not get them for you, write us and give name and model of your car.

(Continued from Page 102)

world. He feels his strength as the strength of ten, because his heart is pretty nearly pure.

To young Miss Jones he is a warrior going forth to combat, certain of victory, of popular applause, of glory. They are sitting, perhaps, in the cushioned window of his room, where probably mamma or auntie, with discreet intentions, has left them to themselves. Below them, in the gentle night wind, the Chinese lanterns sway and blink among the leaves; yellow lights flicker in a hundred windows; vague figures, hand in hand or arm in arm, glide among the tree trunks or sit close together upon the stone steps of the old buildings; and from the end of the Yard the last strains of Fair Harvard, played by a sentimental regimental band from Cambridgeport, linger and die slowly away.

How could any well-regulated senior escape a declaration under such circumstances? Otherwise, what business would he have to sit at such a time in a cushioned window with any girl? Thus, following the line of least resistance, many an innocent collegian finds himself enmeshed in the net of matrimony before he has as yet fairly determined how he is going to earn his bread and butter.

Tom stood beside Evelyn, who sat ensconced on the window seat of his room in Gray's Hall, as the last lines of the college song, sung by three thousand young voices, faded out of hearing. She seemed deeply stirred as, with lips slightly parted, she gazed through the trees to where the distant musicians were disbanding. They had not spoken for several minutes. In the dim reflections cast by the lanterns among the branches her face had the same sweet allurement it had had when, after many years, he had seen her for the first time in the flickering firelight of her father's study.

He felt a sudden and overpowering tenderness which coincided with an instinctive recognition that this was the appropriate moment for what must necessarily be a purely factitious demonstration. He could not marry! He knew it! An indefinite engagement? What right had he to ask it of her? And yet he felt convinced, from the palpitation of his heart and the trembling in his limbs, that he loved Evelyn, whether he had any business to tell her so or not.

Perhaps she expected him to tell her so. What harm would it do, anyway? He must speak now—before she turned her head—or it would be too late. He could never speak looking straight into those eyes. So Tom Kelly, moved by both a pardonable emotion and a literary sense of the fitness of things, threw his fate into the balance and said in a strange and peculiar voice, in which excitement, embarrassment and tenderness figured equally:

"Evelyn, I love you! You know I love you!"

At this point in the storybooks the senior inevitably places his arm round the waist of the girl in the window, who thereupon leans her head against his manly shoulder and bursts into tears. But in this particular presentation of the ancient college drama the leading lady failed to follow her cue.

Tom had no sooner uttered the words than he appreciated the fatuity of the occasion he had selected for his purpose. With a hundred times better grace could he have spoken them six months before! He had deliberately neglected Evelyn for half a year; and in the face of that neglect he was assuming to ask her to be his wife—on the strength of what? His membership in the Woolsack? His college championship? His wasted opportunities? His winter of frivolity?

With a sudden fall in his blood temperature he grasped the fact that he had been guilty of an inexcusable presumption. What had Evelyn said or done to justify him in the belief that this sudden declaration would be acceptable to her? Was it not, under the circumstances, almost an affront? And in the same instant he perceived the real depth of his feeling for her and cursed himself for having jeopardized his chances by having spoken at such a time. If only he could have recalled his words! Why did she not speak? Had he, in truth, offended her?

For Evelyn did not reply. She seemed to be watching something fixedly among the trees, and to be oblivious to what he had said. The moments passed—hours they seemed to Tom—and still she did not answer. Had she, in fact, failed to hear him? Or was she deliberately ignoring his remarks as the kindest thing to do? The blood leaped tumultuously to his neck and face. Oh, what a fool he was!

Then Evelyn lifted her head, smiling radiantly, tenderly—at someone. There was a crunching on the gravel outside the window and a shadow limped forward out of the darkness.

"Hello, Evelyn!" came the cheery voice of Frank True out of the shadows. "Hello, Tom!"

And once again our hero's universe rocked, and all but toppled.

"Hello—Frank, dear!" answered Evelyn softly.

A week later, upon the platform of Saunders' Theater, Tom, with his assembled classmates, in cap and gown, received from the president of the University an imitation-parchment diploma, and was proclaimed at the same moment as thenceforth belonging to the Brotherhood of Educated Men. The fact of the matter was that, though so christened by America's most distinguished educator, Tom was not an educated man; he was an imitation educated man, who, to be sure, though spurious, was by no means a bad counterfeit of what he was declared to be. Of culture in its true sense he had none. The warehouse of his brain had merely been equipped with a large variety of intellectual window dressings.

For four years he had wandered lackadaisically through college electives, chosen with no systematic purpose except to secure a degree with a minimum amount of work and the maximum amount of leisure. He could talk with a certain glibness about Chaucer, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Thomas Love Peacock; or of Kant, Hegel and Schopenhauer. He had taken elementary courses in medieval history, economics, fine arts, music, psychology, ethics, architecture, Shakspere, the English poets and novelists, botany, zoölogy, geology, French, German and chemistry.

He had pursued no subject with thoroughness, and what knowledge he had was superficial. He had attended the smallest number of lectures demanded by the authorities, done the least amount of reading permissible, and passed his examinations simply by cramming his head, for temporary purposes only, during a three weeks' period at the end of each term. As a result his mind had lost most of its power of concentration.

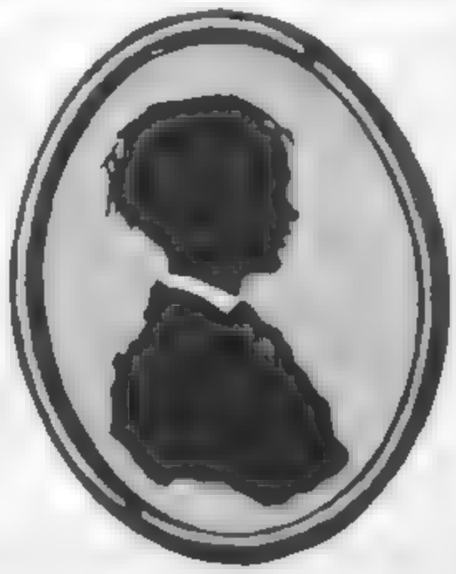
He had no real philosophy and no genuine theory of morals. After the inevitable freshman excitement over the problem of why he should not "go on the loose" he had relapsed into a state of moral indifference. He had glanced over the works of several celebrated agnostics, offered for his delectation by his friend Peters, and he had perused, at the suggestion of Mr. Russell, several utilitarian and materialistic works by Locke, Mill and others; but they had helped him to no conclusion, and, to his confused state of mind, science and religion seemed to have fought a drawn battle. One philosophy seemed about as convincing as another.

He had lost all faith in the God or gods of his childhood, and the theological dogmas imbibed at the same period seemed to him no longer to have any significance. He recognized the beauty of religion, yet questioned the existence of a religious instinct. Yet, through this tangled forest of doubt and skepticism, some unnamed influence drew him toward a well-marked path of right conduct. And, in the main, Tom followed it, though he could not have told why.

What, then, had Tom achieved by the four years spent in Cambridge? Very little, it must be confessed. He had during the first three years at least gained in health and strength of body. He had acquired a trifling amount of trifling information upon a variety of subjects, most of which he had forgotten as quickly as he had learned it. He had, it is true, somewhat broadened his knowledge of life; but such a broadening would have followed as a matter of course, even had he not gone to college. In a word, it may be doubted whether, under the elective system of twenty years ago, Tom Kelly was much better off intellectually on leaving Harvard than he was when he entered it. Morally he was worse off.

One attribute, however, he had in common with most of his associates in the Woolsack—he enunciated the English language distinctly and had a creditably large and accurate vocabulary. To this extent his education had not been an entire failure. But Tom had not been happy, which it is not only the prerogative but the duty of youth to be.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



To Parents of Boys

Every boy is a boy's boy. And all boys—your boy too—love a *real* watch. Remember the first watch you ever had?

Buy your boy a real watch now—an Ingersoll Radiolite that's accurate and sturdy and stands the hard knocks your boy will give it. It's not a boy's watch, but the best watch for boys. Get your boy to school on time and home on time. Let it teach him to keep appointments. Buy him an Ingersoll Radiolite. Its Radiolite hands and figures tell time in the dark as clearly as in daylight. They contain real, light-giving Radium and they'll glow as long as he has the watch.

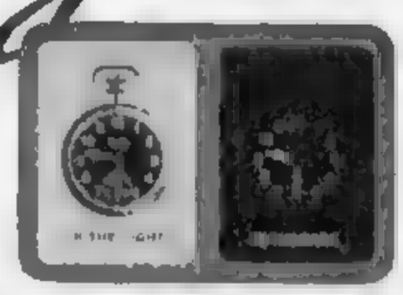
Any Ingersoll dealer has just the watch your boy needs. We have a wonderful boy story—"Your Boy"—that all parents will love to read and keep. It's one of those boy stories that takes you back to your own childhood and makes you feel for your own little boy. It's a story that tugs at the heart strings. Send for this booklet. It's free. At the same time we'll send a copy of John Brisben Walker's great book for boys—and men—"How to Use One's Minutes." Use the coupon at the bottom of this page.

In sending for these booklets, please address Department P at the nearest branch

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.

New York Chicago San Francisco Montreal

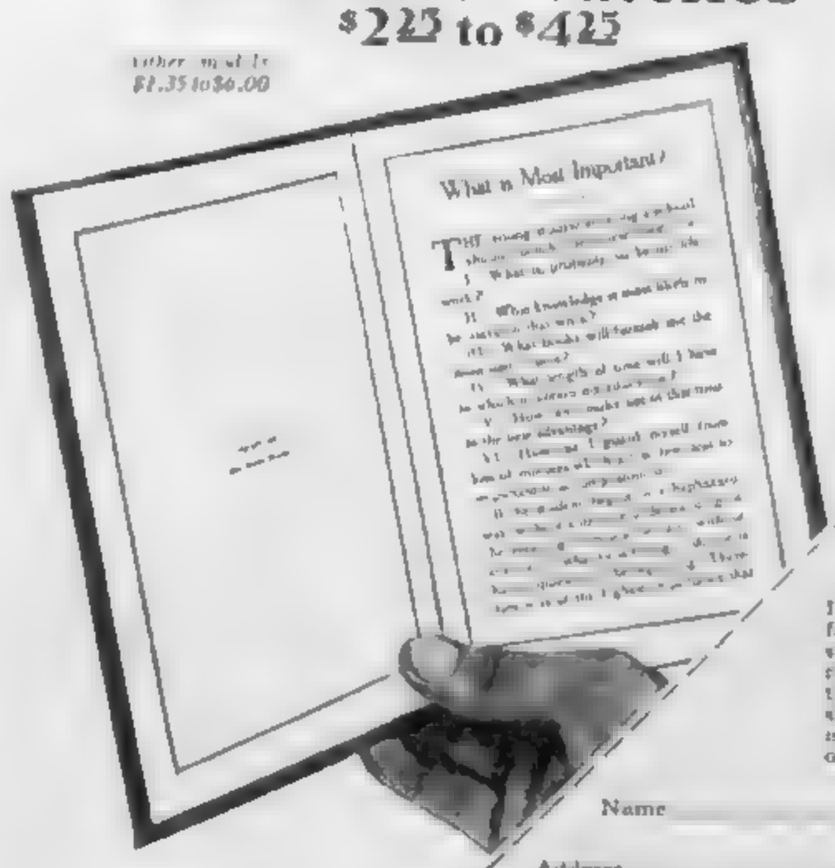
Ingersoll



Radiolite Watches

$2.25 to $4.25

Other models $1.35 to $6.00



You should read this FREE BOOK—send for it.

Robt H. Ingersoll & Bro Dept P

I want those two free books. Please send them to me by return mail with the definite understanding that there is no charge and no other obligation

Name

Address

City State

Just cut this Reminder off—then mail it before you forget

HOW do you know it's a good apple?

"Your Nose Knows"

By the *fragrance*—that delicious, irresistible fragrance of the old orchard. How it tempts you to bite deep into a good apple and always how sure and satisfying the result. Just so will the *pure fragrance* of a fine tobacco tempt you and just as surely guarantee to you a new delight in smoking—"Your Nose Knows."

No tobacco compares in *pure fragrance* with

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco

It's the *fragrance* of Nature—the pure, sunny, Blue Grass fragrance of old Kentucky where Tuxedo's rich Burley leaves are grown and cured and blended. "Your Nose Knows."

Try this Test:—Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—

"Your Nose Knows"

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.

BOLDERO

(Continued from Page 22)

"You'll go!" cried Fingers. "You'll go!"

While he swayed and danced to catch an opening, over his shoulder came that pink crocus which Boldero had fancied he saw blossoming in the dark entry.

"Ha-ha! *Marne-wallah!*" rang out a laugh that ended in a grunt. "The striker ee-struck!"

A thump as of a drum resounded. Fingers the Miner toppled and fell sidewise to the floor of which he had spoken. He rolled clumsily over, sat up on elbow, with a black knife-handle protruding from his left shoulder, and gazed queerly at Boldero; his eyes altered, forgot their enmity, and grew calm, clear, intelligent.

"I said you was unlucky ——" he whispered.

He rocked back and forth; then fell sidewise again and lay clasping his hands, the torn one and the sound, over the black stump in his collar bone.

Boldero saw him die; then looked elsewhere. The pink crocus was a turban. Over their dead enemy Ghanda Singh nodded at him with a serious look and no trace of exultation.

"It the same blow," declared the Sikh gravely, "the same blow he trying to give my brother Ramdayal."

III

"WE," SAID the Sikh, "must leaving this."

He spoke without malice, without regret. In his dark eyes and pale bronze face gleamed only a transient emotion. Gentle, meditative, Ghanda Singh looked down at the fallen man like a hunter who had tracked his game cleverly, struck his blow in time, and was content.

"Leaving this," he repeated.

Boldero stared also, for the moment pitying what had been his tempter and his ragged angel of death. It was quite harmless now. The breath had gone forever from the nostrils of that big nose. The lanky shape lay as if sleeping, worn out by vices.

The meaning of its relaxation, the consequences, came slowly to Boldero's mind.

"You did this for me," he said, regarding the Punjabi with mingled terror and compassion. "They'll say you ——" He woke suddenly from his daze. "You must get out of here. They shan't hang you on my account!"

The Sikh smiled, like a veteran acknowledging the generosity of youth.

"All right, sahib," he replied. "No man to hang you or me. We both very fast on our feet."

Beckoning, he turned toward the door. Boldero went to extinguish the candle; but when, before blowing it out, he took a last survey of the room, the homely old shell so bare and desecrated, a fit of grief overcame and left him holding the edge of a cupboard shelf, unmanned.

"What!" cried Ghanda Singh harshly. "That *suar* I have killed making you cry!" With a king's gesture he indicated the body on the floor. "That? A devil was living in it. It made bombs for killing women and little babies of the crowd and ran away to laugh, to count the money of blood in its pockets. My good clean knife for this dirt of a snake? I not touching my knife again. So up your head, sahib, and come!"

Boldero nodded miserably.

"'Twasn't him altogether," he answered. "I was thinking about Jimmy."

He regained himself and once more prepared to blow out the candle; but in the act of pursing his lips he heard a sound that made him wheel about and face the door.

Someone came mounting the stairway softly, as it were with padded feet.

They had remained talking too long; were caught like a pair of murderers. Or had they still time to darken the room and jump from the window? Boldero, exhausted, could not act upon the question.

The padded footfalls reached the landing.

"Ai-yah!" sang a comfortable voice.

Over the threshold came waddling that aged priest and cook, Leung She. Clothed in black stuff as glossy as a wet umbrella, with a broad black hat, the Chinaman entered like a Third Murderer in some old play, except that his face bore a moonish grin.

"Hi,hi!" he laughed. "Jack boy, *ho la?*"

They did not echo his laughter. Leung She observed the fact, squinted at them briefly; then, spying the dead man on the floor and scuffing toward him, bent down for a careful look.

"He makee die," pronounced Leung She. "Huh! He no good."

With the cheerful air of one who had outspoken Bossuet at a funeral, the priest bobbed up again. He stood silent, his pointed eyes winking in a rapid course of calculation.

"You go," he advised the two others coolly.

"What about this?" Boldero glanced at the body.

"All lite. You go. I fix 'em."

"How?"

The river, it appeared, was "plenty close." Having disposed of that problem in three words, Leung She slid one of his brown talons under the voluminous umbrella-cloth jacket and produced a fat letter.

"Fo' you." He flipped it into Jack's hand. "Misto Weetshirt, he lite 'em; he tell me give 'em you. I guess you welly Goo' Lock. You do ewelly-sing Misto Weetshirt say; when he die he leafee you all hees money."

So far as Boldero understood this speech, it did not comfort him. He fingered the letter stupidly and mournfully.

"Now you go, quick!" Like a nurse driving intruders from a sick room, Leung She waved his companions toward the door. "You stay heah too long tam. You foolish! Goo'-by!"

With that he blew out the candle and left them in darkness on the stairway. When they had stolen outdoors they found the neighborhood of the Black Gate deserted, a few shopwindows dimly glowing, the shabby arcade vacant.

"This way," whispered Boldero.

Through blind, ill-smelling alleys they hurried, meeting no one, and so came to the shadow mound of the levee and the bar of light from the joss-house door.

"In here."

They slipped behind a row of old flags and heavy pewter vessels that screened the altar from passing view. Boldero, reaching behind the third god among the cobwebs, recovered his paper cylinder, which he tucked inside his shirt. Then, by the bleary night lamp, with a strange sense—even while the Sikh waited before him—of loneliness, he tore open Jimmy's letter.

It contained a second full envelope and a sheet of rather bad note paper on which was written in a crabbed, uncial hand, more clear and vigorous than print:

"*My dear Boy:* When you read this I shall be gone—without having seen you again; which vexes me to the heart, I assure you. However, death is not to be put off or denied.

"I hope you were successful; but, whether or no, pray do me this added favor if possible. Won't you set out immediately for London? The journey will do you good, and this document which I inclose may perhaps enable you to travel with so-called comfort. The bank on which it is drawn is in Lombard Street. Inquire there for Lord Belaire.

"Do start at once if you can, like the good chap and honest John Boldero that you are. Should you be taking along the picture, so much the better. If not, never mind. Your obed't servant,

JIMMY.

"P. S. Be sure to buy plenty of handsome clothes there and everything like that. Adamson is the best tailor I know of.

"Oh, yes; take my document to the local bank for your signature."

The document bore the superscription:

J. BOLDERO, ESQ'RE
TRAVELING

It was a double sheet of tough, crackling, greenish paper, elaborately inscribed. After much hard reading, J. Boldero, Esq're, who had never seen the like before, deciphered it as a letter of credit "to the amount of, say, five hundred pounds sterling."

Had he been less tired, Boldero might have felt astonishment or begun to dispute the fact. As it was he turned a countenance of wonder upon the waiting Sikh.

"Jimmy," he declared with something like a sob, "was all right."

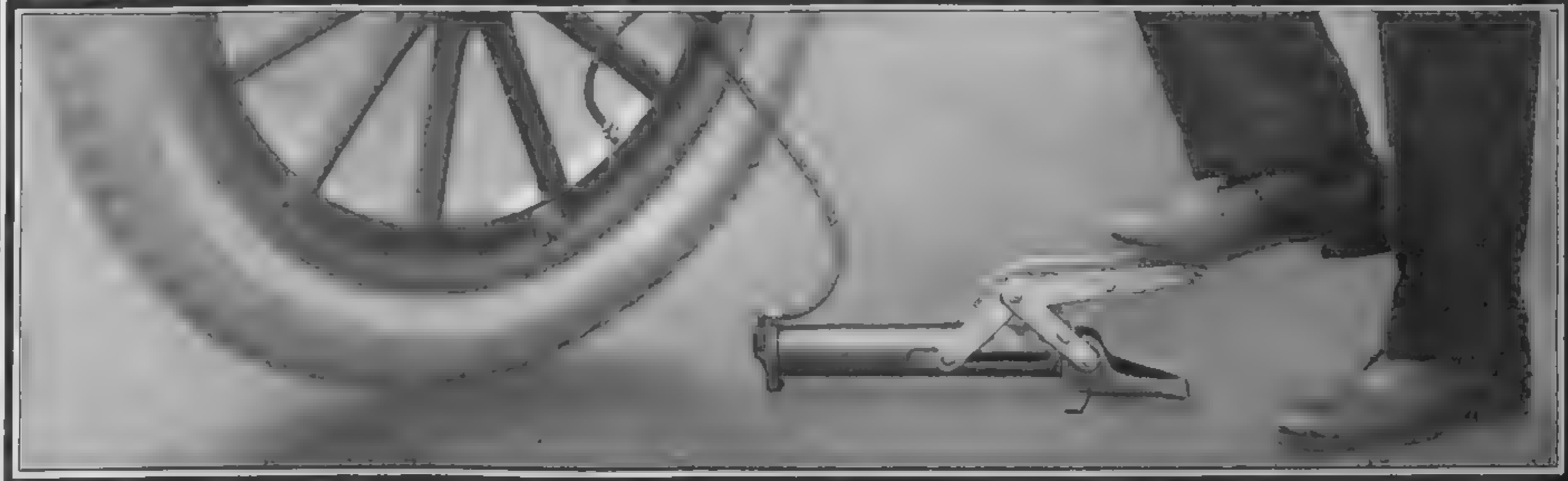
Ghanda Singh smiled as one hearing a matter of course.

"You speak the truth."

Boldero pocketed his letters.

(Continued on Page 109)

TWOMBLY Tire-FOOT-Pump



You Can't Break Your Back With Your Foot!

OUT there on the open road, far from any garage, a tire suddenly gives way—a puncture interrupts the progress of your journey. You stop your car—get out to make the necessary repair.

A blowout patch, a little cement turns the trick.

And then—the back-breaking, dreaded hard work begins—the *hand* pump.

That's what takes a lot of joy out of motoring—often consumes much valuable time—disarranges your schedule and plans, and not infrequently fails to give the inflation poundage called for by the tire guarantee. Rim cuts and other serious, expensive tire troubles follow.

Why not rid yourself once and for all time of these inconveniences, unnecessary labor, and useless effort, by including in your tool equipment a Twombly Tire-FOOT-Pump?

The Twombly inflates the tires correctly and easily. No back-strain, no fatigue, no stooping, no sore hands, no gripping or pulling. You bend but *once*—when you attach the pump to the valve.

You use either foot and press lightly straight downward, leaning slightly forward, so that the weight of your body accommodates itself to the footstroke. The spring returns the lever to its original position for the next stroke and your foot does the rest. The toggle lever gives you 50, 60, 80, or 100 pounds quickly and easily.

Nothing to get out of order. Any desired pressure quickly and without effort. Durable all-steel construction. Few parts. Simple. *Guaranteed* to give constant, reliable service and satisfaction. Compact — 17x3½x3½ folded. Fits any standard tool box.

Your dealer probably has the Twombly Tire-FOOT-Pump. If not yet stocked, however, write direct, using the attached convenient coupon.

Auto Pedal Pump Sales Corporation

456 Fourth Avenue **New York**

CINCINNATI: Mercantile Library Building

CANADA: Hyslop Bros., Ltd., Toronto

Auto Pedal Pump Sales Corporation
456 Fourth Avenue, New York

Inclosed find $5.00 (check, money order or cash), ($5.25 West of Rocky Mountains), for which send me one Twombly Tire-Foot-Pump prepaid—with the understanding that *if not satisfactory* money will be refunded upon return of pump.

Name

Address

City *State*

Dealer's Name

Where Pistons Are Put to the Proof

Up in the air, perhaps miles above the earth, where engine failure means almost certain death for the aviator and victory for the enemy—it is here that pistons are put to the proof.

The terrific ordeal of a single day in the air, with the engine running hour after hour at top speed, under full load, is more than equivalent to a month's service in a motor car, where the limit of speed is seldom reached and the demand for the last bit of power is rarely made.

So when LYNITE Pistons perform not merely satisfactorily, but with surprising efficiency in Curtiss, Hall-Scott and other airplane engines, there is no doubt that they can easily withstand the lesser strains of automobile service.

In recent tests, one of the well-known Hall-Scott aviation engines, equipped with LYNITE Pistons, was run for 110 hours, then torn down for inspection. Pistons, bearings, in fact the whole engine was in perfect condition. No repairs were made, no carbon removed, and the engine was put back into operation. It was still running smoothly after 250 hours of continuous service, under typical aviation conditions.

The same engine, when equipped with ordinary cast-iron pistons, required overhauling after it had run but 40 hours. Carbon had to be removed, oil changed, bearings tightened, and other repairs made.

This marvelous superiority of LYNITE is due in part to its great heat conductivity which prevents carbon deposits on top of the piston head, and what is more important, prevents the formation of carbon on the under side of the piston head, from which it would drop down into the crank case, contaminating the oil and wearing out the bearings.

And in addition, LYNITE Pistons give the engine greater lightness, flexibility and freedom from vibration, with lessened wear on cylinders, rings, connecting-rod and crank-shaft bearings.

All these many advantages are found in motor cars equipped with LYNITE Pistons. Thus again is vindicated the judgment of those leading car, engine and airplane builders, who in constantly increasing number are adopting LYNITE Pistons as standard.

Send for booklet explaining fully what LYNITE Pistons will do for you

The Aluminum Castings Company
Cleveland, Ohio

LYNITE PISTONS

(Continued from Page 106)

"It's the least a feller can do," said he. "I'm going to England."

Again the Sikh smiled.

"Good-by, sahib. Better we going other ways, one here, one there. So we are harder to catch. But who can tell! The ways may be crossing again."

He bent suddenly forward, made his outspread hand vibrate in the startling salute of the Five Rivers men, wheeled, and was gone from the joss house.

His shadowy turban—when Boldero reached the door—disappeared, marching toward the left among the dark outcast hovels that faced the embankment.

He had spoken wisely. After that killing in the upper chamber it was time they should part.

Boldero took the path toward the right.

XIII

THROUGH the heavy red-brown haze of a fine summer morning in London a young man loitered down a thoroughfare once dear to Victorian humorists. In the days of Clive Newcome, even the immortals resorted to Wardour Street as to a good easy hunting ground when greater game was scarce, and there bagged many a harmless joke. On this day, in a more exacting year, the neighborhood made no exhibition of mirth. The young stranger, at least, was not on the broad grin as he walked along or even gently arrided; he found Wardour Street rather grimy and blank, like a stage street when the actors have gone. He was looking for a clothes brush, and thinking meantime that this summer air in London recalled the autumnal forest fires of his native land.

A shopwindow to which he came displayed three or four brushes in a general miscellany. They seemed to pass the young man's inspection, for he opened the door of the shop and went in.

It was a long, dark shop with a long, bare counter. An electric bulb hanging in a green pasteboard cone threw down upon the counter a circle of brilliancy, in which lay a heap of gray fur, coiled like the makings of a muff. As he drew near the muff yawned and stretched out many voluptuous toes. It was a cat, which leered at him with green eyes upside down, and promptly fell asleep again.

"Good morning, sir," said a ruddy young woman, appearing from the farther twilight.

"Good morning," replied the stranger. "Fine big cat you have there, ma'am."

The woman smiled.

"Oh, yes, sir. She's considered rather handsome, is our puss."

"Maybe," ventured her admirer, "that's why she goes to sleep right in the spotlight."

The cat's mistress appeared somewhat puzzled by his terms, but caught their drift.

"Why, you see, sir, formerly it was a gas lamp, which made the boards quite warm. So puss formed the habit of sleeping there, as I might say."

The young man laughed.

"She's an English cat," he declared.

"Oh, yes, sir!" cried the woman, as if any other allegiance would be shocking.

"Yeah. She's got a historical reason for doin' something queer."

This flight of fancy proved too extravagant for the shopwoman; but, seeing it was kindly meant, she indulged her customer with a smile and said:

"Well, sir, you've a quick eye to notice things. There's not many gentlemen would see that old trick of pussy's."

"Oh," rejoined the stranger, "mine ain't the only bright eyes in this room."

Now with such a compliment the manner is all; and this young gentleman's was proper as could be; nothing more than his fun. Tall, active looking, he had a good plain brown face, tanned so deeply that his glances gave out light and color. She knew, besides, that the compliment was not undeserved; and, therefore, growing ruddier than ever, her face became none the worse, but sparkled with pleasure.

So Boldero bought his clothes brush and the young woman sold it with much good humor and satisfaction.

"These togs need more than brushing, though," he said. "They need to be burnt and bought all over again."

The cat's owner coyly advanced an opinion that they were both tidy and becoming. Boldero thanked her, but was not convinced.

"They're all right; only they won't do. Maybe you can tell me. How do I go from here to find a tailor named Adamson? Ever heard of him?"

"Heard of him, sir?" cried the other gayly. "Why, Adamson is—beg pardon, sir, but Adamson has the reputation of being rather expensive."

The young stranger did not appear discouraged.

"Hang expense; I'm aimin' high," he stated recklessly. "'What signifies a cent? Tommy, give that dog a herrin',' so long's Adamson don't sew gold fringe on my legs."

These seemed wild and whirling words for a respectable shop; but the woman recovered from her alarm and presently explained in what region the great Adamson held his awful sway.

"Any cabman would know, sir," she added.

"Glad you didn't say Tube. I spent all yesterday underground, like a lost gopher. Every time I got my nose above 'twas either Shepherd's Bush or the Bank. No headway whatever."

With this mad speech, yet with a polite good morning, he went his unaccountable way. The bright black eyes he had praised watched him out of sight, their expression part bewilderment, part admiration, part something which Mr. Weller, Senior, might have called "more tenderer."

"A colonial," she thought charitably.

Meantime, unconscious that he had given her a morning's thought, Boldero hailed a cab and went rolling grandly westward through the reddish haze. He passed a number of green gardens, jailed by lofty ironwork, and was set down in a street this time which had never been accused of levity. The difference failed to impress him. All streets were the same street, he knew, open and free to law-abiding men; all doors much the same door; so, with light foot and unbashful forehead, he mounted the stairs and entered the solemn portal of Adamson.

A Georgian calm at once infolded him. Adamson the Tailor's shop inhabited the best room of some forgotten nabob who flourished after Warren Hastings' day, whose gorgeous carved mantel, white panels and white pilasters maintained their specious nobility. A few long tables covered with rolls of cloth—some grave, some gay and all tremendously neat; a row of dressing rooms—white-paneled and white-pilastered—built along the rear wall; these alone were modern, and these fell decorously into order and made a countenance of being aged.

The establishment daunted even Boldero. He had come there only to please the shadow of a shade; to fulfill the wish of Jimmy, his departed friend.

"No place for me!" he thought.

It was too late for any form of retreat. The royal Adamson himself came forward, neither smiling nor frowning, but all a mask of dread civility. Round, smooth, silver-haired, faultless, Adamson bowed, as one who had been an archbishop but had repented and chosen a more serious walk in life; and yet, unable wholly to cast off the world, he walked mincingly on his toes, like Horace Walpole entering an assembly.

"Good morning, sir," he chirped.

Boldero faced him with a brave man's front. He was doing all this to honor a memory.

"Good mornin', Mr. Adamson. I want to buy four or five layouts, if you please; the best cloth you carry in your house."

Mr. Adamson indulged in a charming smile.

"Ah, very well," said he. "My son will attend you in a moment."

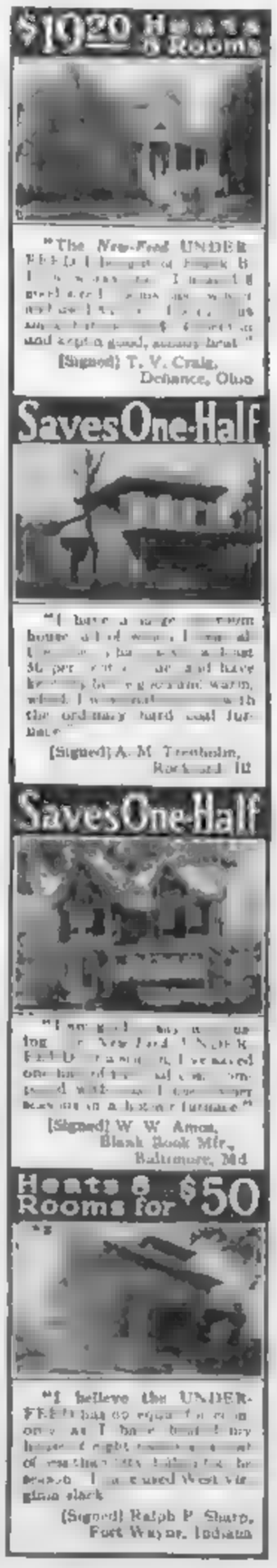
He turned away airily. Some underling conveyed Boldero and shut him into a dressing room where, among mirrors and fat leather cushions, he reclined mournfully, viewing his own brown face at many angles. A taboret before him displayed in a huge brass vessel a hundred of Samsoun cigarettes, chastely decorated. He took the liberty of smoking one, for no man came to open his door.

"This ain't the place for me," he reflected. "Too high! They wouldn't make nothing short of an ascension robe."

Still, he waited and held his ground. In the next booth people were busy talking and calling measurements. Boldero forgot them while he smoked and reviewed his past; a week ago he had first sighted Dover Cliff and watched the forehead of England rise above glittering smooth Channel water; six days, four days, two days ago, he had gone to Jimmy's bank in Lombard Street, asked for Jimmy's friend, the vague Lord Belsire, and at last been told to inquire

Save ½ to ⅔ of That Coal Cost

GUARANTEED


$1920 Home 5 Rooms
"The New-Feed UNDER
[Signed] T. V. Craig, Defiance, Ohio
Saves One-Half
[Signed] A. M. Trenholm, Rockford Ill
Saves One-Half
[Signed] W. W. Aron, Blank Book Mfr., Baltimore, Md
Heats 6 Rooms for $50
"I believe the UNDER-
[Signed] Ralph P. Sharp, Fort Wayne, Indiana

Your good coal money is in that sack. Coal prices have been going up and up. Good coal is harder to get than ever. Every coal user knows that. *Save ½ to ⅔ of your coal money with a Williamson UNDERFEED—guaranteed.* Have more and better heat and less furnace trouble—no heaving of coal through a top-feed door—no ashes to sift—no clinkers—no partly burned coals in the ash pile.

That's all because in the UNDERFEED fresh coal is fed from *below.* This scientific principle enables you to burn the cheaper grades of coal cleanly and effectively—a first great saving—a real saving in these days of jumping coal prices.

The hot fire is always on top—in direct contact with the effective radiating surfaces. Fire is never choked or smothered by new coal being dumped on. Smoke, soot and gas are all consumed as they pass up through the fire.

Read to the left the letters of saving, saving, saving. This same saving can also be *yours* the Williamson UNDERFEED way—*guaranteed.*

To learn all about it send today for free book, "From overfed to UNDERFEED"—whether you heat with warm air, hot water, steam or vapor. Profusely illustrated. Shows how a few easy strokes of a lever fill the firepot.

For coal bills cut ½ to ⅔—*guaranteed*—send the coupon NOW. You'll be glad you did.

WILLIAMSON UNDERFEED FURNACES & BOILERS

Cut Coal Bills ½ to ⅔ Guaranteed

The Williamson Heater Co., 921 Fifth Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Tell me how to cut my coal bills from ¼ to ⅓ with a Williamson UNDERFEED.

Warm Air _____ Steam or Hot Water _____
(Mark X after system interested in.)

Name _____

Address _____

My Heating Contractor's Name is _____

HEATING CONTRACTORS. Let us tell you about the Williamson UNDERFEED and our proposition. Both are winners.

Packed in extra heavy foil—it stays fresh.
New size **10c**
Also in regulation tins **15c**

This is the new

KIT Package

And it is the most desirable packing for pipe tobacco ever invented.

—It snugs into the smallest possible space in your pocket.

—It keeps the tobacco even better than a rubber pouch and its shape makes it more convenient to carry.

—It gets smaller with every pipe load with no excess weight to tote.

—It "pours" better than any other form of packing; no waste—more smokes.

HARMONY
A PIPE BLEND

Harmony is made of the five best kinds of pipe tobacco that grow and is *blended* in such perfect proportions that it smokes better, of course, than any one kind of tobacco alone.

Buy a KIT package today—and take it with you.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Simply pinch the top together—fold once and it's closed, ready to light.

again on Tuesday afternoon. It was now Tuesday morning. But J. Boldero, Esq're, Traveling, had ceased to put confidence in lords or princes. He was alone; he was tired; and at the present moment he had cause to feel neglected.

"Poor old Jimmy!" he sighed. "Jimmy did everything he could. He behaved like a father to me."

From beyond the white panels of the cell voices in gentle argument floated gradually within his ken.

"Why, now really, sir," declared the voice of Adamson, "I fancy they fit you."

Then came another voice, which made Boldero's hair to rise and his blood to curdle.

"You do? I fancy you're wrong for once." It was the toneless, penetrating voice of a deaf man. "John Adamson, my Jo, John, you're mistaken. These trousers are on the tight side."

There came a soothing reply.

"I dare say you're right, sir. Possibly they are a bit on the tight side; but nowadays we're so often ——"

The deaf man spoke again.

"Tush! Nowadays?" he objected clearly. "John, my legs are older than yours, but frightfully vigorous yet. I won't have them cribbed, confined, bound in. You may talk your nowadays to ——"

Boldero had risen, dropped his cigarette and stood like one in a dream. This was a voice from the country beyond the grave. He sprang upon one of the fat leather cushions.

"Jimmy!" he called. "Oh, Jimmy!"

And then the house of Adamson beheld a thing that rocked it on its base. A young savage, leaping to the top of a white-paneled partition, hung there and stared down into the next sacred compartment.

"Good gorry!" panted the savage.

Below, among more cushions and mirrors, and thronged about by a little jury of sad men with tape measures round their necks, stood James Weechurch, half dressed, but wholly alive and well. Beside him the great Adamson recoiled in horror.

"What?" cried the likeness of Jimmy. "Is that you? The boy? Come down here!"

Boldero bestrode the wall and dropped among them, light as a jumping jack.

"Move out," said Jimmy. "We wish to talk."

The tailors went like a flock of blackbirds; Adamson, with a somnambulistic bow, closed the door; it was a moment of dread and wonder in that house of the nabob.

"I thought you were dead!" said Boldero.

Jimmy sat on a cushion and motioned him to do the same.

"Me dead?" His eyes were quick as ever at the reading of lips. "Me dead? Why on earth should you think that?"

"They told me so."

Boldero, not yet convinced they were wrong, began feeling for a letter cherished in his pocket. "And you wrote me this. Fingers the Miner said you was buried."

Jimmy, in a magnificent shirt and collar, but trousers merely sketched with white basting thread, leaned comfortably back to read his own handwriting. He was no ghost, but, beyond all doubt, his living self, though altered; his leathern face, close-cropped white hair, and twinkling eyes the same as ever; but the whole man was subtly transformed and quickened. Boldero felt but could not express the change. Jimmy's nature had been rusty and was now bright metal.

"No wonder you thought —— I must be losing my mind. Formerly my letters were clear," complained Jimmy. "However, I did write that on a packing case while the porters waited. But Leung She could have told you. It was my cousin that died. Leung She knew I was called home suddenly ——"

"I never asked him," explained Boldero. "We ducked out in a hurry. A man was killed."

The reader glanced up quickly.

"Ah? Killed?" said he, in a guarded tone. "By ——"

Boldero could be cautious.

"By happen-so," he replied; and after a moment added: "It was that there Fingers."

"Ah?" repeated his friend, watching him keenly.

"Yeah." Jack's eyes, wide, ingenuous and very blue, seemed to misunderstand the scrutiny they met. He was not going to give anyone away, least of all Ghanda Singh, his rescuer. "Yeah. It was Fingers."

If Mr. Weechurch smiled he might have been thinking of his letter, for now he read it again before tearing it up.

"Devilish glad to see you, my boy," he declared. "What were you doing there in the next booth?"

"Waitin' to get measured."

Jimmy flung the pieces of his letter into a basket and jumped up, with a snort.

"Waiting, eh? Look here!" He pounced at the door, opened it and cried in a voice that brought the entire force of workmen running: "Look here! John Adamson, what have we done that my friend is left waiting all day in one of your blessed loose-boxes? Tell me that, and unyoke! What does it mean?"

The wrath of Jimmy was a consuming thing, terrible even unto tailors. Adamson's marble became as wax.

"Why, really, sir!" His countenance melted into the uneasy grins of an old rogue who knew his master's way. "My memory is no longer what it was, sir. Pardon me. I failed to recognize—dear me!—one of your friends ——"

Jimmy cut short his apology by thrusting Boldero at him.

"Take that young man," he cried, "and exercise your art upon him. One of my friends? He's my child, my great-godson and the apple of my eye. Do your worst, and kindly be quick about it, John, for we're going into the country as soon as possible."

A moment later Boldero, once more in his own compartment, found himself the object and center of great doings. Tailors ran in and out, tailors crouched at his feet, tailors encircled him, held up his arms, murmured deprecation in his ears, took his altitude, wrote him down in Domesday Book. He enjoyed it immensely; he would have enjoyed anything—he could have embraced them all; for was not his idol back on its throne, his world a place of brightness and music, now that Jimmy had returned from the shades?

Through the open door he saw his old friend, completely dressed, very brisk and cheerful, watching the commotion.

"Don't be too fastidious. We need time for lunch, and we'll have a long afternoon."

Boldero was reminded of a duty.

"I was to go to see your friend Lord What's-name this afternoon," he said. "How about it now, Jimmy?"

"Lord who?"

"Lord Belsire."

"Damn it, that's me!" said Jimmy peevishly. "Hurry them up!" Then he began to laugh. "Jack, you're the picture, in there, of Lemuel Gulliver being measured by trigonometry in Lilliput. I'm devilish glad to see you, boy!"

XIV

ON A HOT summer evening, at the close of the happiest yet most troubled week in his life, Boldero came walking home with Jimmy through a green lane sunken between hawthorns and pollard elms. Flowers—wild thyme, mauve gypsy rose and yellow toadflax—covered the bank on each hand; little movements of wayside creatures frightened by the two men's advancing shadows fluttered the hedgerow now and again before them; above, where sea breeze cooled the hilltop air, an English skylark twinkled like a black star and filled the sunset light with an accompanying glory of song.

"Hold on!" said Boldero, pausing at the gate of a field to stare aloft and listen.

"Wish I could hear him," growled Jimmy. "Used to do. Skylarking! The chap who coined that word, by George, was a poet good as any and saw the contrast of earth and heaven. We plod, while our friend sings. I envy you. Confound these dead ears of mine; all they can do is remember what they're missing!"

Through the barred gap in the hawthorn beside them appeared a great bosom of sunlit turf, crowded with sheep—some ruddled, others earmarked in blue. A young ram feeding before a scarlet golf flag seemed to bear it over his shoulder like an Agnus Dei. Ewes bleated for their lost lambs, or, having found them, submitted to the hunger of brown fleece-mops that burrowed underneath and waggled. A peaceful foreground, the flock continued its wandering edge into a valley, beyond which rose hill after broad hill painted in squares of green crops and of pinkish fallow. Intervening ridges and the eastern sky line bore clumps of darker and older growth—here a wood; there cottage roofs whose thatch

(Continued on Page 113)

PAIGE

The Most Beautiful Car in America

Announcing A New Line of Enclosed Cars

It is with great pride and satisfaction that we announce to the American public a new and very complete line of enclosed motor cars.

These models—like all Paige cars—are our own *original* creations. They embody features that will be found in no other cars on the market. They are distinctively Paige. That means that they are "The Most Beautiful Cars in America."

In design, coach work, finish and general appointment we unhesitatingly claim that mere money cannot buy anything better. We have deliberately set out to produce the last word in ultra-luxurious closed vehicles. That has been our one all-absorbing purpose and we have spared neither pains nor expense in its accomplishment.

It is impossible in such limited space to supply an adequate description of even one of the models. As a matter of fact, we much prefer to follow our usual custom of omitting all mere word pictures and ask you to *see* the cars and pass judgment for yourself.

For the present, we are quite content to rest our case with the bare announcement that Paige has produced new Sedans, Coupés, Limousines, and Town Cars.

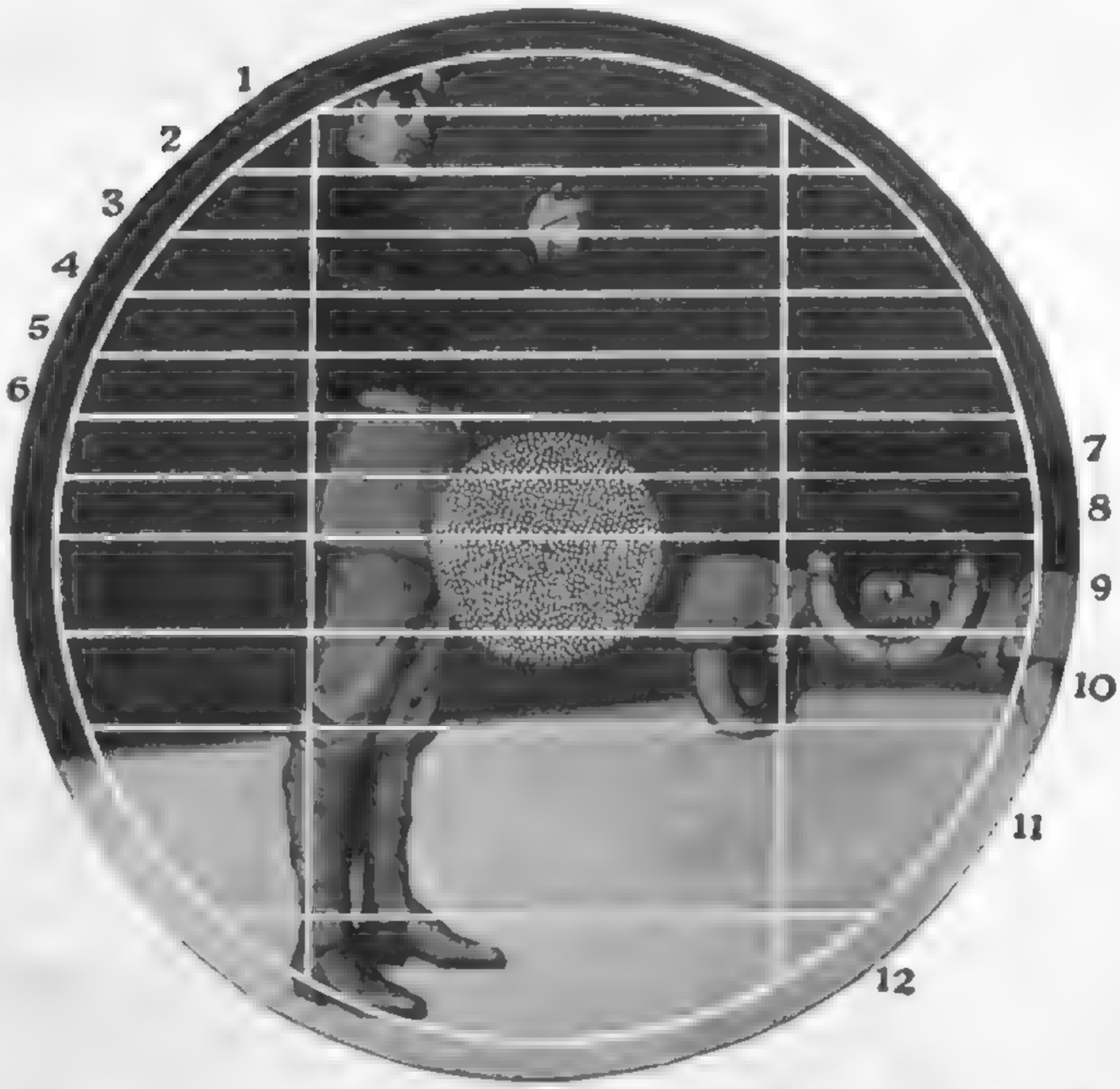
We are quite confident that you will appreciate the importance of such an announcement and arrange to inspect these models at our Dealer's Show Rooms.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

PAIGE

THE New Osgood Lens is a one-piece lens with twelve selective prisms which direct all the light forward and downward—the twelve individual beams forming one master-shaft of light. No glare! 74% more light on the road! No need for dimming!

Officially sanctioned by the authorities of America's principal cities.



Courtesy Commends It—The Law Commands It and 74% More Light On the Road

Courtesy, of course, will always be the rule supreme of the road. And now the law also says "your light must not glare—it must regard the man in front as well as serve the man at the wheel."

The requisite of courtesy—the demand of the law—both find highest recognition in the New Osgood Lens, the lens that keeps its flood of light below waist-height and shows the way for a full third-mile ahead by converting "sky" rays into *road* rays.

Result—fully 74% more light on the road as compared with light from a plain lens—910% greater road light as compared with a ground lens—*direct* light instead of diffused light—and, *no glare!*

This new efficiency is attested to by the Armour Institute of Technology, Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the American Automobile Association. *Write for these interesting test data.*

Every demand of every headlight ordinance is completely anticipated and fully met in the New Osgood Lens, the invention of James R. Cravath, one of America's foremost authorities on illumination.

Sectional view of the New Osgood Lens, showing the smooth outer surface and the twelve inner prisms that operate as one.

Whatever other lens you now use, you will see a great difference and a wonderful advantage in this lens—veritable insurance where your night-driving comfort is concerned.

Courtesy commends it—the law commands it—safety demands it. Can you afford to be without this new efficiency when it all comes to you at an ordinary lens price?

Made in all sizes for all cars:

7 to 7¾ inch - $2.90 a pair	8¾ to 9⅛ inch - $4.00 a pair
8 to 8½ inch - 3.75 a pair	9¾ to 11 inch - 4.50 a pair

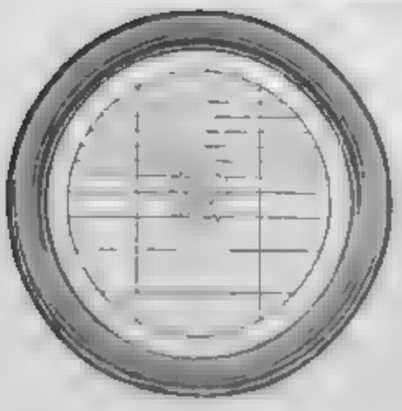
25c a pair higher West of Rockies. 20% higher in Canada.

If your dealer is not supplied, order direct, giving his name, and we will deliver through him. In ordering, give diameter of old lens; diameter of opening in door frame; model and make of car.

Dealers: Write for attractive sales data.

OSGOOD LENS & SUPPLY COMPANY
2007 Michigan Ave. Dept. 909 Chicago, Ill.

THE NEW



OSGOOD LENS

CRAVATH LONG DISTANCE TYPE

(Continued from Page 110)

made billows round a Norman church tower.

"'Can't never 'ear the 'um of zummer bees,'" mourned the deaf man.

Boldero found a different meaning in the prospect.

"And think—all this," he cried, "belongs to you! Far as we can see."

Jimmy, laying one hand on the youngster's arm, made a weary grimace.

"What profit in thinking so, my dear boy!" said he. "Yes, I'm legal owner of this landscape; but lawyer's parchments and pothooks mean very little—transient affairs. They pretend I own two or three more landscapes, fair and smiling as this, in other parts of the country. What then? Can they make a man happy? No; nor unhappy, either. Did you ever see the remarkable postage stamp issued by a great dominion that proclaimed 'We Hold a Vaster Empire Than Has Been'? Like Corsica Boswell's hatband; or like wearing a sandwich board—'I'm the richest damned idiot on earth!' Such views, at my age, lose their inflation. Ownership? Labor and sorrow; soon cut off, and we fly away. The bird up there is one of my tenants; I own his nest on the ground. Think of that; and yet he won't sing loud enough for landlord to hear. Do you envy me, Jack? Now as you are a Roman, tell me true."

Boldero watched a flight of black motes—jackdaws or rooks—hovering to settle and vanish in the square tower far away.

"You always think right straight," he answered. "My fool notions kind of make me ashamed."

The old man laughed and turned from the gate. They walked on, a pair of knickerbockered trampers homeward bound, comfortably tired, glowing with twenty miles of fresh air and exercise.

"Fond of my own place, just the same," growled Jimmy as they topped the hill and saw their lane reach downward into a valley of streaming sun and shadow. Midway on the slope an avenue of huge beeches led westerly, widening to become a grove in which Lord Belsire's favorite farm, Lomansworthy, reared a silhouette of old chimneys and gables. Despite his late renunciation, Jimmy's face brightened with a look of something very close akin to pride.

"One does belong to certain places," he said. "Only, we have to leave all this." His eyes rested affectionately on the grove and black roofs, the shining fields beyond, and the little river which in the valley bottom reflected a drooping elm, the sky and a strip of fiery cloud. "It's not so bad," mused Jimmy. "As the thief said, going to be hung, when he drank St. Giles' bowl, 'Twould be good if a man might stay by it!'"

They turned into the avenue of mighty beeches and went on. It was a tunnel of green and gold, upheld by giant boles against the sunset. Down this tunnel rode a man to meet them—a lean, swarthy man in whipcord, mounted on a beautiful chestnut mare, who came wincing sidelong, her haunches outlined with a play of light. The man wore a pink turban and sat grinning.

"How goes it, Ghanda Singh?" called Jimmy.

"She needs riding," the Sikh reported. While he spoke the mare took him a pirouette. "Ho, child! A woman with nothing to do."

"Jack will teach her behavior to-morrow," began Belsire.

But the chestnut was gone flying toward the lane, her rider glancing back, with a joyful flash of teeth.

"Who killed Fingers the Miner?" asked Lord Belsire, as if propounding a Cock Robin riddle.

"I never said anyone killed him," replied Boldero.

Several days ago, in the stables of Lomansworthy, he had met Ghanda Singh, looking like a man born and reared there among horses. They had talked much, but not of the slaying that had taken place in the upper chamber.

"I told you Fingers got it by happen-so."

"Humph! I fear," retorted the other dryly, "you wish to soak up merit belonging to my old and faithful follower."

Boldero took the imputation without a word; then, chancing to look at his companion, knew by the smile that it was irony. Lord Belsire meant anything but displeasure.

They crossed the lawn and entered the gray stone house. A boar's head snarled from above the door. On a table, under a stand of riding crops where they hung their headgear, lay a dozen newspapers overlapped, with headlines displayed in a row. Jimmy glanced at them as he passed.

"Bad news from the Continent." He had said this a dozen times lately.

"Ghanda Singh was a prophet," replied Boldero. "War's comin'."

"Very like."

They parted, to meet again at dinner. In a great stone hall, lighted by many candles and a fire, though its windows were open on a terrace of bright turf and laurels, they ate what seemed, after their exercise, the best of many capital meals. At each man's elbow stood a tall glass of Irish whisky and soda that, as Boldero observed, would make a cat speak; yet they ate in silence, for the most part, or made mention briefly of things they had admired during the day's walk.

"Adamson cut you pretty well," declared Jimmy, at dessert.

Boldero felt surprise and pleasure. He had forgotten his grand evening clothes; everything always fitted him, or soon grew familiar.

"I got 'em to please you."

"When you thought I was dead," his host added, musing.

A serious elderly man watched them from before the broad fireplace.

"I want to see that Chinese painting again," said Jimmy, turning to him. "Go fetch it, Faithorne; and have the coffee in."

The serious elderly man withdrew, but soon returned. Jimmy unrolled among his candles and weighted flat, with a pair of silver basins, the landscape created by a queen when the dust of antiquity was alive, moving, recording thoughts for another age to recognize. Boldero came round the dinner table and leaned over his friend's chair. Once more the homely picture of Three Cows performed its magic. There lay the mountain peaks under the dawn, ghostly, shimmering, unchanged even by time, but quietly foretelling its power in a parable of the beasts that perish.

"Well nigh perfect," said Jimmy. "A wonder!" He rolled it together carefully. "Loot," he continued. "Loot! I'll restore it into proper hands, to the family that owns it rightfully. By the Five Hundred Jinns, what a lovely old thing! Here; lock it up again, Faithorne, please."

He drank his coffee and sat pondering.

"I've collected many pieces roundabout the world, Jack, but this piece marks high water. Number One in my lot. Thanks to you."

"And thanks to little Ramdayal," said Boldero.

"And to Ramdayal. But he's provided for; I've done nothing for you. Let's move outdoors."

Through a French window they gained the terrace, where barn swallows flew, darting, swerving, redoubling a hundred vagaries before the last glow of summer day should fall into twilight. By Jimmy's side Boldero paced a grassy level, fresh-mown, cool-scented, which overlooked a long meadow slope and the tiny English river. Wandering through verdure below, the stream showed as a dark green glaze, an evening pool where swans floated asleep, like cakes of foam, or ice drifting under a nightfall of elm and willow shade.

"Bad news from the Continent," repeated Jimmy for the last time.

"Yeah. Sure! It's bad," assented Boldero.

Each man knew the other had been thinking of little else all day. They walked a few turns without speaking. The sallow green light covering the hills became gradually musical with bells from church tower and church tower, as villages in the distance rang their evening chimes. All the countryside faded little by little into an umber dusk and a harmony of sweet bells.

"If war should spoil it!" Jimmy was talking to himself. "I sometimes think this earth has been converted to the devil, peopled with Darwin apes that invent new ways of murdering. You, my boy, are a comfort. I'm a lonely old man without children."

"You can't call me inventive, anyway," Boldero answered. "My brains work awful slow."

There was light enough still for the reading of lips and of hearts.

"It's rather like finding a son," declared Lord Belsire. "Let us talk about your future. Come; tell me what I can best do for you, Jack."

The bells chimed to one another from their hills, but Boldero hearkened for something else—for the right answer to his inward questioning.

Brush Teeth
With a Film Digestant

By Wm. M. Ruthrauff, A. B., A. M.

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Teeth Are Unsafe
While Any Film Remains

Brushing teeth is almost useless if you simply remove the debris.

The cause of most tooth troubles is a slimy, clinging film. You can feel it with your tongue. Millions of people who brush teeth daily never dislodge that film.

That film is what discolors. It hardens into tartar. It holds food particles which ferment and form acid. It holds that acid in contact with the teeth the cause of all tooth decay.

Germs breed in that film by the countless millions. *And they are one of the chief causes of many a trouble, including pyorrhea.*

That is why teeth brushed twice daily still discolor and decay. It is why pyorrhea so often starts despite one's seeming care. It is why tartar forms, until a dentist must remove it.

It is simply because your brushing methods fail to remove the film. You think you clean teeth when you don't.

Now there's a way to end that film—a way called Pepsodent. And we ask you to learn by a one-week test what really clean teeth mean.

A One-Week Test
Will Be a Revelation

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin of which that film consists.

Until lately, pepsin was deemed impossible. It must be activated, else it is inert. And the usual activating agent is an acid, harmful to the teeth.

Now an agent has been found which doesn't harm the teeth. In Pepsodent, that agent activates the pepsin. So pepsin, in this patented combination, can now be used to eradicate the film. And three years of clinical tests, by dental authorities, have proved its amazing efficiency.

We ask you to let a one-week test show you what Pepsodent does. Note how clean the teeth feel, how they whiten, and how the film disappears.

Simply mail the coupon—the tube is free. Compare the results with your present results. When you know these things, you will never again use the old, inefficient methods. Clean teeth mean too much.

Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
The New-Day Dentifrice

Sold by Druggists in Large Tubes

THE PEPSODENT CO.
Dept. 63, 1104 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago

One-Week Tube Free
THE PEPSODENT CO.
Dept. 63, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail One-Week Tube of Pepsodent to
Name _____
Address _____

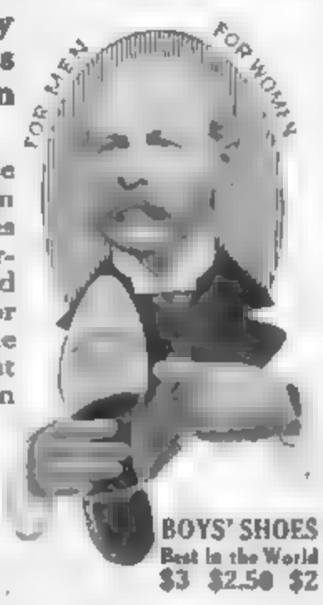
The Boy Who Pegged Shoes.
W. L. Douglas Pegging Shoes at Seven Years of Age.
Sixty-five years ago W. L. Douglas started acquiring the knowledge of how to make good shoes.

W. L. DOUGLAS

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

$3 $3.50 $4 $4.50 $5 $6 $7 & $8

You can Save Money by Wearing W. L. Douglas Shoes. The Best Known Shoes in the World.



BOYS' SHOES
Best in the World
$3 $2.50 $2

W. L. Douglas' name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom of every pair of shoes at the factory. The value is guaranteed and the wearer protected against high prices for inferior shoes. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. They are always worth the price paid for them.

The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years' experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centres of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest-paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

BEWARE OF FRAUD. None genuine unless W. L. Douglas' name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom. TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

For sale by over 9000 shoe dealers and 105 W. L. Douglas stores in the large cities. If not convenient to call at W. L. Douglas store, ask your local dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you, take no other make.

Write for booklet showing how to order shoes by mail, postage free.

W. L. Douglas
President
W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO.
165 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST

NO MATTER how far you live from Cleveland you can open a Savings Account at 4% compound interest with this bank—the Oldest Trust Company in Ohio. Send today for our booklet "M" explaining our system of receiving deposits by mail.

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO. 65 MILLION DOLLARS.

Here is *strength!*

Pull your hardest on the heel or toe of No. 398 and you can *barely* stretch it. It's the *strongest* reinforcement ever put into a sock of this weight. Four plies of a special process yarn that is *very* hard to wear through.

No. 398 is further reinforced with a double sole and high-spliced heel. The leg is a fine, lustrous texture. If you want an *extra durable* sock that is handsome, get

Soft, Silky No. 398

Try this sock at our risk. If there is no Iron Clad dealer nearby, send us 35c for each pair wanted (stating size) and we'll send package postpaid, and refund money if you're not satisfied. What colors do you want?—Black, Dark Grey, White, Palm Beach. Sizes 9½ to 11½.

Cooper, Wells & Co., 212 Vine St., St. Joseph, Mich.

"All I want's your advice."

The barn swallows had gone; the bats begun to tumble above high clusters of rhododendron.

"I do a lot more thinkin' than you'd suspect, Jimmy," he said. "If this here war comes I'd kind of like, maybe, to go fight on the French side. My mother was French. I spoke it before I learnt English. No; I don't mean like to. That ain't the word. Wish I wasn't so cussed ignorant, or I could tell you what I do mean."

Jimmy stopped midway on the terrace, drew out a cigar and handled without lighting it.

"Ah!" said he. "Must I find you only to lose you?"

Hooking their arms together, Boldero led him on, up and down the sweet-smelling lawn.

"You been like a father. Now tell me," he urged. "They say France will feel the go-off hardest. Don't you think I ought to be there!"

Lord Belsire was watching his swans drift in the river.

"If you feel so," he admitted, "I'm not the fellow to stop you."

The bell-ringing ceased; hill and valley grew silent; the darkness deepened.

"My brains work slow," resumed Boldero. "I figger it this fashion: There's a crowd of fire bugs trying to burn the world up."

"Very like," said Jimmy.

"I've thought about 'em all this week. Seemed kind of foolish, in a way, my settin' up to do anything. You really suppose it would be—sensible?"

"Very!" cried the owner of Lomansworthy, with an odd, abrupt decision. "My advice is not worth much. I've nothing but money, you know. Too old; too deaf. But I'd say—very sensible!"

They smiled at each other.

"Glad you back me," said Boldero; "for that's how I figgered, anyway. I expect they'll need all hands. A lot of fire bugs trying to burn it up. Got to go put 'em out."

From the windows of the farmhouse candlelight began to streak the lawn; young fretful owls went squalling through the beechwood avenue; river, elms and sleeping swans blended in a darkness that might have been the foundation of serenity.

"Yeah! Got to go!"

And then, like history, a fragment of a child's rime repeated itself—the words and the wisdom of Mother Goose:

"To put 'em out's the only way," said honest John Boldero.

(THE END)

FORCED LABOR

(Continued from Page 17)

For two days thus they followed the elephant's track. On the morning of the third day, after a plunge down from the bamboo into the forest country again, the elephant's track joined those of many more; and the whole band moved forward together, cutting a twenty-foot swath through the jungle as though a gigantic mowing machine had passed.

Shortly they came within hearing of the elephants. Simba had never seen one of these great beasts; and now he listened with something approaching awe to the thunderlike rumblings of digestion and the slow deliberate crashings of the unseen monsters. They were evidently feeding on a forested sidehill, across a deep-cleft ravine.

After a short consultation the whole party moved forward again. Simba and his mates still carried the burdens, for, until actually in touch with the game, no man could tell where the chase might lead.

The next three hours were terrifying and humbling to Simba. At the end of them he wondered how he had ever, in his ignorance, dared raise his eyes to the position of gunbearer. They crept forward down the elephant trails; and almost immediately they were in the middle of the scattered herd. Kingozi kept lighting matches, shaking the flame from them and watching anxiously where the imperceptible currents of air carried the resultant puffs of smoke. The Wanderobos disappeared noiselessly and reappeared again one by one, and disappeared again. The party moved forward by inches, with infinite precautions. Beyond the leafy screen that hemmed them in almost stiflingly they heard lazy, tremendous sounds.

Then suddenly one of the beasts screamed and pandemonium broke loose. Great bodies rushed here and there; the tops of small trees shivered with the shock; the rip of branches torn whole from the trunk, followed by tremendous crashes, resounded on all sides. And from all directions the trumpeting was continuous.

Kingozi stood still in the center of a small opening. His bent figure had straightened tensely; his bearded lips had parted to show the gleam of teeth; his eyes shone. Close to his elbow crouched Cazi Moto, holding the second rifle. He, too, was as taut as a coiled spring; his eyes also shone. The Wanderobos bent low and dove under the bush, worming their way out of sight. The row increased. Every few moments one or two of the little forest people would dart from the mysterious shadows as though the devil was behind them. Sometimes they were cruelly frightened. Their skins had turned ashen gray; their limbs trembled as with palsy; their eyes rolled in their heads; their teeth chattered so they could hardly speak.

It was evident they had been very close to death. They ran to crouch at the white man's feet, as terrified dogs might run for comfort to their masters. Nevertheless, after shivering for a few moments, they apparently regained control of themselves, spoke a few low words to the attentive hunter, shook themselves, and dauntlessly plunged into the forest again. Simba's imagination was not overdeveloped; but he wondered whether he could do that.

This lasted for a good half hour. Then they had to leave that spot. Without warning, the green leaves parted and an elephant brushed into the opening. It loomed fairly over them. To Simba's terrified senses it seemed as tall as the forest trees and as massive as a kopje of the plains.

Kingozi and Cazi Moto ducked low and ran—not away from the beast, but angling past it. The porters dropped their loads and scattered off into space. Simba clung to his load and followed his master. This was not bravery on his part. The other porters had been in like circumstances before and knew what to do. Simba did not. Therefore he instinctively followed the white man. As to his retaining his load, that was sheer accident. He did not have unscared wit enough to let go.

The elephant trumpeted and crashed after the elusive porters. Kingozi and Cazi Moto at once halted. They seemed unperturbed.

"Small cow, *bwana*," remarked Cazi Moto.

After a moment they returned to the opening. Kingozi noticed Simba.

"Why did you keep your load?" he asked.

But Simba was spared the necessity of an embarrassing reply, for at that instant N'jahgi and another hunter ran up excitedly. N'jahgi plucked at Kingozi's sleeve, uttering excitedly a low-voiced word. At once all four, stooping low, disappeared.

A long wait ensued. Simba, chilly from excitement, shivered by the four loads. The forest was growing quieter. The elephants, vaguely disturbed by a presence they had not fully determined, were calming down. Then, a short distance away, the great elephant gun spoke. Once! Twice! Then two shots close together.

An instant's silence, and then a roar of sound. The furious disturbance had been nothing. Simba, sitting on one of the loads, listened with awe. The herd had moved on down the ravine; so personally he was well out of it. But the rending of wood, the crash of branches, the irresistible rush of bodies, and the screaming, trumpeting and yelling of the enraged and alarmed animals made of that lower ravine a caldron of sound that seemed to Simba like the whirling abode of devils. And every few moments, from the very center of it, boomed a gun.

Behind the gun, Simba knew, was Cazi Moto, gunbearer!

Then, without apparent reason, the herd moved away. It could be heard smashing on down the ravine, the sounds rapidly becoming fainter until they ceased. A deep silence descended on the forest. Simba, left alone in this strange environment, wondered, awestricken, whether all had been killed. (Continued on Page 117)

The First Fixture I Bought For My Store

By
C. S. King, of the King Mercantile Co., Joplin, Mo.

My theory is that it's better business to get *all* the profits on a $10,000 turnover than half the profits on a $20,000 one.

Mere increase in volume of sales is no guarantee of a ledger balance on the right side. You've got to get a just and fair profit on those sales.

A clerk sells a dollar's worth of groceries and makes an error of ten cents in adding up the slip. If it's an undercharge, your profit's gone. If it's an overcharge, your customer's confidence and perhaps her trade is gone. You lose either way.

I Cashed In on Experience

Former experience taught me that getting *all* the profits depends largely upon the correct addition of small amounts.

So when I opened my new store I determined to put it on a basis of mechanical accuracy. That's why my Burroughs figuring machine was the first fixture that I put into the store.

The first job I used it for was checking up the invoices on my new goods, and here alone, before I had opened the doors of my store, it caught errors enough to pay the first installment on the machine. If those errors had gone through they would have bitten a fair-sized chunk out of my profits.

And now it's on the job in the store every day, assuring me that I get every cent of profit that is coming to me.

Cutting Out the Guesswork

There is no guesswork in our figuring. Every sales slip is added up on the Burroughs. It is added quicker than the old way and we know it's right.

On Saturdays and Mondays—our busiest days—the cashier adds all the grocery orders on the Burroughs, relieving the clerks of that responsibility.

I check every invoice, and the errors I'm catching on this job alone will soon make the price of the machine seem insignificant.

In a cash business like ours, accuracy is even more important than in a business where you have charge accounts. For, after a customer is gone, you have no chance to correct your errors.

But in any store, cash or credit, the first fixture to get is the one that turns profits on paper into profits in the bank.

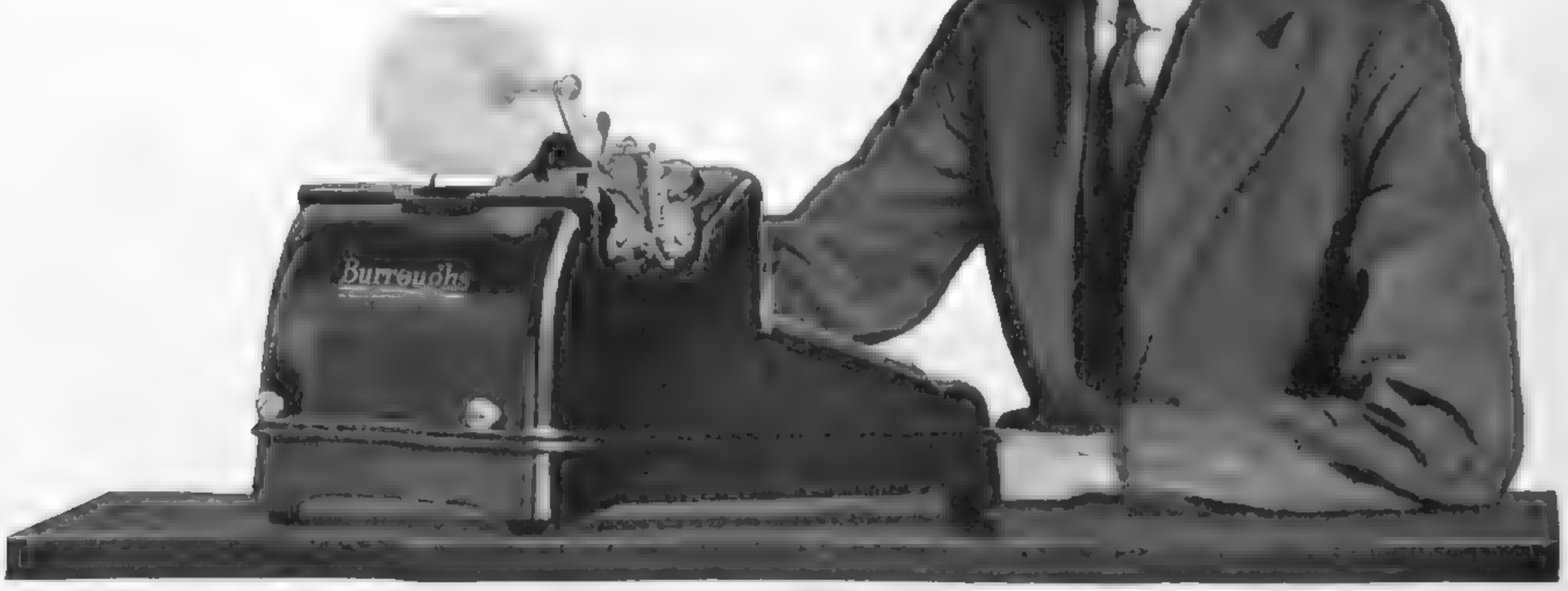
And that's a Burroughs.

98 Burroughs Models

No business is too small for a Burroughs—and the 98 Burroughs models make one possible for the smallest, as well as for the largest business.

Consult your banker or telephone book for the address of the nearest of the Burroughs offices in the United States and Canada.

Burroughs Offices are also maintained in other principal cities of the world.



FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES PRICED AS LOW AS $125
PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS-SAVE VALUABLE TIME

Burroughs

BIRD NEPONSET PRODUCTS

Look for the Trade Mark

NEPONSET TWIN SHINGLES and ROOFING

Asphalt, Slate-Surfaced, Fire-Resisting

"The Roofing Development of the Twentieth Century"

Neponset Shingles combine extreme beauty with extraordinary wear.

Can you imagine a more handsome roof than this? Picture a roofing of Neponset Twin Shingles on *your* home.

The colors, form, size, and slate-surface of Neponset Twin Shingles make as handsome a roof as it is possible to find. They have the look of slate, laid in substantial looking large slabs. Their soft green and red colors harmonize with any surroundings or architectural plan. Read condensed paragraphs below:

Fire-resistance On a Neponset Twin Shingle roof sparks and flying embers burn out harmless. Most conflagrations spread from roof to roof. These shingles are a very great protection. They are approved by the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

Wear Tough felt, saturated with the best waterproofing material known (everlasting asphalt), then coated and recoated with crushed rock and asphalt, pressed and jammed into one thick, solid sheet. Similar materials in our famous Paroid Roofing are still giving good service on roofs laid 18 years ago when Paroid was new.

Cost Notwithstanding their great beauty and durability, Neponset Twin Shingles belong in the class of economical roofings. Their uniform shape and double width halve cost of laying, because two shingles are really laid at a time—and also lessen cracks and nail holes.

Five layers, six processes build up Neponset Twin Shingles into one thick, solid, inseparable mass, impervious to rain, sun, frost—undecaying and not affected by sparks or embers. Always remember "five layers, six processes."

There are three types of Neponset Shingles, meeting every requirement and pocket-book.

For factories, warehouses, barns, etc., similar material is furnished in rolls. It is Neponset PAROID Roofing—a roofing that for service has been unchallenged for 18 years. There are three types of Neponset Roll Roofing, meeting every requirement and pocket-book.

See the Neponset Dealer in your town. He can supply you with just the product you need—made and guaranteed by us.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET
"Repairing and Building"

It tells about Neponset Twin Shingles and the other Neponset Building Products—NEPONSET Built-up Roof for industrial plants; NEPONSET Waterproof Building Papers; NEPONSET Wall Board for cottages, attics and ceilings in place of laths and plaster.

Lumber and Hardware Dealers Sell Neponset Products

BIRD & SON Established 1795 **268 Neponset Street, East Walpole, Mass.**

New York Chicago Washington

Canadian Office and Plant Hamilton, Ontario

Manufacturers of Neponset Floor Covering—sold by department and furniture stores everywhere. Also manufacturers of Special Waterproof Papers, Special Paper Boxes and Fibre Shipping Cases.

(Continued from Page 114)

It seemed to him that he sat there for minutes. As a matter of fact, it was for seconds only. Then a long clear call sounded. Almost immediately the three other porters appeared very mysteriously, picked up their loads, and set out in the direction of the call. Simba followed them.

They proceeded for perhaps a quarter of a mile, making their way through the wreck and devastation of the elephant stampede. Then they came upon a little group, consisting of Kingozi, Cazi Moto, N'jahgi and his Wanderobos. Simba's incredulous eyes counted them. They were all there. Furthermore, they were sitting about, chatting as though nothing had happened. Kingozi was leaning against a huge gray rock, smoking his pipe. Then, with a shock, Simba realized that it was not a rock, but a dead elephant!

He set down his load and walked all round the huge animal, gazing with dumfounded astonishment at its proportions, its trunk, the gleam of its massive ivory. Of such a thing had Simba never dreamed. Kingozi was talking with Cazi Moto:

"This is a good bull, *bwana*, with good teeth."

"A good one," assented Kingozi. "The other is not much smaller. But I am not pleased that we had to kill the cow."

"If we had not killed the cow the cow would have killed us. They were very many."

"That's true."

So there were two others! And these had, of their own accord, descended into the raging hell! Indeed, this was a great master, who fights the elephant! Simba looked upon the hero, Cazi Moto, and admiration filled him; he looked upon Kingozi, the demigod, and veneration flooded his whole being.

Simba was a simple soul.

The tiny camp was made, and presently all set to work on the hard labor of cutting out the ivory. But, first, Kingozi permitted his men and the Wanderobo hunters to take their selection of the meat. Cazi Moto and his friends skinned bits from the inside of the trunks and, in addition, laid aside for future reference huge chunks cut from along the backbone. The Wanderobos, however, had different ideas. They opened slits in the great beasts' bellies and actually crawled inside the body cavities in search of special titbits! After ten minutes they reappeared, somewhat soiled, but very happy. Each then cut off as much more as he could carry of the coarser meat.

The job was finished none too soon. Appeared on the scene at a dogtrot an ancient, shriveled savage with a hyrax-fur cap, followed by three old women—his wives—and any quantity of miscellaneous ages of both sexes, his various descendants. These were, one and all, armed with the native soft-iron sword knives. The edges were both bad and temporary and the elephant's meat was tough; but they set to work with great diligence, being, as first arrivals, in on the ground floor. As fast as a chunk of meat was severed they laid it aside in a rapidly growing pile under a certain tree. There they knew it would be perfectly safe from theft.

Their businesslike diligence was shortly explained by the arrival of more and yet more natives. They appeared from all directions, swiftly and silently. How they had received the news, who shall say? The transmittal of detailed intelligence over incredible distances in the briefest time through unpopulated country is one of the mysteries of Africa. But there they were, hundreds of them, all as busy as bees. And, unbelievable though it may seem, by the time darkness had fallen the three great carcasses had been stripped of everything edible. In the aisles of the forest, beneath the cozy shelter of the lower jungle, gleamed a hundred little fires. The smell of roasting meat was in the air. A happy chatter was going on everywhere. On the underside of leaves and against the trunks of trees cross shadows and cross lights were carrying on a mad, jolly revel of their own. In the depths of the forest, as always, the tree hyraxes screamed like devils.

Before the larger fire, built by the porters, Simba reclined. His happiness was nearly complete. Tall, grille-like racks supported strips of meat at just the right distance for the inauguration of the process of making *biltong*. Switches nearer the blaze impaled titbits of roasting meat. A *sufuria*, with *potio* and still more meat, boiled furiously. His companions were swapping boastful or wonderful stories, as is porter custom, and through them Simba envisaged far countries and mighty deeds.

Though naturally they retained the lofty superiority of the traveled over the stay-at-home, still Simba felt that they had apparently accepted him as one of themselves. His neck muscles had recovered from the carrying of the load. Across the eddying smoke at another fire he could see dimly his idol, gravely smoking his pipe and gazing into the coals, and occasionally exchanging a word with Cazi Moto. In the background lay the gleaming tusks of ivory, tangible evidence of victory. Simba's heart swelled as he thought of the triumphant return.

Only one fly in the ointment: Simba felt cruelly his lack of clothes. No, gentle reader, he was not cold, or overtaken with hitherto unknown modesty. But magnificent as were his wire jewelry, his ear ornaments, his beadwork, they marked him indubitably as a temporary porter, as a *shenzi*. Mightily he longed for the nondescript conglomeration of the white man's cast-offs that make every safari so closely resemble a rummage sale. He had no means of acquiring such valuables.

Then, like a flash, he remembered Kingozi's promise of five rupees a month! For the first time in his life Simba realized the use of and the desire for money. He turned to his neighbor and began to bargain. But, though the use of and the desire for money were thus revealed, the value was not; so Simba was utterly done in the eye by the astute barbarian. Nevertheless, he became possessed of a pair of ragged "shorts" and the wreck of a military tunic, too small for him—the vendor philosophically went naked until the *boma* was reached. The price was exorbitant, but even later sophistication failed to make Simba regret his bargain.

IV

THE triumphal return to the *boma* had taken place. That hour was brief but glorious. Each regular porter carried a tusk, its hollow filled with damp mud to preserve it, leaving to casual *shenzis*, impressed for the purpose, the transportation of the cow ivory and the scanty camp equipment. Everybody turned out to see them. Simba gazed with pitying contempt on his late comrades in arms.

"Good luck!" Kingozi answered Trelawney's question. "Got four bull tusks, that will average about eighty pounds. Had to shoot a cow, I'm sorry to say. She was fairly on top of me. Have to report her to the Commissioner, I suppose. She had nice ivories—about fifteen pounds apiece, I should judge. But you don't care a hang for all that. I can see you have something on your mind. Let's have it before you burst."

"Oh, I say!" protested Trelawney. "Of course I'm interested; no end!"

But he required little more urging.

"I've been mulling it over," he announced with triumph, "and I have the solution."

"You mean civilizing the savages, voluntary labor, and all the rest?"

"Yes."

"What is it?" asked Kingozi, filling his pipe.

"A tax—payable only in cash," explained Trelawney. "No, wait until I have finished. I know just what you're going to say. It won't be a tax on individuals or products, or anything of that sort. I know perfectly well it would be impossible to get any just census of all that. But this will be a tax for every hut! What do you think of that?"

"Splendid!" said Kingozi. "Go on."

"You see, I can get track of the huts; and I'll levy an annual tax of, say, three rupees. Not much; but somebody will have to work long enough to get it. And I shall insist on payment in cash!"

"And, since you have the only supply of rupees in the whole district," supplemented Kingozi, "they'll have to work for you."

"Precisely!" cried Trelawney, his face glowing.

"Suppose they refuse to pay the tax?"

Trelawney stiffened.

"In that case I should, of course, be prepared to take proper measures," he replied.

Kingozi choked badly over his pipe, and finally coughed his way outdoors. There he ran like a deer until at a safe distance; then he laughed until the tears trickled over his great beard. Cazi Moto came there upon him. "There is good news, *bwana?*" he ventured.

"Cazi Moto," said Kingozi impressively, "wonderful, beyond the powers of expression, are the byways of conscience and the

The Army and Navy for 'Ever-Ready'

The 'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor is the standard razor of the enlisted man.

It is the greatest article of utility that a soldier or sailor can carry.

The 'Ever-Ready' is safe, efficient, speedy and sanitary under all conditions and on all occasions.

Tender to tender faces and easy on tough beards.

The utility of the 'Ever-Ready' brings home the fact of its advantages and importance to all men in or out of the service.

'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor $1

'Ever-Ready' is used by millions of self-shavers and in every test has proven its complete superiority over a world-wide competition. That the price is $1.00 for the complete outfit is your good fortune.

The frame is not only guaranteed for ten years but the entire outfit is unconditionally guaranteed.

'Ever-Ready' Radio blades are the keenest, cleanest, finest shavers in all the history of razor-making.

Each blade triple hair-tested and triply protected against rust and dust, then wrapped in the individual patented package.

Extra Radio blades, 6 for 30c.

Sold everywhere throughout America, Canada, England and France and other countries.

American Safety Razor Co., Inc.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ever-Ready Safety Razor
Blades
Blades
Blades
TRADE MARK FACE
Standard Dame Outfit

Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few applications of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off

Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus for two or three nights. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada.

The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O.

Make Your Ford Ride as Easily as a $2,000 Car

MAKE it ride smoothly, without jar or jolt, over every road. Keep the body perfectly centered with the chassis, without upthrow or sidesway, at all speeds. Have your car ride with the luxurious, gliding motion found only in cars costing from $2,000.00 up and in Fords equipped with the

HASSLER PATENTED **Shock Absorber** For Ford Cars

The Hassler Shock Absorber is a conical spring of Chrome Vanadium Steel that eliminates the lower jaw and works on the leaf springs to absorb the heavy jolts. The [illegible] of the spring and the angle at which it is applied make [illegible] a stop on the shock absorber [illegible]

The Hassler Shock Absorber reduces tire and gasoline consumption, gives more miles per gallon of gasoline, stops vibration, saves enough on tires to pay for itself every [illegible] thousand miles, and increases the [illegible]

10 Day Free Trial Offer

Write today for FREE TRIAL BLANK PATENTED and we will have a set of Hasslers put on your Ford without a cent of expense to you. Try them 10 days. Then, if you are willing to do without them they will be taken off without charge. Don't ride without Hasslers simply because someone else suffers you from using them. Accept this offer and see for yourself. Over 500,000 sets in use. Write today—NOW

ROBERT H. HASSLER, Inc.
Dept. 2 A Indianapolis, Ind.

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to get your Patent and Trade Mark." RANDOLPH & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

human soul! Here is a youth whose whole being revolts against the idea of forced labor. He wouldn't think of it! Not he! The very notion is abhorrent." Kingozi laughed again. Cazi Moto joined respectfully, though, as Kingozi's remarks were all in English, his sympathy was affectionate but unintelligent. "But he's willing to 'take proper measures' to make them give him what they can get from him only by labor. And in the end he's still got the money—and the labor! Oh, fine! Shall I tell him that, Cazi Moto? Never! I approve of the whole show. But you must acknowledge it's funny!"

"*N'dio, bwana,*" said Cazi Moto; which is a good shotgun reply—like the French *je crois.*

Trelawney went at his new scheme wholeheartedly, with a fine eye for detail. He sent out the sublimated errand boys—Kingozi called them the King's Guard—with instructions to count carefully the houses in each village, bringing back one stick for each house. He himself rode here and there, checking at random the count. After this was completed he called a little *shauri* in each village to explain the new system, and after they were all finished a grand *shauri* at the *boma* for the same purpose.

It took hours of talk to explain the idea to Trelawney's satisfaction. The simple Sukas grasped the main idea, however, in five minutes. It was another *honga* or tax. They were accustomed to *hongas* from ancient times. The phrase "payable in rupees only" did not impress them at that moment. Gradually it dawned on Trelawney himself that human problems are never miraculously solved by mere legislative enactment. The slow, tedious "campaign for education" to make it effective was yet to come. Therefore he terminated the *shauri* with a few appropriate remarks.

He returned to his tea rather thoughtfully.

"I think I've made a good start," he told Kingozi; "but a great deal remains to be done. They don't realize yet. I've been thinking. I must name a fairly early date for payment—bring considerable pressure to bear; and then, when they can't pay—as, of course, they can't—give them a well-understood extension of one month—or two."

He sipped at his tea, his forehead wrinkled with deep thought. The savages who had attended the *shauri* were only slowly leaving the *boma.* There was the sound of chattering, of loud laughter. Some were making their way to the *dukka* of Mahrad, the Indian.

Then a cry of warning arose: "*Angalia! Angalia!*" The crowd parted and two of Trelawney's splendid messengers were seen coming along at a dogtrot. They were in full panoply; and one held straight before him, as a Crusader might carry a cross, a split stick, in whose cleft letters had been bound.

There proved to be two of these, both official. Trelawney read them shortly with darkening brow and kindling eye.

"Of all the impudence!" he cried at last.

"What is it?" asked Kingozi, who, by the way, already knew perfectly well.

"They've laid me off for a six months' vacation," cried Trelawney, "and have appointed Barrows to take my place!"

"Congratulations!" said Kingozi. "Now you can take your trip to England you've wanted so badly."

"Trip to England be damned!" Trelawney vociferated, his calm completely shattered. "There's my hut tax!"

He darted into the house. At the end of ten minutes he returned, a sheet of closely written paper in his hand.

"What have you done?" asked Kingozi.

"I've told 'em I simply can't go," replied Trelawney. "I've told 'em to recall Barrows. How can I leave my people?"

Kingozi rose and laid his hand on the young fellow's shoulder.

"I'll take your letter out," he said; "and I'll try to arrange it. I think I can. Let Barrows come in. He'll make you a good assistant, and will more than take my place as company."

"You're not coming back?" said Trelawney blankly.

"I'm overdue now, son, I'm beginning to believe."

▼

TEN days later Kingozi's safari marched into town. He had some fifteen or twenty of the Sukas carrying ivory, and half a dozen regular porters bearing his simple personal effects. Among the latter was Simba. He wore his blanket turbanwise, in approved fashion, and most of the rest of his figure was covered by a great coat. This garment had originally been built for English winters. Its first owner had worn it as far as Port Said and then had laid it aside. He used it as a night cover on the journey from Mombasa to Nairobi; then became thoroughly disgusted with its wooly stuffiness and gave it to his personal boy. Thenceforward its vicissitudes were many, and it showed all of them in its appearance.

Simba obtained it from Mahrad at an extortionate price in *m'wembe.* It was very uncomfortable, but very honorable. He entered town jauntily, carrying his sixty-pound load like a veteran; and his pride was as the pride of an army with banners.

Kingozi went at once to Government House.

"Here," said he to the Governor, "is an epistle from your commissioner among the Sukas, probably indignant and perhaps insulting, telling you he doesn't want any vacation, and telling you to take back your Barrows and throw him into the Indian Ocean."

"But I thought he wanted a vacation!"

"So did he think so. But now, when it comes to a decision, he talks of the impossibility of leaving 'my people'! So I realized I wasn't needed any longer. Here I am."

"There's no use in trying to tell you how we appreciate what you've done; but I want you to understand that we realize fully. It's no light matter—pacifying and bringing under government a hostile tribe with a handful of men. You think Trelawney's safe to leave?"

Kingozi laughed.

"As a matter of fact, he's been safe to leave for a year past. I've been hanging on after my time. It was a terrible wrench to leave when I did. It wasn't love of king or country that kept me there, I assure you."

"Plenty of ivory?" suggested the Governor.

"A little; but hard and dangerous hunting. It wasn't that."

"No? What then?"

"I was just plain fond of the young scoundrel," said Kingozi.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of stories by Stewart Edward White. The sixth will appear in an early issue.

Not Funny Enough

PATRICK FRANCIS MURPHY, of New York, famous as an after-dinner speaker, admits that this happened to him once upon a time:

He was delivering an address at a big dinner. He came late on the list of speakers; he was in poor voice that night and he did not feel very well, anyhow. Before he had gone along very far, a gentleman who had been imbibing, raised his voice from a near-by table.

"Louder!" he shouted. "Louder!"

Murphy raised his voice and the man subsided. Presently Murphy's hoarseness mastered him and his tones sank. The person who had interrupted came out of his trance.

"Louder!" he clarioned.

The shout awakened another slightly intoxicated individual who had been peacefully sleeping near by.

"Yes," shouted the second man, "louder and funnier!"

Patrician "Cravenette" Caps

NOT even the heaviest storm takes the style out of your Patrician Cap. The "Cravenette" finish makes the fabric weatherproof. It won't lose its shape. It doesn't shrink.

The Patrician is made of the finest tweeds, man tailored, and has a swagger cut and drape. For comfort and satisfaction you must get the Patrician. Sold at the best stores. $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00.

If your hatter can't supply you write to the factory:—

Spear & Co.
Manufacturers
Ozone Park, New York City

"The Cap That Stays Stylish"

An Antiseptic.
For cuts and scrapes.

Invaluable in camp and in service.

A medium sized bottle of New-Skin will be sent post paid by us to any address on receipt of 25 cents in stamps.

NEWSKIN CO., NEW YORK

LARGE WAR MAP In Colors 26x30 in.

Complete and authentic. Smallest details of Western battle front. Every hamlet indexed, easy to locate. Battle lines of past and present. Inset of Eastern fronts. Postpaid 50c.

TRIAD PUB. CO., 401 Edison Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Any Spare Time?

If you will have any spare time this fall, we will buy it and pay you liberally in salary and commission. Many Curtis representatives average a dollar an hour. Let us explain our offer. THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 890 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

The new principles used in the "KITCHEN MAID" have sounded the doom of kitchen cabinet dirt and kitchen drudgery.

This wonderful new cabinet establishes the highest standard of sanitation ever attained in kitchen cabinet making. Its superior conveniences spell greater freedom from kitchen service.

Smooth Surface

All surfaces of the "KITCHEN MAID" are smooth as polished marble. There are no panels in doors or sides. The most sanitary and easily cleaned surface that ever covered a kitchen cabinet. *Stays* dirt-free and beautiful through years of severest service.

Round Corners

The interior is just as sanitary. The inside corners are round. No sharp angles where dirt can crowd into and stubbornly stick. But a *round* corner that keeps out disagreeable accumulations and helps keep itself clean.

There are thirty-six other remarkable improvements—new exclusive ideas in Sugar Bins—Flour Bins—Cake Closets, etc. Greater and more advantages than can be had in any other make. The best value ever offered.

See this remarkable cabinet at your furniture dealer's today. Be sure to send for Free beautifully illustrated descriptive literature that tells how to save kitchen time, work and money. Most dealers sell "Kitchen Maids" on easy payments.

WASMUTH-ENDICOTT CO., Andrews, Ind.

Warehouses: Kansas City, Mo.; Omaha, Neb.; Oakland, Cal.; Los Angeles, Cal.

"KITCHEN MAID"

The Smooth Surface Round Corner

KITCHEN CABINET

Made in Beautiful Golden Oak or Snowy White Enamel

Wasmuth-Endicott Co.
Dept. E
Andrews, Ind.

Gentlemen — Send me a copy of "Kitchen Maid" catalogue; also your "Little Book of Big Helps for Busy Housewives"—**FREE!**

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

_____

Let the "KITCHEN MAID" be Your Kitchen Aid-

Gillette U. S. Service Set

It Fits the Kit or the Pocket

HERE is how the Great War developed the most compact and efficient shaving outfit in the world.

From the start, all the Allied Armies called for Gillette Razors—first by thousands, then by hundreds of thousands. All sorts of sets—leather, metal, Standard Sets and Pocket Editions. The demand finally centered on the Metal cases: they stood the racket. Suggestions came from every front.

A year ago our own boys were called to the Mexican Border: among them a young Officer from the Gillette organization. He came back with an idea—a soldier's idea of what the Gillette means to the fighting man—the best model to go in the soldier's Kit or the sailor's Ditty-box!

We went to work on a Service Model—sifted all the suggestions, all the ideas, and developed them. When Uncle Sam jumped into the Big War the Gillette was ready to do its bit.

So here is the new U. S. Service Set: a solid metal case, heavy nickel-plated and embossed with the Insignia of the U. S. Army and Navy. Strong, thin, compact; 1⅞ inches wide, 4 inches long, ⅝ inch thick. It fits the Kit or slips into the breast pocket of the shirt or coat. Contains a nickel-plated Gillette Safety Razor, Blades and Blade Box. Indestructible Trench Mirror inside the lid.

Price, $5

The U. S. Army Regulations call for a shaving outfit. Every man has to bring his own. Here is his favorite razor and the one that takes up the least room. You ought to see the boys reach for them! Every man in Khaki ought to have one.

If you're a friend of his give it to him, or get it to him. Most gifts he will have to leave behind. This is one he will carry with him and use every day.

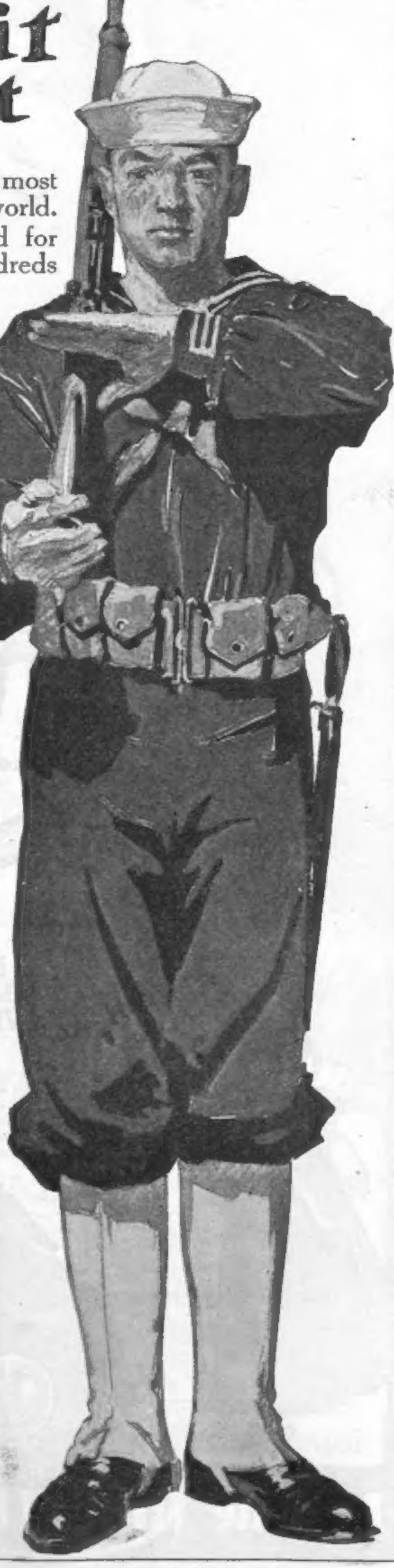
No Strops or Hones. Nothing to carry but the compact little case, and new Blades can be had anywhere in France, England, Russia, and Italy.

The Gillette U. S. Service Set is a leading specialty with Gillette Dealers everywhere

Gillette Safety Razor Company
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

Gillette Safety Razor Company of Canada, Ltd.,
73 St. Alexander Street, Montreal

If he has already gone, you can send him a Gillette U. S. Service Set by mail. If your dealer does not have this Set, send us $5 and your Sammie's address and we will make *free delivery* direct to his hands from our Paris Office or to any American Cantonment from our Boston Office.



DON'T·SAY·UNDERWEAR· ·SAY·MUNSINGWEAR

BEYOND COMPARE

MUNSING WEAR

For Men, Women, Children.

Fine in Quality

Non - Irritating

Long Wearing

Perfect Fitting

In Every Way Satisfactory

Offered in eighty-two different light, medium, and heavy weight knit fabrics — In eighty-six different styles — A right style and size for everybody.

For samples of fabrics, style illustrations, and name of Munsingwear dealer in your town, address

THE NORTHWESTERN KNITTING COMPANY

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

On the high road between Athlone and Mullingar, Ireland

John McCormack's first audience

The Irish lad who ran away to be a minstrel and grew up to be a world-famed artist

A boy nine years old stood at a street corner on a "fair day" in Athlone and listened to an old fiddler and ballad singer. The first thrill of romance surged in the boy's veins. When the wandering minstrel struck out for the next town, the lad trudged blissfully by his side, with boyish indifference to the home folks beside the river Shannon. Two days later the boy's frantic parents overtook him at Mullingar. He got no "licking"—only a mother's blessing and the tears of those who heard him sing "Molly Brannigan," the first ballad he ever learned.

Thus did John McCormack take his first journey on the high-road to Fame. Today the minstrel-boy has grown into a world-famed artist, a singer renowned in every land. His first wayside audience of country folks has swelled to vast audiences filling the great auditoriums in the capitals of the world and to that still mightier host who know and love him through his Victor Records.

John McCormack makes records for the Victor exclusively. With the artist's sure instinct, he knows and appreciates Victor Supremacy.

Hear the McCormack records at the nearest Victor store.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Victor Supremacy